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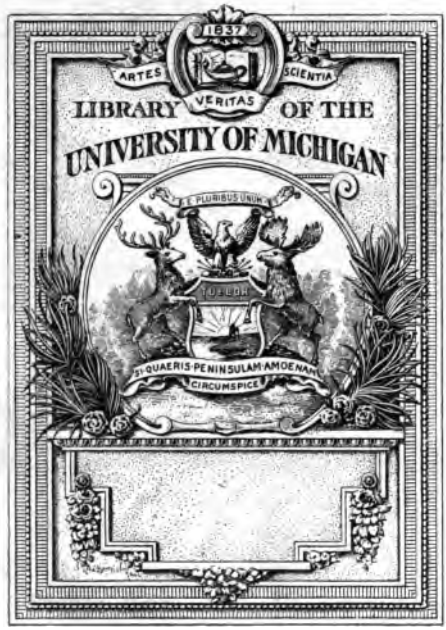

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UNITED STATES SPEAKER:

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EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION;

CONSISTING OF

PROSE, POETRY, AND DIALOGUE:

DRAWN CHIEFLY

...ED WRITERS OF GREAT BRITAIN
...UDING A VARIETY OF PIECES
...ERY YOUNG SPEAKERS:

...ONED FOR THE

...EGES AND SCHOOLS.

...HN E. LOVELL,
... ELOCUTION IN THE MOUNT PLEASANT
...TITUTION; AMHERST, MASS.

...way in Oratory."—*Cicero.*

... who think, that to be born is sufficient to make
... our labor, who think, that nothing can arrive at
...sisted by careful cultivation."—*Quintillian.*

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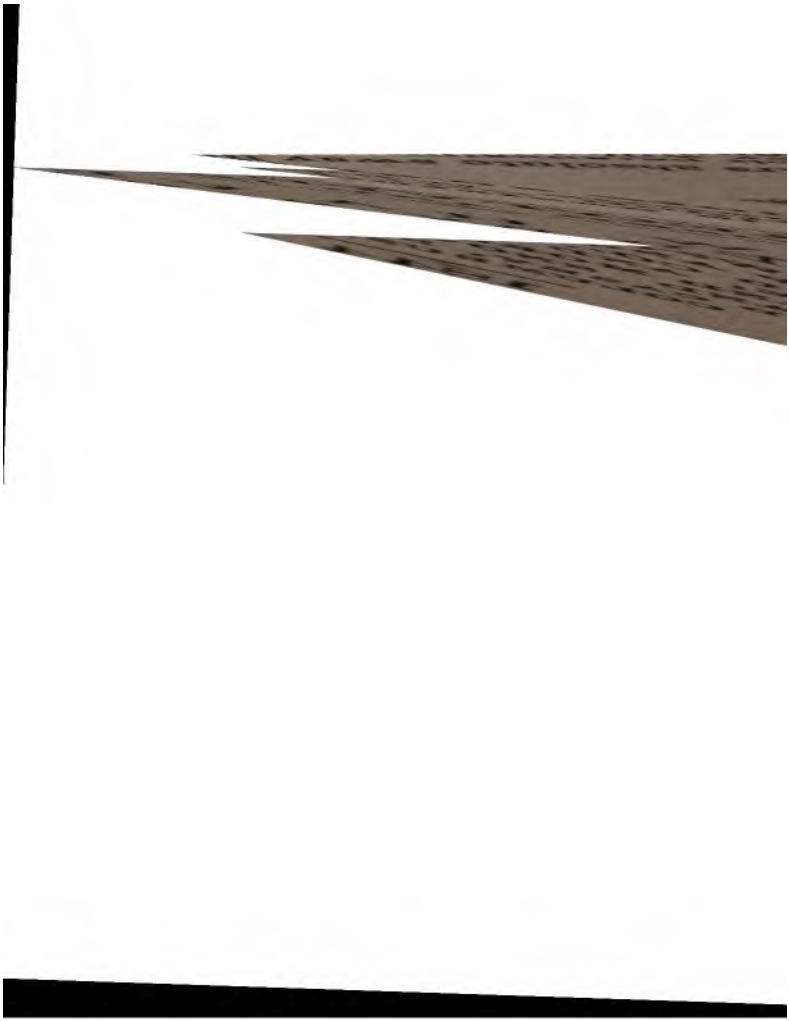

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PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

THE following selections have been accumulating upon the Compiler's hands for several years, and are those, chiefly, which from time to time, in the course of his practice as a teacher of elocution, have elicited his preference, as exercises for his own pupils. Some of them, he is aware, have appeared in the volumes of previous compilers; this, however, he considers no defect, since each selection has been adopted with scrupulous regard to its "spirit and appliancy." It will be found, perhaps, that sufficient freshness is thrown over the volume, by the numerous pieces which have never before appeared in print, for the same purpose. His object has been to bring together a full collection of short, eloquent, and pertinent extracts, with studious solicitude for the advancement of the art. He trusts he has succeeded. He believes such a work to be decidedly wanted, and without any invidious reference, to what may appear to him, the defects of similar publications, ventures to commend his own to the consideration of the teaching public. He flatters himself it will be found to merit their patronage. It is, doubtless, the most copious and various collection of recitations in the United States, and,—may he be permitted to add,—not inferior to any, in every higher respect. The eloquent and classical writers of the day have afforded abundant and beautiful materials, and some specimens have been drawn from "the golden sources of antiquity." It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add, that the paramount interests of morality have not been lost sight of.

Great pains have been taken to distribute through the book, numerous pieces, suitable for the recitations of very young students. This, the Compiler conceives, is an addition of no trifling importance. The school-books on this point are altogether at fault; the idea, indeed, seems to have been entirely misunderstood or overlooked. The culture of Delivery, however, can hardly be commenced too early. It is while the organs of the voice, and the limbs are yet flexible;—while the taste is yet unvitiated, that the first lessons of elocution should be imparted;—it is then (if the expression may be allowed) that her beautiful incantations should begin; it is then the seeds, intended to produce the garland of the orator, should be sown. The ancients understood this fact well. "They began their toils with the very first rudiments of education, and with the first spark of reason." What was the result?—To this one *circumstance, possibly*, more than to any other—not

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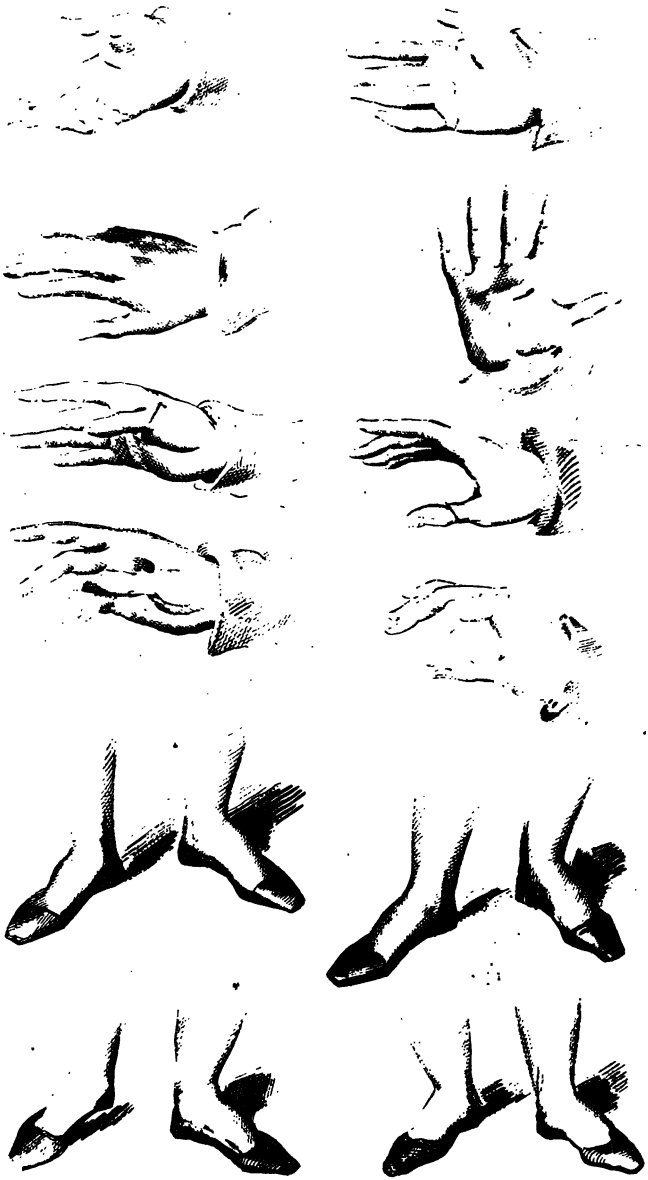
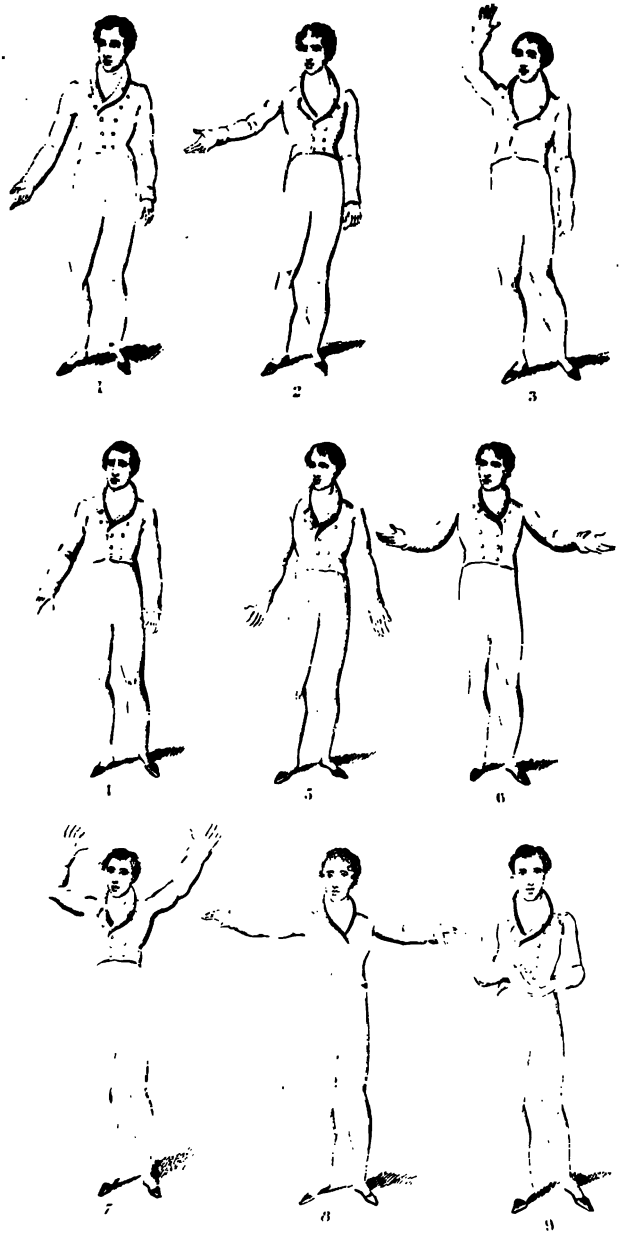


ORATORICAL GESTURES.



ORATORICAL GESTURES

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THE

UNITED STATES SPEAKER.

PART FIRST.

SPECIMENS OF AMERICAN ELOQUENCE.

1. CHARACTER OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.—*Webster.*

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the

whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence: or rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

2. CAUSES OF WAR.—*Binney.*

What are sufficient causes of war let no man say, let no legislator say, until the question of war is directly and inevitably before him. Jurists may be permitted with comparative safety to pile tome upon tome of interminable disquisition upon the motives, reasons, and causes of just and unjust war. Metaphysicians may be suffered with impunity to spin the thread of their speculations until it is attenuated to a cobweb; but for a body created for the government of a great nation, and for the adjustment and protection of its infinitely diversified interests, it is worse than folly to speculate upon the causes of war, until the great question shall be presented for immediate action—until they shall hold the united question of cause, motive, and present expediency, in the very palm of their hands. War is a tremendous evil. Come when it will, unless it shall come in the necessary defence of our national security, or of that honor under whose protection national security reposes, it will come too soon—too soon for our national prosperity—too soon for our individual happiness—too soon for the frugal, industrious, and virtuous habits of our citizens—too soon, perhaps, for our most precious institutions. The man who for any cause, save the sacred cause of public security, which makes all wars defensive—the man who for any cause but this shall promote or compel this final and terrible resort, assumes a responsibility second to none, nay, transcendently deeper and higher than any, which man can assume before his fellow-men, or in the presence of God, his Creator.

3. TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.—*Harrison.*

Hard, hard indeed, was the contest for freedom, and the struggle for independence. The golden sun of liberty had nearly set in the gloom of an eternal night, ere its radiant beams illumined our western horizon. Had not the tutelar saint of Columbia hovered around the American camp, and presided *over her destinies*, freedom must have met with an untimely

grave. Never can we sufficiently admire the wisdom of those statesmen, and the skill and bravery of those unconquerable veterans, who, by their unbaried exertions in the cabinet and in the field, achieved for us the glorious revolution. Never can we duly appreciate the merits of a Washington, who, with but a handful of undisciplined yeomanry, triumphed over a royal army, and prostrated the lion of England at the feet of the American Eagle. His name,—so terrible to his foes, so welcome to his friends,—shall live for ever upon the brightest page of the historian, and be remembered with the warmest emotions of gratitude and pleasure by those whom he has contributed to make happy, and by all mankind, when kings, and princes, and nobles, for ages, shall have sunk into their merited oblivion. Unlike them, he needs not the assistance of the sculptor or the architect to perpetuate his memory: he needs no princely dome, no monumental pile, no stately pyramid, whose towering height shall pierce the stormy clouds, and rear its lofty head to heaven, to tell posterity his fame. His deeds, his worthy deeds, alone have rendered him immortal! When oblivion shall have swept away thrones, kingdoms, and principalities—when every vestige of human greatness, and grandeur, and glory, shall have mouldered into dust, and the last period of time become extinct —eternity itself shall catch the glowing theme, and dwell with increasing rapture on his name!

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4. NECESSITY OF RESISTANCE.—*Henry.*

They tell us, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution, and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance, by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations; and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to

the strong alone, it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace! but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me—give me liberty; or give me death!

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5. CHARACTER OF PATRIOTIC TRIUMPH.—*Maxcy.*

The citizens of America celebrate that day which gave birth to their liberties. The recollection of this event, replete with consequences so beneficial to mankind, swells every heart with joy and fills every tongue with praise. We celebrate not the sanguinary exploits of a tyrant to subjugate and enslave millions of his fellow-creatures; we celebrate neither the birth nor the coronation of that phantom styled a king; but the resurrection of liberty, the emancipation of mankind, the regeneration of the world. These are the sources of our joy, these the causes of our triumph. We pay no homage at the tomb of kings, to sublime our feelings—we trace no line of illustrious ancestors to support our dignity—we recur to no usages, sanctioned by the authority of the great, to protect our rejoicing;—no, we love liberty, we glory in the rights of men, we glory in independence. On whatever part of God's creation a human form pines under chains, there Americans drop their tears.

A dark cloud once shaded this beautiful quarter of the globe. Consternation for awhile agitated the hearts of the inhabitants. War desolated our fields, and buried our vales in blood. But the day-spring from on high soon opened upon us its glittering portals. The angel of liberty descending, dropped on Washington's brow the wreath of victory, and stamped on American freedom the seal of omnipotence. The darkness is past, and the *true light now* shines to enliven and rejoice mankind. We

tread a new earth, in which dwelleth righteousness; and view a new heaven, flaming with inextinguishable stars. Our feet will no more descend into the vale of oppressions; our shoulders will no more bend under the weight of a foreign domination as cruel as it was unjust. Well may we rejoice at the return of this glorious anniversary; a day dear to every American; a day to be had in everlasting remembrance; a day whose light circulates joy through the hearts of all republicans, and terror through the hearts of all tyrants.

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6. INFLUENCE OF THE PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.—*Webster.*

Our country stands, at the present time, on commanding ground. Older nations, with different systems of government, may be somewhat slow to acknowledge all that justly belongs to us. But we may feel, without vanity, that America is doing her part in the great work of improving human affairs. There are two principles, gentlemen, strictly and purely American, which are now likely to overrun the civilized world. Indeed, they seem the necessary result of the progress of civilization and knowledge. These are, first, popular governments, restrained by written constitutions; and, secondly, universal education. Popular governments and general education, acting and reacting, mutually producing and reproducing each other, are the mighty agencies which, in our days, appear to be exciting, stimulating, and changing civilized societies. Man, everywhere, is now found demanding a participation in government —and he will not be refused; and he demands knowledge as necessary to self-government. On the basis of these two principles, liberty and knowledge, our own American systems rest. Thus far, we have not been disappointed in their results. Our existing institutions, raised on these foundations, have conferred on us almost unmixed happiness. As parents, do we wish for our children better government or better laws? As members of society, as lovers of our country, is there any thing we can desire for it better than, that, as ages and centuries roll over it, it may possess the same invaluable institutions which it now enjoys? For my part, gentlemen, I can only say, that I desire to thank the beneficent Author of all good, for being born where I was born, and when I was born; that the portion of human existence, allotted to me, has been meted out to me in this goodly land, and at this interesting perio

I rejoice that I have lived to see so much development of truth —so much progress of liberty—so much diffusion of virtue and happiness. And, through good report and evil report, it will be my consolation to be a citizen of a republic unequalled in the annals of the world, for the freedom of its institutions, its high prosperity, and the prospects of good which lie before it. Our course, gentlemen, is onward, straight onward, and forward. Let us not turn to the right hand, nor to the left. Our path is marked out for us, clear, plain, bright, distinctly defined, like the milky-way across the heavens. If we are true to our country, in our day and generation, and those who come after us shall be true to it also, assuredly, assuredly, we shall elevate her to a pitch of prosperity and happiness, of honor and power, never yet reached by any nation beneath the sun.

7. THE MORAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.—*Beecher.*

The sufferings of animal nature occasioned by intemperance, my friends, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being, who sins and suffers; and, as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment-seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and in anguish of spirit clanks his chain and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and, as the gulph opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again," again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!" Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed upon the door-posts of his dwelling. In the meantime these paroxysms of his dying moral nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fulness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely and of good report retires, and leaves the wretch abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, *business* falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to *drink multiply, as* inclination to do so increases, and the power

of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feebler stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and, with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears.

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8. THE BEST OF CLASSICS.—*Grimke.*

There is a classic, the best the world has ever seen, the noblest that has ever honored and dignified the language of mortals. If we look into its antiquity, we discover a title to our veneration, unrivalled in the history of literature. If we have respect to its evidences, they are found in the testimony of miracle and prophecy; in the ministry of man, of nature and of angels, yea, even of "God, manifest in the flesh," of "God, blessed for ever." If we consider its authenticity, no other pages have survived the lapse of time, that can be compared with it. If we examine its authority, for it speaks as never man spake, we discover, that it came from heaven, in vision and prophecy, under the sanction of Him, who is Creator of all things, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift. If we reflect on its truths, they are lovely and spotless, sublime and holy, as God himself, unchangeable as his nature, durable as his righteous dominion, and versatile as the moral condition of mankind. If we regard the value of its treasures, we must estimate them, not like the relics of classic antiquity, by the perishable glory and beauty, virtue and happiness of this world, but by the enduring perfection and supreme felicity of an eternal kingdom. If we inquire, who are the men, that have recorded its truths, vindicated its rights, and illustrated the excellence of its scheme—from the depth of ages and from the living world, from the populous continent and the isles of the sea—comes forth the answer—the patriarch and the prophet, the evangelist and the martyr. If we look abroad through the world of men, the victims of folly or vice, the prey of cruelty, or injustice, and inquire what are its benefits, even in this temporal state, the great and the humble, the rich and the poor, the powerful and the weak, the learned and the ignorant reply, as with one voice, that humility and resignation, purity, order and peace, faith, hope and charity, are its blessings upon earth. And if, raising our eyes from time to eternity, from the world of mortals to the world of just men made perfect, from the visible creation, *marvellous, beautiful* and glorious as it is, to the

invisible creation of angels and seraphs, from the footstool of God, to the throne of God himself, we ask, what are the blessings that flow from this single volume, let the question be answered by the pen of the evangelist, the harp of the prophet, and the records of the book of life.

Such is the best of classics the world has ever admired; such, the noblest that man has ever adopted as a guide.

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9 TWO CENTURIES FROM THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS. — *Crafts.*

If, on this day, after the lapse of two centuries, one of the fathers of New-England, released from the sleep of death, could reappear on earth, what would be his emotions of joy and wonder! In lieu of a wilderness, here and there interspersed with solitary cabins, where life was scarcely worth the danger of preserving it, he would behold joyful harvests, a population crowded even to satiety—villages, towns, cities, states, swarming with industrious inhabitants, hills graced with temples of devotion, and vallies vocal with the early lessons of virtue. Casting his eye on the ocean, which he passed in fear and trembling, he would see it covered with enterprising fleets returning with the whale as their captive, and the wealth of the Indies for their cargo. He would behold the little colony which he planted, grown into gigantic stature, and forming an honorable part of a glorious confederacy, the pride of the earth and the favorite of heaven.

He would witness with exultation the general prevalence of correct principles of government and virtuous habits of action. How gladly would he gaze upon the long stream of light and renown from Harvard's classic fount, and the kindred springs of Yale, of Providence, of Dartmouth and of Brunswick. Would you fill his bosom with honest pride, tell him of Franklin, who made thunder sweet music, and the lightning innocent fire works—of Adams, the venerable sage reserved by heaven, himself a blessing, to witness its blessing on our nation—of Ames, whose tongue became, and has become an angel's—of Perry,

> "Blest by his God with one illustrious day,
> A blaze of glory, ere he passed away."

And tell him, pilgrim of Plymouth, these are thy descendants. *Show him* the stately structures, the splendid benevolence, *the masculine intellect*, and the sweet hospitality of the me-

tropolis of New-England. Show him that immortal vessel, whose name is synonymous with triumph, and each of her masts a sceptre. Show him the glorious fruits of his humble enterprise, and ask him if this, all this be not an atonement for his sufferings, a recompense for his toils, a blessing on his efforts, and a heart-expanding triumph for the pilgrim adventurer.

And if he be proud of his offspring, well may they boast of their parentage.

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10. THE HEROES OF THE LAST WAR.—*Dorsey.*

Sir,—As a military commander, General Jackson assuredly deserves to be ranked with the most eminent. In decision of character, in resoluteness and perseverance in action, in ardor of spirit and force of volition, he has probably few superiors. But survey the list of heroes, who crowned themselves with laurels during the last war, and ask yourselves if some of them too did not perform splendid achievements, worthy of legislative commemoration.

Sir, where is Croghan, the chivalrous Croghan? At an age, when it can scarcely be supposed that his mind was imbued in the elementary principles of military knowledge, he performed a series of splendid actions, the sublimity of which partakes more of romance than military history. Where is the lamented Lawrence, who grappled with his foe till humanity wept and tore down the flag—and, when in the agonies of death, he wrapped himself up in his country's flag, and convulsively articulated the energetic words, "don't give up the ship."

"The light which led him on,
Was light from Heaven."

Sir, the most triumphant death, is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the moment of victory; and if the Phæton and horses of fire had been destined for Lawrence's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory.

Where, sir, are the names of the highminded, magnanimous Perry, the gallant Decatur, the stern and inflexible Porter, Brown, Scott, Ripley, and Harrison? Poetry may attempt to delineate their actions—the chisel of Praxitiles may essay it—the republican historian may record the dry details of their various achievements, but the intense interest, the deep passion,

and the high patriotism which prompted these warriors to acts of daring and bravery, and wrapped their country in one universal blaze of glory, can never be fairly impressed. Genius is unequal to the task.

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11. A CENTURY FROM THE BIRTH OF WASHINGTON.—*Webster.*

Gentlemen, we are at the point of a century from the birth of Washington; and what a century it has been! During its course, the human mind has seemed to proceed with a sort of geometric velocity, accomplishing, for human intelligence, and human freedom, more than had been done in fives or tens of centuries preceding. Washington stands at the commencement of a new era, as well as at the head of the new world. A century from the birth of Washington has changed the world. The country of Washington has been the theatre on which a great part of that change has been wrought; and Washington himself a principal agent by which it has been accomplished. His age and his country are equally full of wonders! and of both he is the chief.

If the prediction of the poet, uttered a few years before his birth, be true; if indeed it be designed by Providence that the grandest exhibition of human character and human affairs shall be made on this theatre of the western world; if it be true that,

> "The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
> Time's noblest offspring is the last;"

how could this imposing, swelling, final scene, be appropriately opened, how could its intense interest be adequately sustained, but by the introduction of just such a character as our Washington?

Washington had attained his manhood when that spark of liberty was struck out in his own country, which has since kindled into a flame, and shot its beams over the earth. In the flow of a century from his birth, the world has changed in science, in arts, in the extent of commerce, in the improvement of navigation, and in all that relates to the civilization of man. But it is the spirit of human freedom, the new elevation of individual man, in his moral, social, and political character, leading the whole long train of other improvements, which has most remarkably distinguished the era. Society, in this century, has not made its progress, like Chinese skill, by a greater *acuteness of inge*nuity in trifles; it has not merely lashed

itself to an increased speed round the old circles of thought and action; but it has assumed a new character; it has raised itself from beneath governments to a participation in governments; it has mixed moral and political objects with the daily pursuits of individual men; and, with a freedom and strength before altogether unknown, it has applied to these objects the whole power of the human understanding. It has been the era, in short, when the social principle has triumphed over the feudal principle; when society has maintained its rights against military power, and established, on foundations never hereafter to be shaken, its competency to govern itself.

12. SCOTLAND.—*Flagg.*

Scotland!—There is magic in the sound.—Statesmen—scholars—divines—heroes and poets—do you want exemplars worthy of study and imitation? Where will you find them brighter than in Scotland? Where can you find them purer than in Scotland? Here no Solon, indulging imagination, has pictured the perfectibility of man. No Lycurgus, viewing him through the medium of human frailty alone, has left for his government an iron code graven on eternal adamant. No Plato, dreaming in the luxurious gardens of the Academy, has fancied what he should be, and bequeathed a republic of love. But sages, knowing their weakness, have appealed to his understanding, cherished his virtues, and chastised his vices.

Friends of learning! would you do homage at the shrine of literature? Would you visit her clearest founts?—Go to Scotland. Are you philosophers, seeking to explore the hidden mysteries of mind?—Bend to the genius of Stewart! Student, merchant, or mechanic, do you seek usefulness?—Consult the pages of Black and of Adam Smith. Grave barrister! would you know the law—the true, the sole expression of the people's will?—There stands the mighty Mansfield!

Servants of Him, whose name is above every other name, and not to be mentioned—recur to days that are past; to days that can never be blotted from the history of the church. Visit the mountains of Scotland; contemplate the stern Cameronian, the rigid covenanter, the enduring puritan. Follow them to their burrows beneath the earth; to their dark, bleak caverns in the rocks. See them hunted like beasts of prey. See them emaciated, worn with disease, clung with famine—yet laboring with supernatural zeal in feeding the hungry with that bread

which gives life forevermore. Go view them, and when you preach faith, hope, charity, fortitude and long-suffering—forget them not; the meek, the bold, the patient, gallant Puritans of Scotland.

Land of the mountain, the torrent and dale!—Do we look for high examples of noble daring? Where shall we find them brighter than in Scotland? From the "bonny highland heither" of her lofty summits, to the modest lily of the vale, not a flower but has blushed with patriot blood. From the proud foaming crest of Solway, to the calm polished breast of Loch Katrine, not a river or lake but has swelled with the life-tide of freemen! Would you witness greatness?—Contemplate a Wallace and a Bruce. They fought not for honors, for party, for conquest.—'Twas for their country and their country's good, religion, liberty and law. Would you ask for chivalry?—that high and delicate sense of honor, which deems a stain upon one's country as individual disgrace; that moral courage which measures danger, and meets it against known odds; that patriot valor, which would rather repose on a death-bed of laurels than flourish in wealth and power under the night shade of despotism?—Citizen soldier! turn to Lochiel; "proud bird of the mountain!" Though pierced with the usurper's arrow, his plumage still shines through the cloud of oppression, lighting to honor all who nobly dare to "do or die."

Where then can we better look for all that is worthy of honest ambition, than to Scotland?

13. EULOGY ON HAMILTON.—*Mason.*

He was born to be great. Whoever was second, Hamilton must be first. To his stupendous and versatile mind no investigation was difficult—no subject presented which he did not illuminate. Superiority in some particular, belongs to thousands. Pre-eminence, in whatever he chose to undertake, was he prerogative of Hamilton. No fixed criterion could be applied to his talents. Often has their display been supposed to have reached the limit of human effort; and the judgment stood firm till set aside by himself. When a cause of new magnitude required new exertions, he rose, he towered, he soared; surpassing himself as he surpassed others. Then was nature tributary to his eloquence! Then was felt his despotism over the heart! Touching, at his pleasure, every string of pity or *terror,* of indignation or grief, he melted, he soothed, he roused,

he agitated; alternately gentle as the dews, and awful as the thunder. Yet, great as he was in the eyes of the world, he was greater in the eyes of those with whom he was most conversant. The greatness of most men, like objects seen through a mist, diminishes with the distance: but Hamilton, like a tower seen afar off under a clear sky, rose in grandeur and sublimity with every step of approach. Familiarity with him was the parent of veneration. Over these matchless talents, probity threw her brightest lustre. Frankness, suavity, tenderness, benevolence, breathed through their exercise. And to his family!—but he is gone.—That noble heart beats no more: that eye of fire is dimmed; and sealed are those oracular lips. Americans, the serenest beam of your glory is extinguished in the tomb!

The death of Hamilton is no common affliction. The loss of distinguished men is, at all times, a calamity; but the loss of such a man, at such a time, and in the very meridian of his usefulness, is singularly portentous. When Washington was taken, Hamilton was left—but Hamilton is taken, and we have no Washington. We have not such another man to die! Washington and Hamilton in five years!—Bereaved America!

14. FRENCH AGGRESSIONS.—*Paine.*

The solemn oath of America has ascended to Heaven. She has sworn to preserve her independence, her religion and her laws, or nobly perish in their defense, and be buried in the wrecks of her empire. To the fate of our government is united the fate of our country. The convulsions that destroy the one, must desolate the other. Their destinies are interwoven, and they must triumph or fall together. Where then is the man, so hardened in political iniquity, as to advocate the victories of French arms, which would render his countrymen slaves, or to promote the diffusion of French principles, which would render them savages? Can it be doubted, that the pike of a French soldier is less cruel and ferocious than the fraternity of a French philosopher? Where is the youth in this assembly, who could, without agonized emotions, behold the Gallic invader hurling the brand of devastation into the dwelling of his father; or with sacrilegious cupidity plundering the communion table of his God? Who could witness, without indignant desperation, the mother who bore him, inhumanly murdered in the defense of her infants? Who could hear, without franti

horror, the shrieks of a sister, flying from pollution, and leaping from the blazing roof, to impale herself on the point of a halberd? "If any, speak, for him have I offended!" No, my fellow-citizens, these scenes are never to be witnessed by American eyes. The souls of your ancestors still live in the bosoms of their descendants; and rather than submit this fair land of their inheritance to ravage and dishonor, from hoary age to helpless infancy, they will form one united bulwark, and oppose their breasts to the assailing foe. Not one shall survive, to be enslaved; for ere the tri-colored flag shall wave over our prostrate republic, the bones of four millions of Americans shall whiten the shores of their country! This depopulated region shall be as desolate as its original wilderness; the re-vegetating forest shall cover the ruins of our cities; and the savage shall return from the mountains, and again rear his hut in the abode of his forefathers. Then shall commence the millenium of political illumination; and Frenchmen and wolves, "one and indivisible," nightly chant their barbarous orgies, to celebrate the philosophic empire of democracy!

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15. INTELLIGENCE NECESSARY TO PERPETUATE INDEPENDENCE.—*Dawes.*

That education is one of the deepest principles of independence, need not be labored in this assembly. In arbitrary governments, where the people neither make the law nor choose those who legislate, the more ignorance the more peace. But in a government where the people fill all the branches of the sovereignty, intelligence is the life of liberty. An American would resent his being denied the use of his musket; but he would deprive himself of a stronger safeguard, if he should want that learning which is necessary to a knowledge of the constitution. It is easy to see that our Agrarian law and the law of education were calculated to make republicans, to make men. Servitude could never long consist with the habits of such citizens. Enlightened minds and virtuous manners lead to the gates of glory. The sentiment of independence must have been connatural in the bosoms of Americans; and sooner or later, must have blazed out into public action. Independence fits the soul of her residence for every noble enterprise of humanity and greatness. Her radiant smile lights up celestial ardor in poets and orators, who sound her praises through all ages; in *legislators and philosophers*, who fabricate wise and happy

governments as dedications to her fame; in patriots and heroes, who shed their lives in sacrifice to her divinity. At this idea, do not our minds swell with the memory of those whose godlike virtues have founded her most magnificent temple in America? It is easy for us to maintain her doctrines, at this late day, when there is but one party on the subject, an immense people. But what tribute shall we bestow, what sacred pæan shall we raise over the tombs of those who dared, in the face of unrivalled power, and within the reach of majesty, to blow the blast of freedom throughout a subject continent? Nor did those brave countrymen of ours only express the emotions of glory; the nature of their principles inspired them with the power of practice, and they offered their bosoms to the shafts of battle. Bunker's awful mount is the capacious urn of their ashes; but the flaming bounds of the universe could not limit the flight of their minds. They fled to the union of kindred souls; and those who fell at the strait of Thermopylæ, and those who bled on the heights of Charlestown, now reap congenial joys in the fields of the blessed.

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16. THE LOSS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.—*Maxcy.*

The loss of a firm national character, or the degradation of a nation's honor, is the inevitable prelude to her destruction. Behold the once proud fabric of a Roman empire—an empire carrying its arts and arms into every part of the eastern continent; the monarchs of mighty kingdoms dragged at the wheels of her triumphal chariots; her eagle waving over the ruins of desolated countries. Where is her splendor, her wealth, her power, her glory? Extinguished for ever. Her moldering temples, the mournful vestiges of her former grandeur, afford a shelter to her muttering monks. Where are her statesmen, her sages, her philosophers, her orators, her generals? Go to their solitary tombs and inquire. She lost her national character, and her destruction followed. The ramparts of her national pride were broken down, and Vandalism desolated her classic fields.

Citizens will lose their respect and confidence in our government, if it does not extend over them the shield of an honorable national character. Corruption will creep in and sharpen party animosity. Ambitious leaders will seize upon the favorable moment. The mad enthusiasm for revolution will call into action the irritated spirit of our nation, and civil war must follow. The swords of our countrymen may yet glitter on our mountains, their blood may yet crimson our plains.

Such—the warning voice of all antiquity, the example of all republics proclaim—may be our fate. But let us no longer indulge these gloomy anticipations. The commencement of our liberty presages the dawn of a brighter period to the world. That bold, enterprising spirit which conducted our heroes to peace and safety, and gave us a lofty rank amid the empires of the world, still animates the bosoms of their descendants. Look back to that moment when they unbarred the dungeons of the slave, and dashed his fetters to the earth, when the sword of a Washington leaped from its scabbard to revenge the slaughter of our countrymen. Place their example before you. Let the sparks of their veteran wisdom flash across your minds, and the sacred altars of your liberty, crowned with immortal honors, rise before you. Relying on the virtue, the courage, the patriotism, and the strength of our country, we may expect our national character will become more energetic, our citizens more enlightened, and may hail the age as not far distant, when will be heard, as the proudest exclamation of man: I am an American.

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17. THE TOMAHAWK SUBMISSIVE TO THE SPIRIT OF ELOQUENCE. —*Neal.*

Twenty tomahawks were raised; twenty arrows drawn to their head. Yet stood Harold, stern and collected—at bay—parleying only with his sword. He waved his arm. Smitten with a sense of their cowardice, perhaps, or by his great dignity, more awful for his very youth, their weapons dropped, and their countenances were uplifted upon him, less in hatred, than in wonder.

The old men gathered about him—he leaned upon his sabre. Their eyes shone with admiration—such heroic deportment, in one so young—a boy! so intrepid! so prompt! so graceful! so eloquent, too!—for, knowing the effect of eloquence, and feeling the loftiness of his own nature, the innocence of his own heart, the character of the Indians for hospitality, and their veneration for his blood, Harold dealt out the thunder of his strength to these rude barbarians of the wilderness, till they, young and old, gathering nearer and nearer in their devotion, threw down their weapons at his feet, and formed a rampart of locked arms and hearts about him, through which his eloquence *thrilled and lightened* like electricity. The old greeted him *with a lofty step, as* the patriarch welcomes his boy from the

triumph of far-off battle; and the young clave to him and clung to him, and shouted in their self-abandonment, like brothers round a conquering brother.

"Warriors!" he said, "Brethren!"—(their tomahawks were brandished simultaneously, at the sound of his terrible voice, as if preparing for the onset.) His tones grew deeper, and less threatening. "Brothers! let us talk together of Logan! Ye, who have known him, ye aged men! bear ye testimony to the deeds of his strength. Who was like him? Who could resist him? Who may abide the hurricane in its volley? Who may withstand the winds that uproot the great trees of the mountain? Let him be the foe of Logan. Thrice in one day hath he given battle. Thrice in one day hath he come back victorious. Who may bear up against the strong man? the man of war? Let them that are young, hear me. Let them follow the course of Logan. He goes in clouds and whirlwind—in the fire and in the smoke. Let them follow him.

"Warriors! Logan was the father of Harold!"

They fell back in astonishment, but they believed him; for Harold's word was unquestioned, undoubted evidence, to them that knew him.

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18. EFFECTS OF PROTESTANTISM.—*Haven.*

It has been remarked, my friends, by those who have reasoned most profoundly upon the constitution of society, that the human mind has never, in modern times, attained its full and perfect maturity, but among the protestant nations of christendom. In reviewing the splendid career of human intelligence, during the three last centuries, it is impossible not to ascribe much of its progress to the reformation of Luther. That great man gave an impulse to society which it has ever since preserved. He taught men to examine, to reason, to inquire. He unfolded to their wondering gaze, a form of moral beauty, which had been too long shrouded from their eyes by the timid dogmatism of the papal church.

It is to protestant christianity, gentlemen, that you are indebted for the noblest exercise of your rational powers. It is to protestant christianity, that you owe the vigor of your intellectual exertions and the purity of your moral sentiments. I could easily show you how much the manliness of English literature, and the fearless intrepidity of German speculation, and how much *even of the accurate sciences* of France, may be

ascribed to the spirit of protestant christianity. It is from the influence of this spirit, that the sublime astronomy of La Place has not been, like that of Galileo, condemned as heretical. It is to protestant christianity, that you owe the English Bible; a volume that has done more to correct and refine the taste, to elevate the imagination, to fill the mind with splendid and glowing images, than all the literature which the stream of time has brought down to the present age. I hope I am not laying an unhallowed hand upon the ark of God, if I presume to recommend the Bible to you as an object of literary enthusiasm. The Bible!—Where in the compass of human literature, can the fancy be so elevated by sublime description, can the heart be so warmed by simple, unaffected tenderness! Men of genius! who delight in bold and magnificent speculation, in the Bible you have a new world of ideas opened to your range. Votaries of eloquence! in the Bible you will find the grandest thoughts clothed in a simple majesty, worthy of the subject and the Author. Servants of God! I need not tell you that the glories of immortality are revealed in language, which mortal lips had never before employed! But I forbear. The Bible is in your hands; and even now, while I am speaking its praise, "it is silently fulfilling its destined course;" it is raising many a heart to the throne of God

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19. THE TRUE SOURCES OF NATIONAL GREATNESS.—*Harper.*

When France shall at length be convinced that we are firmly resolved to call forth all our resources, and exert all our strength to resist her encroachments and aggressions, she will soon desist from them. She need not be told what these resources are; she well knows their greatness and extent; she well knows that this country, if driven into a war, could soon become invulnerable to her attacks, and could throw a most formidable and preponderating weight into the scale of her adversary. She will not, therefore, drive us to this extremity, but will desist as soon as she finds us determined. If our means of injury and of repelling her attacks were less than they are, still they might be rendered all-sufficient, by resolution and courage. It is in these that the strength of nations consists, and not in fleets, nor armies, nor population, nor money: in the "unconquerable will —the courage never to submit or yield." These are the true *sources of* national greatness; and to use the words of a celebrated writer,—"*where* these means are not wanting, all others

will be found or created." It was by these means that Holland, in the days of her glory, triumphed over the mighty power of Spain. It was by these that in later times, and in the course of the present war, the Swiss, a people not half so numerous as we, and possessing few of our advantages, have honorably maintained their neutrality amid the shock of surrounding states, and against the haughty aggressions of France herself. It was this that made Rome the mistress of the world, and Athens the protectress of Greece. When was it that Rome attracted most strongly the admiration of mankind, and impressed the deepest sentiment of fear on the hearts of her enemies? It was when seventy thousand of her sons lay bleeding at Cannæ, and Hannibal, victorious over three Roman armies and twenty nations, was thundering at her gates. It was then that the young and heroic Scipio, having sworn on his sword in the presence of the fathers of the country, not to despair of the republic, marched forth at the head of a people, firmly resolved to conquer or die; and that resolution insured them the victory. When did Athens appear the greatest and the most formidable? It was when giving up their houses and possessions to the flames of the enemy, and having transferred their wives, their children, their aged parents, and the symbols of their religion, on board of their fleet, they resolved to consider themselves as the republic, and their ships as their country. It was then that they struck that terrible blow, under which the greatness of Persia sunk and expired.

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20. GRATEFUL TRIBUTE TO THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.—*Lathrop.*

It is my pleasing duty, my fellow-citizens, to felicitate you on the establishment of our national sovereignty; and among the various subjects for congratulation and rejoicing, this is not the most unimportant, that heaven has spared so many veterans in the art of war; so many sages, who are versed in the best politics of peace; men, who are able to instruct and to govern, and whose faithful services, whose unremitted exertions to promote the public prosperity, entitle them to our firmest confidence and warmest gratitude. Uniting in the celebration of this anniversary, I am happy to behold many of the illustrious remnant of that band of patriots, who, despising danger and death, determined to be free, or gloriously perish in the cause. Their countenances beam in*expressible delight*; our joys are increased

by their presence; our raptures are heightened by their participation. The feelings, which inspired them in the "times which tried men's souls," are communicated to our bosoms. We catch the divine spirit which impelled them to bid defiance to the congregated host of despots. We swear to preserve the blessings they toiled to gain, which they obtained by the incessant labors of eight distressful years; to transmit to our posterity, our right undiminished, our honor untarnished, and our freedom unimpaired.

On the last page of fate's eventful volume, with the raptured ken of prophecy, I behold Columbia's name recorded; her future honors and happiness inscribed. In the same important book, the approaching end of tyranny and the triumph of right and justice are written in indelible characters. The struggle will soon be over; the tottering thrones of despots will quickly fall, and bury their proud incumbents in their massy ruins.

"Then peace on earth shall hold her easy sway,
And man forget his brother man to slay.
To martial arts, shall milder arts succeed;
Who blesses most, shall gain the immortal meed.
The eye of pity shall be pained no more,
With vict'ry's crimson banners stained with gore.
Thou glorious era come! Hail, blessed time!
When full orbed freedom shall unclouded shine;
When the chaste muses, cherished by her rays,
In olive groves shall tune their sweetest lays—
When bounteous Ceres shall direct her car,
O'er fields now blasted with the fires of war;
And angels view, with joy and wonder joined,
The golden age returned to bless mankind!"

21. NECESSITY OF A PURE NATIONAL MORALITY.—*Beecher.*

The crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves, probably, the amazing question is to be decided,—whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our Sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing; whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshippers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our gaols, and violence our land; or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times: whether mild laws shall *receive the cheerful* submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a *tyrant compel the trembling* homage of slaves. Be not deceived.

The rocks and hills of New-England will remain till the last conflagration. But let the Sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no longer surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defense. The hand that overturns our laws and temples is the hand of death unbarring the gate of Pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof, and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative wo. But he will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with him, he will contend openly with us. And never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God. —The day of vengeance is at hand; the day of judgment has come; the great earthquake which sinks Babylon is shaking the nations, and the waves of the mighty commotion are dashing upon every shore. Is this, then, a time to remove the foundations, when the earth itself is shaken? Is this a time to forfeit the protection of God, when the hearts of men are failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are to come upon the earth? Is this a time to run upon his neck and the thick bosses of his buckler, when the nations are drinking blood, and fainting, and passing away in his wrath? Is this a time to throw away the shield of faith, when his arrows are drunk with the blood of the slain? to cut from the anchor of hope, when the clouds are collecting, and the sea and the waves are roaring, and thunders are uttering their voices, and lightnings blazing in the heavens, and the great hail is falling from heaven upon men, and every mountain, sea, and island, is fleeing in dismay from the face of an incensed God?

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22. NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.—*Wirt.*

The education, gentlemen, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. Rely upon it, that the ancients were right—*Quisque suæ fortunæ faber*—both in morals and intellect, we give their final shape to our own characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else could it happen, that young men, who have had *precisely the same* opportunities, should be continually *presenting us with such different* results, and rushing to such

opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other, scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness: while on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction: but it must depend, at last, on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured—I speak, from observation, a certain truth: there is no excellence without great labor. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself, at pleasuse, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought, that

> "———Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
> And drag up drowned honor by the locks—"

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.

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23. RELIEF OF THE SOLDIERS OF THE REVOLUTION.—*Sprague.*

Sir,—The present provision for the soldiers of the revolution is not sufficient. Even the act of 1818 was less compre *hensive than it ought to* have been. It should have embraced

all, without any discrimination, except of services. But that act, partly by subsequent laws, and partly by illiberal rules of construction, has been narrowed far within its original scope. I am constrained to say, that in the practical execution of these laws, the whole beneficent spirit of our institutions seems to have been reversed. Instead of presuming every man to be upright and true, until the contrary appears, every applicant seems to be pre-supposed to be false and perjured. Instead of bestowing these hard-earned rewards with alacrity, they appear to have been refused, or yielded with reluctance; and to send away the way-worn veteran, bowed down with the infirmities of age, empty from your door, seems to have been deemed an act of merit.

So rigid has been the construction and application of the existing law, that cases most strictly within its provisions, of meritorious service and abject poverty, have been excluded from its benefits. Yet gentlemen tell us, that this law, so administered, is too liberal; that it goes too far, and they would repeal it. They would take back even the little which they have given! And is this possible? Look abroad upon this wide extended land, upon its wealth, its happiness, its hopes; and then turn to the aged soldier, who gave you all, and see him descend in neglect and poverty to the tomb?

The time is short. A few years, and these remnants of a former age will no longer be seen. Then we shall indulge unavailing regrets for our present apathy: for, how can the ingenuous mind look upon the grave of an injured benefactor? How poignant the reflection, that the time for reparation and atonement has gone for ever! In what bitterness of soul shall we look back upon the infatuation which shall have cast aside an opportunity, which never can return, to give peace to our consciences!

We shall then endeavor to stifle our convictions, by empty honors to their bones. We shall raise high the monument, and trumpet loud their deeds, but it will be all in vain. It cannot warm the hearts which shall have sunk cold and comfortless to the earth. This is no illusion. How often do we see, in our public gazettes, a pompous display of honors to the memory of some veteran patriot, who was suffered to linger out his latter days in unregarded penury!

> "How proud we can press to the funeral array
> Of him whom we shunned in his sickness and sorrow;
> And bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
> Whose pall shall be borne up by heroes to-morrow."

24. INFLUENCE OF NATIONAL GLORY.—*Clay.*

We are asked, what have we gained by the war? I have shown that we have lost nothing in rights, territory, or honor; nothing for which we ought to have contended, according to the principles of the gentlemen on the other side, or according to our own. Have we gained nothing by the war? Let any man look at the degraded condition of this country before the war, the scorn of the universe, the contempt of ourselves, and tell me if we have gained nothing by the war. What is our present situation? Respectability and character abroad, security and confidence at home. If we have not obtained, in the opinion of some, the full measure of retribution, our character and constitution are placed on a solid basis, never to be shaken.

The glory acquired by our gallant tars, by our Jacksons and our Browns on the land—is that nothing? True, we had our vicissitudes: there were humiliating events which the patriot cannot review without deep regret—but the great account, when it comes to be balanced, will be found vastly in our favor. Is there a man who would obliterate from the proud pages of our history the brilliant achievements of Jackson, Brown, and Scott, and the host of heroes on land and sea, whom I cannot enumerate? Is there a man who could not desire a participation in the national glory acquired by the war? Yes, national glory, which, however the expression may be condemned by some, must be cherished by every genuine patriot.

What do I mean by national glory? Glory such as Hull, Jackson, and Perry have acquired. And are gentlemen insensible to their deeds—to the value of them in animating the country in the hour of peril hereafter? Did the battle of Thermopylæ preserve Greece but once? Whilst the Mississippi continues to bear the tributes of the Iron Mountains and the Alleghanies to her Delta and to the Gulf of Mexico, the eighth of January shall be remembered, and the glory of that day shall stimulate future patriots, and nerve the arms of unborn freemen in driving the presumptuous invader from our country's soil.

Gentlemen may boast of their insensibility to feelings inspired by the contemplation of such events. But I would ask, does the recollection of Bunker's Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown, afford them no pleasure? Every act of noble sacrifice to the country, every instance of patriotic devotion to her cause, has its beneficial influence. A nation's character is the sum of its splendid *deeds; they constitute* one common patrimony, the nation's in-

heritance. They awe foreign powers—they arouse and animate our own people. I love true glory. It is this sentiment which ought to be cherished; and, in spite of cavils, and sneers, and attempts to put it down, it will finally conduct this nation to that height to which God and nature have destined it

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25. FRAUDS UPON THE REVENUE.—*Hayne.*

Mr. President,—The gentleman complains of frauds upon the revenue—and fraudulent invoices and smuggling—but it is his system which has produced these evils. Smuggling, from the very nature of things, must exist, when the duties exceed the risk and expense of the illicit intercourse. For a season, sir, the high moral sense of a young and uncorrupted people, may oppose some obstacle to these practices. No government on earth can prevent them. Napoleon, in the plenitude of his power, was unable to maintain his continental system. His prohibitions and restrictions were constantly violated with impunity. Yes sir, he who sported with kingdoms, who constructed thrones upon the ruins of empires, and appointed the officers of his household to fill them; whose armies were his custom-house officers, who drew his cordons around the nations which he conquered, was utterly unable to put down the great principles of free trade. It has been well said, sir, "that when all Europe was obedient to his nod—the smuggler disputed his commands, set at naught his edicts, laughed to scorn his power, and overthrew his policy." How is it with England, that sea-girt isle, surrounded with a thousand ships, and thirty thousand guardians of her revenue? Sir, do we not all know that smuggling is there a profitable trade, and that the revenue laws of England are constantly violated with impunity? And how is it in Spain? A modern traveler asserts that there are a hundred thousand persons in that unhappy country who live by smuggling, and that there are thirty thousand others, paid by the government, to detect their practice, but who are in a league with the offenders; and as to the condition of things in our own country, the gentleman has told us a tale this day, which, if he be not himself deceived, shows what fearful progress these practices have already made. The time was when smuggling was absolutely unknown any where in this country, as it still is in the southern states. It is your protecting system which has introduced it. It is the natural consequence of high duties—the evil was foretold, and, as we predicted, it has come upon

us. The protecting system has already, in the minds of many, removed the odium which formerly rested on this practice. It was but the last year that a distinguished senator rose up in his place here and held this language: "Your tariff policy compels respectable men to violate your law; you force them to disregard its injunctions, in order to elude its oppressions. It was his perfect conviction, that there was not a virtuous man throughout the union, who would now think it criminal to smuggle into the country every article consumed in it—and why? Because you force them to it in self-defense."—Sir, when these sentiments shall become prevalent, what think you will become of that system? How long will it last after the payment of duties shall come to be considered as a badge of servitude?

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26 INFLUENCE OF GREAT ACTIONS DEPENDENT ON THEIR RESULTS.—*Webster.*

Great actions and striking occurrences, having excited a temporary admiration, often pass away and are forgotten, because they leave no lasting results, affecting the prosperity of communities. Such is frequently the fortune of the most brilliant military achievements. Of the ten thousand battles which have been fought; of all the fields fertilized with carnage; of the banners which have been bathed in blood; of the warriors who have hoped that they had risen from the field of conquest to a glory as bright and as durable as the stars, how few that continue long to interest mankind! The victory of yesterday is reversed by the defeat of to-day; the star of military glory, rising like a meteor, like a meteor has fallen; disgrace and disaster hang on the heels of conquest and renown; victor and vanquished presently pass away to oblivion, and the world holds on its course, with the loss, only, of so many lives, and so much treasure.

But if this is frequently, or generally, the fortune of military achievements, it is not always so. There are enterprises, military as well as civil, that sometimes check the current of events give a new turn to human affairs, and transmit their consequences through ages. We see their importance in their results, and call them great, because great things follow. There have been battles which have fixed the fate of nations. These come down to us in history with a solid and permanent influence, not created by a display of glittering armor, the rush of adverse battalions, *the sinking* and rising of pennons, the flight, the pursuit, and the

history; but by their effect in advancing or retarding human knowledge, in overthrowing or establishing despotism, in extending or destroying human happiness. When the traveler pauses on the plains of Marathon, what are the emotions which strongly agitate his breast; what is that glorious recollection that thrills through his frame, and suffuses his eyes? Not, I imagine, that Grecian skill and Grecian valor were here most signally displayed; but that Greece herself was saved. It is because to this spot, and to the event which has rendered it immortal, he refers all the succeeding glories of the republic. It is because, if that day had gone otherwise, Greece had perished. It is because he perceives that her philosophers and orators, her poets and painters, her sculptors and architects, her government and free institutions, point backward to Marathon, and that their future existence seems to have been suspended on the contingency, whether the Persian or Grecian banner should wave victorious in the beams of that day's setting sun. And as his imagination kindles at the retrospect, he is transported back to the interesting moment: he counts the fearful odds of the contending hosts; his interest for the result overwhelms him; he trembles as if it was still uncertain, and seems to doubt whether he may consider Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes, Sophocles, and Phidias, as secure, yet, to himself and to the world.

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27. PREVALENCE OF WAR.—*Grimké.*

War is the law of violence. Peace the law of love. That law of violence prevailed without mitigation from the murder of Abel to the advent of the Prince of Peace.

We might have imagined, if history had not attested the reverse, that an experiment of four thousand years would have sufficed to prove, that the rational and valuable ends of society can never be attained, by constructing its institutions in conformity with the standard of war. But the sword and the torch had been eloquent in vain. A thousand battle-fields, white with the bones of brothers, were counted as idle advocates in the cause of justice and humanity. Ten thousand cities, abandoned to the cruelty and licentiousness of the soldiery: and burnt, or dismantled, or razed to the ground, pleaded in vain against the law of violence. The river, the lake, the sea, crimsoned with the blood of fellow-citizens, and neighbors, and strangers, had lifted up their voices in vain to denounce the

folly and wickedness of war. The shrieks and agonies, the rage and hatred, the wounds and curses of the battle-field, and the storm and the sack, had scattered in vain their terrible warnings throughout all lands. In vain had the insolent Lysander destroyed the walls and burnt the fleets of Athens, to the music of her own female flute-players. In vain had Scipio, amid the ruins of Carthage, in the spirit of a gloomy seer, applied to Rome herself the prophecy of Agamemnon,

> "The day shall come, the great avenging day,
> Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay:
> When Priam's power, and Priam's self shall fall,
> And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

In vain had Pyrrhus exclaimed, as for all the warrior gamblers of antiquity, "One such victory more and I am undone." In vain had the disgrace and the sufferings of Miltiades and Nicias, of Themistocles, Pausanias, and Alcibiades; of Marius and Sylla, of Hannibal, Pompey, and Cesar, filled the nations with pity and dismay. The lamentations of the widow and the tears of the orphan, the broken hearts of age and the blasted hopes of youth, and beauty, and love, had pleaded in vain against the law of violence. The earth had drunk in the life-blood of the slain, and hidden their mangled bodies in her bosom: and there the garden, the orchard, and the harvest, flourished once more beautiful in the tints of nature, and rich in the melody of fount, and leaf, and breeze. The waters have swallowed into their depths the dying and the dead, and the ruined fleets both of victor and vanquished; and again the waves danced in their sportiveness, or rushed in their fury, over the battle-plain of hostile navies. The innocence of childhood had forgotten the parent's violent death, the widow had recovered the lost smile of former years, the miserable old man had been gathered to his fathers, and affection had found new objects for its attachments.

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28. MILITARY INSUBORDINATION.—*Clay.*

Mr. Chairman,—I trust that I shall be indulged with some few reflections upon the danger of permitting the conduct on which it has been my painful duty to animadvert, to pass without a solemn expression of the disapprobation of this house. Recall to your recollection, sir, the free nations which have *gone before us.* Where are they now?

"Gleams glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

How have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves back, sir, to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, could ask a Grecian if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip, or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country,—the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties will be eternal. If a Roman citizen had been asked, if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece has fallen; Cesar has passed the rubicon; and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country.

Sir, we are fighting a great moral battle for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with jealousy and with envy; the other portion with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Every where the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the west, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart. Obscure that, by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. Beware, then, sir, how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cesar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and, that if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

I hope, sir, that gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition. They may even vote the general* the public thanks. They may carry him triumphantly through this house. But if they do, sir, in my humble judgment, it will be a triumph of the principle of insubordination—a triumph of the military over the civil authority—a triumph over the powers of this house—a triumph over the constitution of the land—and I pray, sir, most devoutly, that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the people.

* General Jackson.

29. EVILS OF DISMEMBERMENT.—*Webster.*

Gentlemen, the political prosperity which this country has attained, and which it now enjoys, it has acquired mainly through the instrumentality of the present government. While this agent continues, the capacity of attaining to still higher degrees of prosperity exists also. We have, while this lasts, a political life, capable of beneficial exertion, with power to resist or overcome misfortunes, to sustain us against the ordinary accidents of human affairs, and to promote, by active efforts, every public interest. But dismemberment strikes at the very being which preserves these faculties. It would lay its rude and ruthless hand on this great agent itself. It would sweep away, not only what we possess, but all power of regaining lost, or acquiring new, possessions. It would leave the country, not only bereft of its prosperity and happiness, but without limbs, or organs, or faculties, by which to exert itself, hereafter, in the pursuit of that prosperity and happiness.

Other misfortunes may be borne, or their effects overcome If disastrous war should sweep our commerce from the ocean, another generation may renew it; if it exhaust our treasury, future industry may replenish it; if it desolate and lay waste our fields, still, under a new cultivation, they will grow green again, and ripen to future harvests. It were but a trifle, even if the walls of yonder capitol were to crumble, if its lofty pillars should fall, and its gorgeous decorations be all covered by the dust of the valley. All these might be rebuilt. But who shall re-construct the fabric of demolished government? Who shall rear again the well-proportioned columns of constitutional liberty? Who shall frame together the skilful architecture which unites national sovereignty with state-rights, individual security, and public prosperity? No, gentlemen, if these columns fall, they will be raised not again. Like the Coliseum and the Parthenon, they will be destined to a mournful, a melancholy immortality. Bitterer tears, however, will flow over them, than were ever shed over the monuments of Roman or Grecian art; for they will be the remnants of a more glorious edifice than Greece or Rome ever saw—the edifice of constitutional American liberty.

But, gentlemen, let us hope for better things. Let us trust in that gracious Being who has hitherto held our country as in the hollow of his hand. Let us trust to the virtue and the intelligence of the people, and to the efficacy of religious obligation. Let us trust to the influence of Washington's example,

not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and disbonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured—bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as—What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly—liberty first, and union afterwards—but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—liberty and union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!

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32. POLITICAL CORRUPTION.—*McDuffie.*

Sir,—We are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility, as utterly visionary, and to ask with a grave affectation of dignity—what! do you think a member of congress can be corrupted? Sir, I speak what I have long and deliberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth, that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches. Of all the forms in which it can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its

fatal sorcery. We are often asked, where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it? Sir, do you expect to see it? You might as well expect to see the embodied forms of pestilence and famine stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amidst it and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence. All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme for the seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the devil, in his proper form; had the spear of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence. But he came as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile. "It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit. It will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil. It will raise you to an equality with the angels." Such, sir, was the process; and in this simple but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity between our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of paradise. We, too, have been warned that the enemy is on our borders. But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any farther. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went, "with the blessings of heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels—she returned, covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of heaven's everlasting curse.

Sir, it is innocence that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by the seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation, when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honorable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating as the apple of paradise.

I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful. Without it, human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. By means of his patronage, the *president addresses* himself in the most irresistible manner, to

this, the noblest and strongest of our passions. All that the imagination can desire—honor, power, wealth, ease, are held out as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such temptations. It is impossible to conceive, Satan himself could not devise, a system which would more infallibly introduce corruption and death into our political Eden. Sir, the angels fell from heaven with less temptation.

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33. NATIONAL RECOLLECTIONS THE FOUNDATION OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.—*Everett.*

How is the spirit of a free people to be formed, and animated, and cheered, but out of the store-house of its historic recollections! Are we to be eternally ringing the changes upon Marathon and Thermopylæ; and going back to read in obscure texts of Greek and Latin, of the exemplars of patriotic virtue? I thank God that we can find them nearer home, in our own country, on our own soil;—that strains of the noblest sentiment that ever swelled in the breast of man, are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue;—that the colonial and provincial councils of America exhibit to us models of the spirits and character which gave Greece and Rome their name and their praise among nations. Here we ought to go for our instruction;—the lesson is plain, it is clear, it is applicable. When we go to ancient history, we are bewildered with the difference of manners and institutions. We are willing to pay our tribute of applause to the memory of Leonidas, who fell nobly for his country in the face of his foe. But when we trace him to his home, we are confounded at the reflection, that the same Spartan heroism, to which he sacrificed himself at Thermopylæ, would have led him to tear his own child, if it had happened to be a sickly babe,—the very object for which all that is kind and good in man rises up to plead,—from the bosom of its mother, and carry it out to be eaten by the wolves of Taygetus. We feel a glow of admiration at the heroism displayed at Marathon, by the ten thousand champions of invaded Greece; but we cannot forget that the tenth part of the number were slaves, unchained from the work-shops and door-posts of their masters, to go and fight the battles of freedom. I do not mean that these examples are to destroy the interest with which we read the history of ancient times; they possibly increase that interest by the very contrast they exhibit. But

they do warn us, if we need the warning, to seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home; out of the exploits and sacrifices of which our own country is the theatre; out of the characters of our own fathers. Them we know,—the high-souled, natural, unaffected, the citizen heroes. We know what happy firesides they left for the cheerless camp. We know with what pacific habits they dared the perils of the field There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry about them. It is all resolute, manly resistance for conscience and liberty's sake, not merely of an overwhelming power, but of all the force of long-rooted habits and native love of order and peace.

Above all, their blood calls to us from the soil which we tread; it beats in our veins; it cries to us not merely in the thrilling words of one of the first victims in this cause,—"My sons, scorn to be slaves!"—but it cries with a still more moving eloquence—"My sons, forget not your fathers!"

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84. HAPPY CONSEQUENCES OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.—*Maxcy.*

In a full persuasion of the excellency of our government, let us shun those vices which tend to its subversion, and cultivate those virtues which will render it permanent, and transmit it in full vigor to all succeeding ages. Let not the haggard forms of intemperance and luxury ever lift up their destroying visages in this happy country. Let economy, frugality, moderation, and justice at home and abroad, mark the conduct of all our citizens. Let it be our constant care to diffuse knowledge and goodness through all ranks of society. The people of this country will never be uneasy under its present form of government, provided they have sufficient information to judge of its excellency. No nation under heaven enjoys so much happiness as the Americans. Convince them of this, and will they not shudder at the thought of subverting their political constitution, of suffering it to degenerate into aristocracy or monarchy? Let a sense of our happy situation awaken in us the warmest sensations of gratitude to the Supreme Being. Let us consider him as the author of all our blessings, acknowledging him as our beneficent parent, protector, and friend. The predominant tendency of his providences towards us as a nation, *evinces his* benevolent designs. Every part of his conduct

speaks in a language plain and intelligible. Let us open our ears, let us attend, let us be wise.

While we celebrate the anniversary of our independence, let us not pass over in silence the defenders of our country. Where are those brave Americans whose lives were cloven down in the tempest of battle? Are they not bending from the bright abodes? A voice from the altar cries, "these are they who loved their country, these are they who died for liberty." We now reap the fruit of their agony and toil. Let their memories be eternally embalmed in our bosoms. Let the infants of all posterity prattle their fame, and drop tears of courage for their fate.

The consequences of American independence will soon reach to the extremities of the world. The shining car of freedom will soon roll over the necks of kings, and bear off the oppressed to scenes of liberty and peace. The clamors of war will cease under the whole heaven. The tree of liberty will shoot its top up to the sun. Its boughs will hang over the ends of the whole world, and wearied nations will lie down and rest under its shade.

Here in America stands the asylum for the distressed and persecuted of all nations. The vast temple of freedom rises majestically fair. Founded on a rock, it will remain unshaken by the force of tyrants, undiminished by the flight of time. Long streams of light emanate through its portals, and chase the darkness from distant nations. Its turrets will swell into the heavens, rising above every tempest: and the pillar of divine glory, descending from God, will rest for ever on its summit.

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35. OBLIGATIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS TO STAND BY THE UNION.—*Webster.*

Mr. President,—The people of the United States, by a vast and countless majority, are attached to the constitution. If they shall be convinced that it is in danger, they will come to its rescue and save it. It cannot be destroyed, even now, if they will undertake its guardianship and protection.

But suppose, sir, there was less hope than there is, would that consideration weaken the force of our obligations? Are we at a post which we are at liberty to abandon, when it becomes difficult to hold it? May we fly at the approach of danger? Does our fidelity to the constitution require no more of us than to enjoy its blessings, to bask in the prosperity which

it has shed around us and our fathers; and are we at liberty to abandon it, in the hour of its peril, or to make for it but a faint and heartless struggle, for the want of encouragement, and the want of hope? Sir, if no state comes to our succor, if elsewhere the contest should be given up, here let it be protracted to the last moment. Here, where the first blood of the revolution was shed, let the last effort, for that which is the greatest blessing obtained by it, a free and united government, be made. Sir, in our endeavors to maintain our existing forms of government, we are acting not for ourselves alone, but for the great cause of constitutional liberty all over the globe. We are trustees, holding a sacred treasure, in which all the lovers of freedom have a stake. Not only in revolutionized France, where there are no longer subjects, where the monarch can no longer say, he is the state; not only in reformed England, where our principles, our institutions, our practice of free government are now daily quoted and commended; but in the depths of Germany, and among the desolate fields, and the still smoking ashes of Poland, prayers are uttered for the preservation of our union and happiness. We are surrounded, sir, by a cloud of witnesses. The gaze of the sons of liberty, every where, is upon us, anxiously, intently, upon us. It may see us fall in the struggle for our constitution and government, but heaven forbid that it should see us recreant.

At least, sir, let the star of Massachusetts be the last which shall be seen to fall from heaven, and to plunge into the utter darkness of disunion. Let her shrink back, let her hold others back, if she can; at any rate let her keep herself back, from this gulf, full, at once, of fire and of blackness; yes, sir, as far as human foresight can scan, or human imagination fathom, full of the fire, and the blood of civil war, and of the thick darkness of general political disgrace, ignominy, and ruin. Though the worst happen that can happen, and though we be not able to prevent the catastrophe, yet, let her maintain her own integrity, her own high honor, her own unwavering fidelity, so that with respect and decency, though with a broken and a bleeding heart, she may pay the last tribute to a glorious, departed, free constitution.

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36. THE OBLIGATIONS OF AMERICA TO LA FAYETTE.—*Hayne*

I had hoped, Mr. President, that this bill would have met with no opposition. I had hoped that the world would see, that *against a proposition* for showing our gratitude, as a nation, in

something more than mere words to general La Fayette, not a voice would be raised. But, sir, I am disappointed; and it is therefore the irksome task of this committee to go into detail, and to show how much we are absolutely indebted to this great man.

It appears from some documents, sir, in possession of the committee, that the general, during six years of our revolutionary war, sacrificed one hundred and forty thousand dollars of his private fortune, in the service of this country. And how sir, was this sacrifice made? Under what circumstances? Was he one of our own citizens—one of those whose lives and fortunes were necessarily exposed during the vicissitudes of a contest for the right of self-government? No, sir, no such thing. He tore himself away from his country and his home, to fight the battles of freedom in a foreign land, and to make common cause with a people to whom he owed no duty. Nor was he satisfied with the devotion of his personal services. It is a matter of record on the pages of your history, that he armed a regiment for you: that he sent a vessel laden with arms and munitions of war for you: that he put shoes on the feet of your barefoot and suffering soldiers. For all these services he asked no recompense—he received none. He spent his fortune for you; he shed his blood for you; and without acquiring any thing but a claim upon your gratitude, he impoverished himself.

And now, sir, what would be thought of us in Europe, if, after all that has passed, we should fail to make a generous and liberal provision for our venerable guest? We have, under circumstances calculated to give to the event great celebrity, invited him to our shores. We have received him with the utmost enthusiasm. The people have every where greeted him in the warmest terms of gratitude and affection. Now what will be thought of us in Europe, and, what is much more important, how shall we deserve to be thought of, if we send back our venerable guest without any more substantial proof of our gratitude, than vague expressions of regard? You have made him a spectacle for the world to gaze on. He cannot go back to France and become the private citizen he was when he left it. You have, by the universal homage of your hearts and tongues, made his house a shrine, to which every pilgrim of liberty, from every quarter of the world, will repair. At least, let him not, after this, want the means of giving welcome to the Americans, who, whenever they visit the shores of France, will repair in crowds to his hospitable mansion, to testify their veneration to the illustrious *compatriot* of their fathers. I regret,

sir, that I have been compelled to say thus much upon the subject. But, sir, I have full confidence that there cannot in this house, there cannot in this nation, be but one universal feeling of gratitude and affection for La Fayette.

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37. BATTLE THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE.—*Henry.*

Mr. President,—I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I have no way of judging the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain an enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored *its interposition* to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry

and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we wish to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight!! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us.

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38. THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GOVERNMENTS.—*Rutledge.*

Sir,—The gentleman from Virginia has repeated the observation of his colleague, that the people are capable of taking care of their own rights, and do not want a corps of judges to protect them. Sir, human nature is the same every where; and man is precisely the same sort of being in the new world that he is in the old. The citizens of other republics were as wise and valiant, and far more powerful than we are. The gentleman knows full well, that wherever the Roman standard was unfurled, its motto, "*Senatus Populusque Romani*," proclaimed to a conquered world, that they were governed by the senate and the people of Rome. But now, sir, the Roman lazaroni, who, crouching at the gate of his prince's palace, begs the offals of his kitchen, would never know that his ancestors had been free,—nor that the people had counted for any thing in Rome, or that Rome ever had her senate, did he not read of them on the broken friezes and broken columns of the ruined temples, whose fragments now lie scattered over the Roman forum. Sir, the mournful histories of the republics of Rome and Greece, are not the only beacons which warn us of the dangers of instability and innovation. All Europe was once free. But where now is the diet of Sweden? Where are the states of Holland and Portugal, and the republics of Switzerland and Italy? The people of those countries were once free and happy, but their governments, for the want of some protecting check, some inherent principle to defend themselves, have all been subverted; they have all traveled the same road; it is as plain as a turn-

pike: it is pointed out by the ruins of other republics. Every where the same causes have produced the same effects. The honorable gentleman says, he does not want to seek examples across the Atlantic. Sir, is this wise—are we to shut our eyes to the light of history, and turn away from the voice of experience? Sir, the untutored Indian marks on his tomahawk great events as they pass, and augurs what will happen from knowing what has happened; and shall we travel on without noticing the finger-boards erected by historians for our security? The gentleman censures our having noticed France, and read a passage from a speech of the illustrious Washington, where he called the French a great and wise people. What has been the fate of this gallant people? Where is their constitution? We have seen La Fayette in the Champ de Mars, at the head of fifty thousand warriors, who, with one hand grasping their swords, and the other laid on the altar, swore, in the presence of Almighty God, they never would desert their constitution. Through all the departments of France, similar pledges were given. Frenchmen received their constitution as the followers of Mahomet did the alcoran, and thought it came to them from heaven. They swore on their standards and their sabres, never to abandon it. But, sir, this constitution has vanished; their swords, which were to have formed a rampart around it, are now worn by the consular janizaries, and the republican standards are among the trophies which decorate the vaulted roof of the consul's palace.

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39. EXTENT OF COUNTRY NOT DANGEROUS TO THE UNION. —*Madison.*

I submit to you, my fellow-citizens, these considerations, in full confidence that the good sense which has so often marked your decisions, will allow them their due weight and effect; and that you will never suffer difficulties, however formidable in appearance, or however fashionable the error on which they may be founded, to drive you into the gloomy and perilous scenes into which the advocates for disunion would conduct you. Hearken not to the unnatural voice which tells you that the people of America, knit together as they are by so many cords of affection, can no longer live together as members of the same family; can no longer continue the mutual guardians of their mutual happiness; can no longer be fellow-citizens of *one great, respectable*, and flourishing empire. Hearken not

to the voice, which petulantly tells you, that the form of government recommended for your adoption, is a novelty in the political world; that it never yet has had a place in the theories of the wildest projectors; that it rashly attempts what it is impossible to accomplish. No, my countrymen; shut your ears against this unhallowed language. Shut your hearts against the poison which it conveys: the kindred blood which flows in the veins of American citizens, the mingled blood which they have shed in defense of their sacred rights, consecrate their union, and excite horror at the idea of their becoming aliens, rivals, enemies. And if novelties are to be shunned, believe me, the most alarming of all novelties, the most wild of all projects, the most rash of all attempts, is that of reading us in pieces, in order to preserve our liberties and promote our happiness. But why is the experiment of an extended republic to be rejected, merely because it may comprise what is new? Is it not the glory of the people of America, that whilst they have paid a decent regard to the opinions of former times and other nations, they have not suffered a blind veneration for antiquity, for custom, or for names, to overrule the suggestions of their own good sense, the knowledge of their own situation, and the lesson of their own experience? To this manly spirit, posterity will be indebted for the possession, and the world for the example, of the numerous innovations displayed on the American theatre, in favor of private rights and public happiness. Had no important step been taken by the leaders of the revolution, for which a precedent could not be discovered, no government established, of which an exact model did not present itself, the people of the United States might, at this moment, have been numbered among the melancholy victims of misguided councils; must, at best, have been laboring under the weight of some of those forms which have crushed the liberties of the rest of mankind. Happily for America, happily we trust for the whole human race, they pursued a new and more noble course. They accomplished a revolution which has no parallel in the annals of human society. They reared the fabric of governments which have no model on the face of the globe. They formed the design of a great confederacy, which it is incumbent on their successors to improve and perpetuate. If their works betray imperfections, we wonder at the fewness of them. If they erred most in the structure of the union, this was the most difficult to be executed; this is the work which has been new-modeled by the act of your convention, and it is that act on which you are now to deliberate and to decide.

40. PURPOSE OF THE MONUMENT ON BUNKER'S HILL.—*Webster.*

We know that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surface could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges herself with making known to all future times. We know that no inscription, on intablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a similar regard, to the principles of the revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied, which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart.

Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of the unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must be for ever dear to us, and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eyes hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish, that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish, that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish, that, in those days of disaster, *which*, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to

come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hither, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of morning gild it, and parting day linger and play upon its summit.

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41. ILLUSTRIOUS MODEL FOR THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER. —*Wirt.*

Let your ambition, gentlemen, be to enroll your names among those over whose histories our hearts swell, and our eyes overflow with admiration, delight and sympathy, from infancy to old age; and the story of whose virtues, exploits, and sufferings, will continue to produce the same effect, throughout the world, at whatever distance of time they may be read. It is needless, and it were endless to name them. On the darker firmament of history, ancient and modern, they form a galaxy resplendent with their lustre. To go no farther back, look for your model to the signers of our declaration of independence. You see revived in those men, the spirit of ancient Rome in Rome's best day; for they were willing, with Curtius, to leap into the flaming gulf, which the oracle of their own wisdom had assured them could be closed in no other way. There was one, however, whose name is not among those signers, but who must not, nay, cannot be forgotten; for, when a great and decided patriot is the theme, his name is not far off. Gentlemen, you need not go to past ages, nor to distant countries. You need not turn your eyes to ancient Greece, or Rome, or to modern Europe. You have in your own Washington, a recent model, whom you have only to imitate to become immortal. Nor, must you suppose that he owed his greatness to the peculiar crisis which called out his virtues; and despair of such another crisis for the display of your own. His more than Roman virtues, his consummate prudence, his powerful intellect, and his dauntless decision and dignity of character, would have made him illustrious in any age. The crisis would have done nothing for him, had not his character stood ready to

match it. Acquire his character, and fear not the recurrence of a crisis to show forth its glory. Look at the elements of commotion that are already at work in this vast republic, and threatening us with a moral earthquake that will convulse it to its foundation. Look at the political degeneracy which pervades the country, and which has already borne us so far away from the golden age of the revolution; look at all "the signs of the times," and you will see but little cause to indulge the hope that no crisis is likely to recur to give full scope for the exertion of the most heroic virtues. Hence it is, that I so anxiously hold up to you the model of Washington. Form yourselves on that noble model. Strive to acquire his modesty, his disinterestedness, his singleness of heart, his determined devotion to his country, his candor in deliberation, his accuracy of judgment, his invincible firmness of resolve, and then may you hope to be in your own age, what he was in his,—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of your countrymen." Commencing your career with this high strain of character, your course will be as steady as the needle to the pole. Your end will be always virtuous, your means always noble. You will adorn as well as bless your country. You will exalt and illustrate the age in which you live. Your example will shake, like a tempest, that pestilential pool, in which the virtues of our people are already beginning to stagnate, and restore the waters and the atmosphere to their revolutionary purity.

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42. THE BIBLE.—*Grimké.*

The Bible is the only book, which God has ever sent, the only one he ever will send, into this world. All other books are frail and transient as time, since they are only the registers of time; but the Bible is durable as eternity, for its pages contain the records of eternity. All other books are weak and imperfect, like their author, man; but the Bible is a transcript of infinite power and perfection. Every other volume is limited in its usefulness and influence; but the Bible came forth conquering and to conquer: rejoicing as a giant to run his course, and like the sun, "there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." The Bible only, of all the myriads of books the world has seen, is equally important and interesting to all mankind. Its tidings, whether of peace or of wo, are the same to the poor, the ignorant, and the weak, as to the rich, the wise, and the powerful. Among the most remarkable of its attributes, is justice; for it

looks with impartial eyes on kings and on slaves, on the hero and the soldier, on philosophers and peasants, on the eloquent and the dumb. From all, it exacts the same obedience to its commandments, and promises to the good, the fruits of his labors; to the evil, the reward of his hands. Nor are the purity and holiness, the wisdom, benevolence and truth of the Scriptures, less conspicuous, than their justice. In sublimity and beauty, in the descriptive and pathetic, in dignity and simplicity of narrative, in power and comprehensiveness, depth and variety of thought, in purity and elevation of sentiment, the most enthusiastic admirers of the heathen classics have conceded their inferiority to the Scriptures. The Bible, indeed, is the only universal classic, the classic of all mankind, of every age and country, of time and eternity, more humble and simple than the primer of the child, more grand and magnificent than the epic and the oration, the ode and the drama, when genius, with his chariot of fire, and his horses of fire, ascends in whirlwind, into the heaven of his own invention. It is the best classic the world has ever seen, the noblest that human tongue honored and dignified the language of mortals!

If you boast that the Aristotles and the Platos, and the Tullies, of the classic ages, "dipped their pens in intellect," the sacred authors dipped theirs in inspiration. If those were the "secretaries of nature," these were the secretaries of the very Author of nature. If Greece and Rome have gathered into their cabinet of curiosities, the pearls of heathen poetry and eloquence, the diamonds of Pagan history and philosophy, God himself has treasured up in the Scriptures, the poetry and eloquence, the philosophy and history of sacred lawgivers, of prophets and apostles, of saints, evangelists and martyrs. In vain may you seek for the pure and simple light of universal truth in the Augustan ages of antiquity. In the Bible only is the poet's wish fulfilled,

"And like the sun, be all one boundless eye."

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3. CHANGE IS NOT REFORM.—*Randolph.*

Sir,—I see no wisdom in making this provision for future changes. You must give governments time to operate on the people, and give the people time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost any thing is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A people may have the best

form of government that the wit of man ever devised; and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that change is not reform. I am willing that this new constitution shall stand as long as it is possible for it to stand, and that, believe me, is a very short time. Sir, it is in vain to deny it.—They may say what they please about the old constitution—the defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice, neither in the design nor the elevation: it is in the material—it is in the people of Virginia. To my knowledge that people are changed from what they have been. The four hundred men who went out to David were in debt. The partisans of Cæsar were in debt. The fellow-laborers of Catiline were in debt.—And I defy you to show me a desperately indebted people, any where, who can bear a regular sober government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter—the man who owned from five to twenty slaves, or less, who lived by hard work, and who paid his debts, is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's wits—of living by contracting debts that one cannot pay—and above all, of living by office-hunting.

Sir, what do we see? Bankrupts—branded bankrupts—giving great dinners—sending their children to the most expensive schools—giving grand parties—and just as well received as any body in society. I say, that in such a state of things, the old constitution was too good for them; they could not bear it. No, sir—they could not bear a freehold suffrage and a property representation.

I have always endeavored to do the people justice—but I will not flatter them—I will not pander to their appetite for change. I will do nothing to provide for change. I will not agree to any rule of future apportionment, or to any provision for future changes, called amendments to the constitution. They who love change—who delight in public confusion—who wish to feed the caldron, and make it bubble—may vote, if they please, for future changes. But by what spell—by what formula are you going to bind the people to all future time? You may make what entries upon parchment you please. Give me a constitution that will last for half a century—that is all I wish for. No constitution that you can make will last the one half of half a century.

Sir, I will stake any thing short of my salvation, that those who are malcontent now, will be more malcontent three years *hence than* they are at this day. I have no favor for this con-

stitution. I shall vote against its adoption, and I shall advise all the people of my district to set their faces—aye—and their shoulders against it. But if we are to have it—let us not have it with its death-warrant in its very face; with the sardonic grin of death upon its countenance.

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44. NOT STRENGTH ENOUGH IN THE BOW.—*Webster.*

Mr. President,—When this debate, sir, was to be resumed, on Thursday morning, it so happened that it would have been convenient for me to be elsewhere. The honorable member, however, did not incline to put off the discussion to another day. He had a shot, he said, to return, and he wished to discharge it. That shot, sir, which it was kind thus to inform us was coming, that we might stand out of the way, or prepare ourselves to fall before it and die with decency, has now been received. Under all advantages, and with expectation awakened by the tone which it preceded, it has been discharged, and has spent its force. It may become me to say no more of its effect, than, that if nobody is found, after all, either killed or wounded by it, it is not the first time, in the history of human affairs, that the vigor and success of the war have not quite come up to the lofty and sounding phrase of the manifesto.

The gentleman, sir, in declining to postpone the debate, told the senate, with the emphasis of his hand upon his heart, that there was something rankling here, which he wished to relieve. But the gentleman disclaims having used the word rankling. It would not, Mr. President, be safe for the honorable member to appeal to those around him, upon the question, whether he did, in fact, make use of that word. But he may have been unconscious of it. At any rate it is enough that he disclaims it. But still, with or without the use of that particular word, he had yet something here, he said, of which he wished to rid himself by an immediate reply. In this respect, sir, I have a great advantage over the honorable gentleman. There is nothing here, sir, which gives me the slightest uneasiness; neither fear, nor anger, nor that—which is sometimes more troublesome than either—the consciousness of having been in the wrong. There is nothing, either originating here, or now received here, by the gentleman's shot. Nothing original, for I have not the slightest feeling of disrespect or unkindness towards the honorable member Some passages, it is true, had occurred since our acquaintance in this body, which I could

have wished might have been otherwise; but I had used philosophy and forgotten them. When the honorable member rose, in his first speech, I paid him the respect of attentive listening; and when he sat down, though surprised, and I must say, even astonished, at some of his opinions, nothing was farther from my intentions than to commence any personal warfare; and through the whole of the few remarks I made in answer, I avoided studiously and carefully, every thing which I thought possible to be construed into disrespect. And, sir, while there is thus nothing originating here, which I wished at any time, or now wish to discharge, I must repeat, also, that nothing has been received here, which rankles, or in any way gives me annoyance. I will not accuse the honorable member of violating the rules of civilized war—I will not say that he poisoned his arrows. But whether his shafts were, or were not dipped in that which would have caused rankling, if they had reached, there was not, as it happened, quite strength enough in the bow to bring them to their mark. If he wishes now to find those shafts, he must look for them elsewhere; they will not be found fixed and quivering in the object at which they were aimed.

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45. NATIONAL SELF-RESPECT.—*Beman.*

Far be it from me to cherish, in any shape, a spirit of national prejudice, or to excite in others a disgusting national vanity. But when I reflect upon the part which this country is probably to act in the renovation of the world, I rejoice that I am a citizen of this great republic. This western continent has, at different periods, been the subject of every species of transatlantic abuse. In former days, some of the naturalists of Europe told us, that every thing here was constructed upon a small scale. The frowns of nature were represented as investing the whole hemisphere we inhabit. It has been asserted, that the eternal storms, which are said to beat upon the brows of our mountains, and to roll the tide of desolation at their bases—the hurricanes which sweep our vales, and the volcanic fires which issue from a thousand flaming craters—the thunderbolts which perpetually descend from heaven, and the earthquakes, whose trepidations are felt to the very centre of our globe, have superinduced a degeneracy through all the productions of nature. Men have been frightened into intellectual dwarfs, and the beasts of the forest have not attained more than *half their* ordinary growth!—While some of the lines and

touches of this picture have been blotted out by the reversing hand of time, others have been added, which have, in some respects, carried the conceit still farther. In later days, and in some instances even down to the present period, it has been published and republished from the enlightened presses of the old world, that so strong is the tendency to deterioration on this continent, that the descendants of European ancestors are far inferior to the original stock from which they sprang. But inferior in what? In national spirit and patriotic achievement? Let the revolutionary conflict—the opening scene at Boston, and the catastrophe at Yorktown—furnish the reply. Let Bennington and Saratoga support their respective claims. Inferior in enterprise? Let the sail that whitens every sea and the commercial spirit that braves every element answer. Every bustling mart, refute the unfounded aspersion. For its deeds of zeal and valor for the church? Let missionaries in the bosom of our own forest, in the distant regions of the east, and on the islands of the great Pacific, answer the question. Inferior in science, and letters, and the arts? It is true our nation is young; but we may challenge the world to furnish a national maturity which, in these respects, will compare with ours.

The character and institutions of this country have already produced a deep impression upon the world we inhabit. What but our example has stricken the chains of despotism from the provinces of South America—giving, by a single impulse, freedom to half a hemisphere? A Washington here, has created a Bolivar there. The flag of independence which has long waved from the summit of our Alleghany, has now been answered by a corresponding signal from the heights of the Andes. And the same spirit, too, that came across the Atlantic wave with the pilgrims, and made the rock of Plymouth the corner-stone of freedom and of this republic, is traveling back to the east. It has already carried its influence into the cabinets of princes; and it is, at this moment, sung by the Grecian bard, and emulated by the Grecian hero.

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46. THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.—*Everett.*

It was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made; but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect

on the events of that day. It may be doubted, whether there was an efficient order given the whole day to any body of men as large as a regiment. It was the people, in their first capacity, as citizens and as freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides and their fields, to take their own cause into their own hands. Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime; when the want of every thing is fully made up by the spirit of the cause; and the soul within stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendor of their array, there is something revolting to the reflecting mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary the depraved; and iron slavery, by the name of subordination merges the free will of one hundred thousand men in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people whose substance has been sucked out to nourish it into strength and fury. But in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving, not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—though I like not war nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without intrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off from the feelings of the youthful soldier the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of the conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valor springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others; but in the strength and spirit of the cause alone, they act, they contend, they bleed. In this they conquer. The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dynasties imposed by foreign arms on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are *driven from the* plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks

and everlasting hills are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado; and nature,—God,—is their ally. Now he overwhelms the host of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath an atmosphere of falling snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their councils, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and he never gave, and never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

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47. ENNOBLING RECOLLECTIONS OF THE REVOLUTION.—*Hayne.*

It has been usual, on occasions like the present, to give a history of the wrongs endured by our fathers. But, my friends, we have prouder, and more ennobling recollections, connected with our revolution. They are to be found in the spirit displayed by our fathers, when all their petitions had been slighted, their remonstrances despised, and their appeals to the generous sympathies of their brethren utterly disregarded. Yes, my friends, theirs was that pure and lofty spirit of devoted patriotism, which never quailed beneath oppression, which braved all dangers, trampled upon difficulties, and in "the times which tried men's souls," taught them to be faithful to their principles, and to their country—true; and which induced them in the very spirit of that Brutus (whose mantle has fallen, in our own day, upon the shoulders of one so worthy to wear it) to swear on the altar of liberty—to give themselves up wholly to their country. There is one characteristic, however, of the American revolution, which, constituting as it does, its living principle—its proud distinction, and its crowning glory—cannot be passed over in silence. It is this—that our revolution had its origin, not so much in the weight of actual oppression, as in the great principle—the sacred duty, of resistance to the exercise of unauthorized power. Other nations have been driven to rebellion by the iron hand of despotism, the insupportable weight of oppression, which leaving men nothing worth living for, has taken away the fear of death itself, and caused them to rush upon the spears of their enemies, or to break their chains upon the heads of their oppressors. But it was a tax of three-pence a pound upon tea, imposed without right, which was considered by our ancestors, as a burden too grievous to be borne. And why? Because they were *men* "who felt oppression's lightest

finger as a mountain weight," and, in the fine language of that just and beautiful tribute paid to their character by one, "whose praises will wear well"—they "judged of the grievance, by the badness of the principle, they augured misgovernment at a distance, and snuffed the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze"—because they were men, who, in the darkest hour, could say to their oppressors, "we have counted the cost, and find nothing so deplorable as voluntary slavery," and who were ready to exclaim with the orator of Virginia, "give me liberty or give me death." Theirs was the same spirit which inspired the immortal Hampden to resist, at the peril of his life, the imposition of ship-money, not because, as remarked by Burke, "the payment of twenty shillings would have ruined his fortune, but because the payment of half twenty shillings on the principle on which it was demanded, would have made him a slave." It was the spirit of liberty which still abides on the earth, and whose home is in the bosoms of the brave—which but yesterday, in "beautiful France," restored their violated charter—which even now burns brightly on the towers of Belgium, and has rescued Poland from the tyrant's grasp—making their sons, aye, and their daughters too, the wonder and the admiration of the world, the pride and glory of the human race!

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48. IMPOLICY OF THE "PROTECTING SYSTEM."—*Hayne.*

Surveying with the feelings of an American the actual condition of things, I should certainly be disposed to exchange all the blessings which the protecting system has produced, even in New-England, for those which it has destroyed. In the place of splendid villages, flourishing manufactories, joint-stock companies, and lordly proprietors, clothed in fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, as a patriot, I should be disposed to say, give me back the ships which have been destroyed, the merchants which have been reduced to bankruptcy, the sailors that have been forced into foreign service, "the plundered ploughmen and beggared yeomanry," who have been driven from the pursuits of their choice into the gloomy walls of a manufactory; give me back these, and, above all, give me back content—restore the peace and harmony which this system has destroyed, and I will consent that every manufacturing establishment shall be razed to its foundation, which has been built *up, and can only* be sustained, by this accursed system. Sir,

if wealth were the highest good of a nation, and pecuniary profit the only standard by which a wise policy could be measured, it would even then be more than questionable, how far this system could be justified. But there are higher and more sacred principles involved in this question, which cannot be safely disregarded; there are considerations of justice, and political equality, which rise far above all calculations of mere profit and loss. Sir, what will it profit you, if you gain the whole world, and lose the hearts of your people? This is a confederated government, founded on a spirit of mutual conciliation, concession, and compromise; and it is neither a just, prudent, nor rightful exercise of the high trust with which you are invested for the common good, to resort to a system of legislation by which benefits and burdens are unequally distributed. Sir, can any gentleman look this subject fairly in the face, and not perceive that such a government as ours (instituted for a few definite purposes, in which every portion of the union must, from the very nature of things, have a common interest) cannot turn aside from its high duties, and undertake to control the domestic industry of individuals, without undermining the very foundations of our republican system? It is contrary to the whole genius and character of our institutions, the very form and structure of our government, that it should undertake to regulate the whole labor and capital of this extensive country. A perseverance in this course will sow the seeds of dissension broadcast throughout the land; and let it be remembered, that discord is not a plant of slow growth, but one that flourishes in every soil, and never fails to produce its fruit in due season. What a spectacle do you even now exhibit to the world? A large portion of your fellow-citizens, believing themselves to be grievously oppressed by an unwise and unconstitutional system, are clamoring at your doors for justice, while another portion, supposing that they are enjoying rich bounties under it, are treating their complaints with scorn and contempt. God only knows where all this is to end. But, it "will not, and it cannot, come to good." We at the south still call you our brethren, and have ever cherished towards you the strongest feelings of affection; but were you the brothers of our blood, for whom we would coin our hearts, it is not in human nature that we should long continue to retain for you undiminished affection, when all hope of redress shall have passed away, and we shall continue to believe that you are visiting us with a hard and cruel oppression, and enforcing a cold, heartless, and selfish policy.

49. SPLENDID TRIBUTE TO THE TALENTS OF CHATHAM.—*Wirt.*

Talents, whenever they have had a suitable theatre, have never failed to emerge from obscurity, and assume their proper rank in the estimation of the world. The jealous pride of power may attempt to repress and crush them; the base and malignant rancor of impotent spleen and envy may strive to embarrass and retard their flight: but these efforts, so far from achieving their ignoble purpose, so far from producing a discernible obliquity in the ascent of genuine and vigorous talents, will serve only to increase their momentum, and mark their transit with an additional stream of glory.

When the great earl of Chatham first made his appearance in the house of commons, and began to astonish and transport the British parliament and the British nation, by the boldness, the force, and range of his thoughts, and the celestial fire, and pathos of his eloquence, it is well known that the minister, Walpole, and his brother Horace, from motives very easily understood, exerted all their wit, all their oratory, all their acquirements of every description, sustained and enforced by the unfeeling "insolence of office," to heave a mountain on his gigantic genius, and hide it from the world.—Poor and powerless attempt!—The tables were turned. He rose upon them, in the might and irresistible energy of his genius, and in spite of all their convulsions, frantic agonies, and spasms, he strangled them and their whole faction, with as much ease as Hercules did the serpent Python.

Who can turn over the debates of the day, and read the account of this conflict between youthful ardor and hoary-headed cunning and power, without kindling in the cause of the tyro, and shouting at his victory? That they should have attempted to pass off the grand, yet solid and judicious operations of a mind like his, as being mere theatrical start and emotion; the giddy, hair-brained eccentricities of a romantic boy! That they should have had the presumption to suppose themselves capable of chaining down to the floor of the parliament, a genius so etherial, towering and sublime, seems unaccountable! Why did they not, in the next breath, by way of crowning the climax of vanity, bid the magnificent fire-ball to descend from its exalted and appropriate region, and perform its splendid tour along the surface of the earth?

Talents, which are before the public, have nothing to dread, *either from the* jealous pride of power, or from the transient

misrepresentations of party, spleen, or envy. In spite of opposition from any cause, their buoyant spirit will lift them to their proper grade.

The man who comes fairly before the world, and who possesses the great and vigorous stamina which entitle him to a niche in the temple of glory, has no reason to dread the ultimate result; however slow his progress may be, he will, in the end, most indubitably receive that distinction. While the rest, "the swallows of science," the butterflies of genius, may flutter for their spring; but they will soon pass away, and be remembered no more. No enterprising man, therefore, and least of all, the truly great man, has reason to droop or repine at any efforts which he may suppose to be made with the view to depress him. Let, then, the tempest of envy or of malice howl around him. His genius will consecrate him; and any attempt to extinguish that, will be as unavailing, as would a human effort "to quench the stars."

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50. EXPOSURE TO THE HORRORS OF INDIAN OUTRAGE.—*Ames.*

But am I reduced to the necessity of proving this point? Certainly the very men who charged the Indian war on the detention of the posts, will call for no other proof than the recital of their own speeches. It is remembered with what emphasis, with what acrimony, they expatiated on the burden of taxes, and the drain of blood and treasure into the western country, in consequence of Britain's holding the posts. Until the posts are restored, they exclaimed, the treasury and the frontiers must bleed.

If any, against all these proofs, should maintain that the peace with the Indians will be stable without the posts, to them I will urge another reply. From arguments calculated to produce conviction, I will appeal directly to the hearts of those who hear me, and ask, whether it is not already planted there? I resort, especially, to the convictions of the western gentlemen, whether, supposing no posts and no treaty, the settlers will remain in security? Can they take it upon them to say, that an Indian peace, under these circumstances, will prove firm? No, sir, it will not be peace, but a sword: it will be no better than a lure to draw victims within the reach of the tomahawk.

On this theme, my emotions are unutterable. If I could find words for them, if my powers bore any proportion to my zeal, I would swell my voice to such a note of remonstrance, it should

reach every log-house beyond the mountains. I would say to the inhabitants, wake from your false security; your cruel dangers, your more cruel apprehensions, are soon to be renewed; the wounds, yet unhealed, are to be torn open again; in the daytime, your path through the woods will be ambushed; the darkness of midnight will glitter with the blaze of your dwellings. You are a father—the blood of your sons shall fatten your corn-fields: you are a mother—the war-whoop shall wake the sleep of the cradle.

On this subject, you need not suspect any deception on your feelings. It is a spectacle of horror, which cannot be overdrawn. If you have nature in your hearts, it will speak a language, compared with which, all I have said or can say, will be poor and frigid.

By rejecting the posts, we light the savage fires, we bind the victims. This day we undertake to render account to the widows and orphans whom our decision will make, to the wretches that will be roasted at the stake, to our country, and I do not deem it too serious to say, to conscience and to God. We are answerable, and if duty be any thing more than a word of imposture, if conscience be not a bugbear, we are preparing to make ourselves as wretched as our country.

There is no mistake in this case, there can be none. Experience has already been the prophet of events, and the cries of our future victims have already reached us. The western inhabitants are not a silent and uncomplaining sacrifice. The voice of humanity issues from the shade of their wilderness. It exclaims, that while one hand is held up to reject this treaty, the other grasps a tomahawk. It summons our imagination to the scenes that will open. It is no great effort of the imagination to conceive that events so near are already begun. I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance, and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the west wind—already they mingle with every echo from the mountains.

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51. SPECIMEN OF THE ELOQUENCE OF JAMES OTIS.— *Francis.*

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent *mountains* of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those

against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we ever were, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True, the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the faggot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid, than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her—to the pelting storms, which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the king—(and with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects, as little as he does the language of the Choctaws.) Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The cabinet behind the throne. In every instance, those who take are to judge for those who pay; if this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege, that rain and dew do not depend upon parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried.

But thanks to God, there is freedom enough left upon earth to resist such monstrous *injustice*. The flame of liberty is

extinguished in Greece and Rome, but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs, that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies, shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember, that a fire is lighted in these colonies, which one breath of their king may kindle into such fury, that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it.

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52. DECISIVE INTEGRITY.—*Wirt.*

The man who is so conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, as to be willing to open his bosom to the inspection of the world, is in possession of one of the strongest pillars of a decided character. The course of such a man will be firm and steady, because he has nothing to fear from the world, and is sure of the approbation and support of heaven. While he, who is conscious of secret and dark designs which, if known, would blast him, is perpetually shrinking and dodging from public observation, and is afraid of all around, and much more of all above him.

Such a man may, indeed, pursue his iniquitous plans, steadily; he may waste himself to a skeleton in the guilty pursuit: but it is impossible that he can pursue them with the same health-inspiring confidence, and exulting alacrity, with him who feels, at every step, that he is in the pursuit of honest ends, by honest means. The clear unclouded brow, the open countenance, the brilliant eye which can look an honest man steadfastly, yet courteously in the face, the healthfully beating heart, and the firm elastic step, belong to him whose bosom is free from guile, and who knows that all his motives and purposes are pure and right. Why should such a man falter in his course? He may be slandered; he may be deserted by the world; but he has that within which will keep him erect, and enable him to move onward in his course, with his eyes fixed on heaven, which he knows will not desert him.

Let your first step, then, in that discipline which is to give you decision of character, be the heroic determination to be honest men, and to preserve this character through every vicissitude of fortune, and in every relation which connects you with society. I do not use this phrase, "honest men," in the *narrow sense, merely*, of meeting your pecuniary engagements,

and paying your debts; for this the common pride of gentlemen will constrain you to do. I use it in its larger sense of discharging all your duties, both public and private, both open and secret, with the most scrupulous, heaven-attesting integrity; in that sense, farther, which drives from the bosom all little, dark, crooked, sordid, debasing considerations of self, and substitutes in their place a bolder, loftier, and nobler spirit: one that will dispose you to consider yourselves as born, not so much for yourselves, as for your country, and your fellow-creatures, and which will lead you to act on every occasion sincerely, justly, generously, magnanimously.

There is a morality on a larger scale, perfectly consistent with a just attention to your own affairs, which it would be the height of folly to neglect: a generous expansion, a proud elevation and conscious greatness of character, which is the best preparation for a decided course, in every situation into which you can be thrown; and it is to this high and noble tone of character that I would have you to aspire. I would not have you to resemble those weak and meagre streamlets, which lose their direction at every petty impediment that presents itself, and stop, and turn back, and creep around, and search out every little channel through which they may wind their feeble and sickly course. Nor yet would I have you resemble the headlong torrent that carries havoc in its mad career. But I would have you like the ocean, that noblest emblem of majestic decision, which, in the calmest hour, still heaves its resistless might of waters to the shore, filling the heavens, day and night, with the echoes of its sublime declaration of independence, and tossing and sporting, on its bed, with an imperial consciousness of strength that laughs at opposition. It is this depth, and weight, and power, and purity of character, that I would have you to resemble; and I would have you, like the waters of the ocean, to become the purer by your own action.

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53. ILLUMINISM.—*Dwight.*

The illuminees were atheists, who, previously to the French revolution, were secretly associated in every part of Europe, with the view of destroying religion, and engrossing to themselves the government of mankind.

They were distinguished beyond every other class of men, for cunning, mischief, an absolute destitution of conscience, an

absolute disregard of all the interests of man, and a torpid insensibility to moral obligation. No fraternity, for so long a time, or to so great an extent, united within its pale such a mass of talents: or employed in its service such a succession of vigorous efforts.

Their doctrines were,—that God is nothing; that government is a curse, and authority a usurpation; that civil society is only the apostasy of man; that the possession of property is robbery; that chastity and natural affection are mere prejudices; and that adultery, assassination, poisoning, and other crimes of a similar nature, are lawful, and even virtuous.

Societies holding these abominable doctrines, spread with a rapidity which nothing but fact could have induced any sober mind to believe. Before the year 1786, they were established in great numbers throughout Germany, in Sweden, Russia, Poland, Austria, Holland, France, Switzerland, Italy, England, Scotland, and even in America.

Voltaire died in the year following the establishment of illuminism. His disciples, with one heart, and one voice, united in its interests; and, finding a more absolute system of corruption than themselves had been able to form, entered eagerly into all its plans and purposes. Thenceforward, therefore, all the legions of infidelity were embarked in a single bottom; and cruised together against order, peace, and virtue. When, then, the French revolution burst upon mankind, an ample field was opened for the labors of these abandoned men.

Had not God taken the wise in their own craftiness, and caused the wicked to fall into the pit which they digged, and into the snares which their hands had set; it is impossible to conjecture the extent to which they would have carried their devastation of human happiness. But, like the profligate rulers of Israel, those who succeeded, regularly destroyed their predecessors.

The spirit of infidelity has the heart of a wolf, the fangs of a tiger, and the talons of a vulture. Blood is its proper nourishment; and it scents its prey with the nerves of a hound, and cowers over a field of death on the sooty pinions of a fiend. Unlike all other animals of prey, it feeds upon its own kind; and, when glutted with the blood of others, turns back upon those who have been its coadjutors.

Between ninety and one hundred of those who were leaders in this mighty work of destruction, fell by the hand of violence. Enemies to all men, they were, of course, enemies to each other. Butchers of the human race, they soon whetted the knife for each other's throats: and the tremendous Being who

rules the universe, whose existence they had denied in a solemn act of legislation, whose perfections they had made the butt of public scorn and private insult, whose Son they had crucified afresh, and whose word they had burnt by the hands of the common hangman; swept them all by the hand of violence into an untimely grave. The tale made every ear which heard it tingle, and every heart chill with horror. It was, in the language of Ossian, "the song of death." It was like the reign of the plague in a populous city. Knell tolled upon knell; hearse followed hearse; and coffin rumbled after coffin; without a mourner to shed a tear upon the corpse, or a solitary attendant to mark the place of the grave. From one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, the world went forth and looked after the carcasses of the men, who transgressed against God; and they were an abhorring unto all flesh.

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54. LA FAYETTE.—*Hillhouse.*

Among all who have labored in the great cause of man, none has acted a more benevolent, consistent, and illustrious part, than he who left a brilliant destiny in Europe, to espouse the wrongs of these states.

As if every thing conspired to prove his sincere convictions, and his noble disinterestedness, the moment of his embracing our cause was one of overwhelming gloom. So discouraging did our prospects seem, (Washington being then on his retreat through Jersey, with a handful of defeated followers,) that the American commissioners deemed themselves bound in conscience and honor, to dissuade a highly-connected youth from so unpromising an enterprise. His answer to their candid remonstrance embodies the spirit of his whole life. "Hitherto," said young La Fayette, "I have done no more than wish success to your cause. I now go to serve it. The more it has fallen in public opinion, the greater will be the effect of my departure. Since you cannot procure a vessel, I will purchase and fit one out at my own expense; and I will also undertake to transmit your despatches to the congress." He purchased a vessel, eluded his pursuers, embarked, and made a successful winter passage over seas beset with British cruisers. He presented the despatches of our commissioners to the American congress, and, with them, made an offer of himself

Here, my countrymen, let us pause.—Point me, if you are able, to a parallel,—for my own recollections do not supply it.

He was no needy adventurer pushing his fortunes in the new world; no disgraced profligate seeking to cover his branded front with a military chaplet; no reckless misanthrope, embittered by disappointment, till perils had become grateful; he was no follower of vulgar glory, no lover of the trade of murder. Adorned with talents and virtue, possessor of a princely revenue, basking in the royal favor, blessed with connubial happiness,—with hopes thick clustering round his noble head, "as blossoms on a bough in May,"—he forsook all, came to us from beyond the ocean, asked leave to pay his own expenses, and fight, as a volunteer, in our naked and barefoot regiments!

"We were but warriors for the working day:
Our gayness and our gilt were all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field,
And time had worn us into slovenry;
But, by the mass, our hearts were in the trim."

What names stand out in history as virtuous heroes,—patriots—self-devoted? Does Alfred occur to you?—A prince by birth, he was reduced by the invaders of his country to the condition of an outlaw—obliged to refuge in dens, and caves, while his kingdom was pillaged before his eyes, and portioned out by barbarians. His incentive to heroic daring was personal degradation, a present foe, aggravated injury,—his recompense, his own rescued country and a throne.—Similar wrongs, similar incentives, nerved the virtuous and valiant heart of Gustavus. Himself imprisoned by Christiern, his country enthraled, injury on injury heaped on Sweden,—he, at last, broke loose, and poured the deluge from the hills of Dalecarlia.—Leonidas!—Cato!—Phocion!—Tell! One peculiarity marks them all: they dared and suffered for their native land. Who else has ever gone forth, alone, to a distant shore, to combat for human rights in the cause of a weak, despised, and unknown people? The pilgrim fathers, the men of the revolution must yield, in this last touch of disinterestedness, to the stranger.

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55. THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.—*Webster.*

The name of Washington is intimately blended with whatever belongs most essentially to the prosperity, the liberty, the free institutions, and the renown of our country. That name was of power to rally a nation, in the hour of thick-thronging *public disasters* and calamities; that name shone, amid the

storm of war, a beacon light, to cheer and guide the country's friends; it flamed, too, like a meteor, to repel her foes. That name, in the days of peace, was a loadstone, attracting to itself a whole people's confidence, a whole people's love, and the whole world's respect; that name, descending with all time, spreading over the whole earth, and uttered in all the languages belonging to the tribes and races of men, will for ever be pronounced with affectionate gratitude by every one, in whose breast there shall arise an aspiration for human rights and human liberty.

All experience evinces, that human sentiments are strongly influenced by associations. The recurrence of anniversaries, or of longer periods of time, naturally freshens the recollection, and deepens the impression, of events with which they are historically connected. Renowned places, also, have a power to awaken feeling, which all acknowledge. No American can pass by the fields of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, or Camden, as if they were ordinary spots on the earth's surface. Whoever visits them feels the sentiment of love of country kindling anew, as if the spirit that belonged to the transactions which have rendered these places distinguished, still hovered round, with power to move and excite all who in future time may approach them.

But neither of these sources of emotion equals the power with which great moral examples affect the mind. When sublime virtues cease to be abstractions, when they become imbodied in human character, and exemplified in human conduct, we should be false to our own nature, if we did not indulge in the spontaneous effusions of our gratitude and our admiration. A true lover of the virtue of patriotism delights to contemplate its purest models; and that love of country may be well suspected, which affects to soar so high into the regions of sentiment, as to be lost and absorbed in the abstract feeling, and becomes too elevated, or too refined, to glow with fervor in the commendation or the love of individual benefactors. All this is unnatural. It is as if one should be so enthusiastic a lover of poetry, as to care nothing for Homer or Milton; so passionately attached to eloquence, as to be indifferent to Tully and Chatham; or such a devotee to the arts, in such an ecstacy with the elements of beauty, proportion, and expression, as to regard the masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo with coldness or contempt. We may be assured, gentlemen, that he who really loves the thing itself, loves its finest exhibitions. A true friend of his country loves her friends and benefactors, and thinks it no degradation to commend and commemorate them.

The voluntary outpouring of the public feeling, made to-day, from the north to the south, and from the east to the west, proves this sentiment to be both just and natural. In the cities and in the villages, in the public temples and in the family circles, among all ages and sexes, gladdened voices, to-day, bespeak grateful hearts, and a freshened recollection of the virtues of the father of his country. And it will be so, in all time to come, so long as public virtue is itself an object of regard. The ingenuous youth of America will hold up to themselves the bright model of Washington's example, and study to be what they behold; they will contemplate his character, till all its virtues spread out and display themselves to their delighted vision; as the earliest astronomers, the shepherds on the plains of Babylon, gazed at the stars till they saw them form into clusters and constellations, overpowering at length the eyes of the beholders with the united blaze of a thousand lights.

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56. IN FAVOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—*Lee.*

The Americans may become faithful friends to the English, but subjects, never. And even though union could be restored without rancor, it could not without danger. There are some who seem to dread the effects of the resolution. But will England, or can she manifest against us greater rigor and rage than she has already displayed? She deems resistance against oppression no less rebellion than independence itself. And where are those formidable troops that are to subdue the Americans? What the English could not do, can it be done by Germans? Are they more brave, or better disciplined? The number of our enemies is increased; but our own is not diminished, and the battles we have sustained have given us the practice of arms and the experience of war.

America has arrived at a degree of power, which assigns her a place among independent nations: we are not less entitled to it than the English themselves. If they have wealth, so also have we; if they are brave, so are we; if they are more numerous, our population will soon equal theirs; if they have men of renown as well in peace as in war, we likewise have such; political revolutions produce great, brave, and generous spirits. From what we have already achieved in these painful *beginnings, it* is easy to presume what we shall hereafter

accomplish; for experience is the source of sage counsels, and liberty is the mother of great men.

Have you not seen the enemy driven from Lexington by thirty thousand citizens, armed and assembled in one day? Already their most celebrated generals have yielded, in Boston, to the skill of ours; already their seamen, repulsed from our coasts, wander over the ocean, where they are the sport of tempests, and the prey of famine. Let us hail the favorable omen, and fight, not for the sake of knowing on what terms we are to be the slaves of England, but to secure ourselves a free existence,—to found a just and independent government. Animated by liberty, the Greeks repulsed the innumerable army of Persians; sustained by the love of independence, the Swiss and the Dutch humbled the power of Austria by memorable defeats, and conquered a rank among nations. The sun of America also shines upon the heads of the brave; the point of our weapons is no less formidable than theirs; here also the same union prevails, the same contempt of dangers and of death, in asserting the cause of our country.

Why then do we longer delay, why still deliberate? Let this most happy day give birth to the American republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and conquer, but to re-establish the reign of peace and of the laws. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us; she demands of us a living example of freedom, that may contrast, by the felicity of the citizens, with the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. She invites us to prepare an asylum, where the unhappy may find solace, and the persecuted repose. She entreats us to cultivate a propitious soil, where that generous plant which first sprung up and grew in England, but is now withered by the poisonous blasts of Scottish tyranny, may revive and flourish, sheltering, under its salubrious and interminable shade, all the unfortunate of the human race.

This is the end presaged by so many omens; by our first victories, by the present ardor and union, by the flight of Howe, and the pestilence which broke out amongst Dunmore's people, by the very winds which baffled the enemy's fleets and transports, and that terrible tempest which ingulphed seven hundred vessels upon the coast of Newfoundland. If we are not this day wanting in our duty to our country, the names of the American legislators will be placed, by posterity, at the side of those of Theseus, of Lycurgus, of Romulus, of Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau, and of all those whose memory has been, and will be for ever dear to virtuous men and good citizens

57. THE INFLUENCE OF KNOWLEDGE.—*Wheaton.*

Nothing seems to be wanting to promote the progress of science and letters among us, but public sympathy, and a more active encouragement to every exertion of our literary men. In this they are to find both their reward and the incentive to fresh endeavors. This encouragement is especially due to every attempt to enlarge the means of instruction; to draw science down from lofty abstractions to practical use; to bring it home to men's business and bosoms—to diffuse a general taste for the liberal arts and letters throughout society. I will not speak to you of the agreeable relaxation to be found in these pursuits from the oppressive toils and cares of business, and the still more oppressive toils and cares of fashionable dissipation; of their talismanic power to avert the malignant influence of that demon who lurks in the train of excessive civilization and refinement, and poisons the fountains of pleasure in polished life. I will not remind you of the consolation afforded by the cultivation of letters in adversity—of the balm it ministers to the soul wounded in its dearest affections—of the pure and elevated enjoyments it bestows. I will not speak to you of these, because I know you will be influenced by other more disinterested and more patriotic motives to countenance with your protection and patronage the enterprise in which we are engaged. We believe that it is closely connected with the happiness of society, and with the permanent prosperity and true glory of our common country. We feel that it appeals powerfully to the wise and the good; to those generous minds who do not despair of the commonwealth; to those who would labor for a distant posterity with the certainty that their toils will not be unrequited. We inhabit a land of vast extent, possessing every variety of soil and climate, and abounding with natural scenery, the most picturesque, romantic, and grand. The increase of our population has, as yet, found little or no resistance in the want of the means of subsistence. Its tide is now swelling and overflowing in every direction; and perhaps before some of those who are now present shall see death, it will equal, if not surpass, that of the greatest empires of the old world. But this rapid increase of numbers will not be attended with a correspondent increase of happiness, unless the region of intellect is cultivated, as well as that which yields a supply to our physical wants. Man has higher wants and capacities. His soul is filled with aspirations after knowledge and fame; with an insatiable thirst of happiness, which

seeks for its gratification, not in the enjoyments of sense, but in the cultivation of the powers of his intellectual and moral nature. The sentiment of patriotism is not merely associated with the clods of the valley which gave us birth. It is complicated of the recollections of the great men our country has produced; of their heroic and beneficent actions; of affection for its institutions, its manners, its fame in arts and in arms. This sentiment must be cherished and invigorated by associating with it an enlightened love of liberty—a taste for knowledge, and an ardent enthusiasm for those arts which lend to human existence its most refined enjoyments. Could the genius of our country reveal to our astonished view the future glories which await the progress of confederated America; could he show us the countless millions who will swarm in the wide-spread valleys of the west, tasting of happiness, and sharing the blessings of equal laws; could he unroll the pages of her history, and permit us to see the fierce struggles of her factions—the rapid mutations of her empire—the bloody fields of her triumphs and her disasters: could he crowd these awful visions upon our souls, we should then see that all the prosperity that awaits us depends on the supremacy of mind—on the cultivation of the intellect—on the diffusion of knowledge and the arts; not merely to the chosen few, but to that immense multitude who are at once invested with the privileges of freedom and the prerogatives of power.

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58. THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION AND THE REFORMATION.—*Grimké.*

The age of the American revolution is to the rights of man, what the age of the reformers was to his duties. This republished the true principles of Christian liberty, obligation and happiness; that of natural right, of political and civil freedom. The reformation of Luther laid the foundation of the rights of man in society. The revolution of 1776 finished the superstructure of religious liberty. The principles of the protestant epoch remodeled the church—those of the American era, society and government. Daughters of the same divine parent, the religion of the Bible, they have founded a new family among the nations. Whilst all Europe trembled, as with an earthquake, amidst the convulsions of the thirty years' war, the foundations of this new family were laid at Jamestown and Plymouth. Here, on these western shores, savage and inhos-

pitable, the infant state was born, unnoticed and unknown, like the child in Revelations, that was hidden in the wilderness. Many a wild torrent of Indian massacre swept over our childhood; and left behind it the desolate pathway of the whirlwind. Many a mountain-wave, from the battle-fields of Europe, rushed across the Atlantic; and garments rolled in blood were the portion of our youth. As the prime of life approached, the children of the outcast and wanderer arose, and fought on their own soil, by the side, and in the cause of the parent nation. The prime of life came, and the principles of the reformation taught them, that independence was a right and a duty, when civil and political liberty was invaded. The gordian-knot of colonial obedience was severed: a fierce struggle for the mastery ensued: and it pleased the Almighty, that the victory should be ours. That victory was a consequence, however remote—a triumph, however unlooked for, of the reformation.

The spirit of inquiry, first principles, thinking, reasoning, were the very essence, the genius of the reformation, in the age of Luther. The same were the essence, the genius of the revolution, under Washington. The protestant nations have surpassed all the rest of the European family in the depth and comprehensiveness, in the sublimity and beauty, in the richness and variety of their literature and science. Britain, the guardian angel of the liberty of Europe, the vanguard of civilization and freedom in the old world,—

> "She, in the soul of man, her better wealth,
> The richest: Nature's noblest produce, she
> The immortal mind in perfect height and strength,
> Bears with a prodigal opulence."

And we, the only offspring nation ever bore, worthy of such an ancestry, we must not, we cannot, we shall not rest satisfied, with inferiority to English fame, in science and literature. The spirit of inquiry, first principles, thought, reasoning, these are the causes, which, under circumstances singularly felicitous, have made her in power and glory, in wisdom and virtue, in wealth, happiness, freedom and knowledge, the greatest of European states, whether ancient or modern. And the same causes shall enable us, still more fortunate in situation, at our appointed day of meridian excellence, to ascend a loftier height of power and glory, of wisdom and virtue, of wealth, happiness, freedom and knowledge, than England has ever attained. She has accomplished all that an European people, subjects of a limited monarchy, can attain, under the transforming, *regenerating* influence of the reformation. She is the Rome

of the modern world, but has far exceled the imperial republic of antiquity. We shall accomplish still more, in effecting all that an American people, citizens of a confederacy of republics, can perform, under the combined influence of the reformation and of our revolution. We shall be the Greece of the modern world, unrivaled by the literature of three thousand years. All, indeed, that the system of the reformers can bring to pass, our country, the only holy land of religious liberty, the only promised land of political freedom, shall assuredly accomplish. Then shall our country be—emphatically, pre-eminently—the empire of mind, the republic of letters.

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59. THE GOODNESS OF GOD.—*Worcester.*

For what purpose did the infinite Creator give existence to this majestic monument of his almighty power? For what purpose did he create the earth and the heavens, with all their unnumbered hosts? Was it not evidently, that he might communicate happiness; and does not this design appear conspicuous on the open face of nature? What is the plain and unequivocal indication of all those marks of infinite wisdom, and skilful contrivance, in the general dispositions, and in all parts of surrounding nature? Is it not, that the Creator of all things is infinitely good? Is there not a display of infinite goodness, in the regular and harmonious disposition of the heavenly orbs? Instead of this beautiful order, why was there not the most horrible confusion? Instead of this benignant harmony of the spheres, why was there not a perpetual jar, and the most disastrous concussion? Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the grandeur and beauty of the creation,—so favorably adapted to elevate, to inspire with admiration, and fill with the purest pleasure, the devout and contemplative mind? Why was not the whole creation so formed as only to excite amazement, terror, and despair? Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the beautiful scenery of our globe,—so agreeably diversified with continents and seas, islands and lakes, mountains and plains, hills and valleys, adapted to various beneficial purposes, and abounding with productions, in endless variety, for the convenience, the support, and the happiness of its diversified inhabitants? Why was not the whole earth like the burning sands of Libya, or the rugged and frozen mountains of Zembla? Why was it not one wide and dreary waste, producing only briers and thorns, and poisonous or bitter fruits?

Is there not a display of infinite goodness in the grateful vicissitudes of the seasons, each bearing upon its bosom its peculiar delights?—the spring arrayed in the most beautiful verdure and decorated with flowers; the summer abounding with delightful prospects, and teeming with luxuriance; autumn loaded with golden harvests, and the richest variety of fruits; and even winter supplying in social enjoyments, and the nobler pleasures of study and contemplation, what it lacks in external charms? Why was not the whole year one continued scene of dull uniformity, or so irregular in its changes as utterly to baffle all the calculations, and arrangements, and pursuits of life? Why was not every sight a spectacle of horror, every sound a shriek of distress, every sweet a most pungent bitter, every gale a blast of pestilence? Is it not because the Creator and Preserver of the world, is a being of infinite goodness? Is it not strange, that we do not constantly perceive the glory of God, which the heavens declare, and gratefully recognize his goodness, so richly spread abroad through all his works? Happy, happy were it for us, did nature constantly appear to us as it really is, animated and enlivened by its glorious Author! When the sun rises or sets in the heavens, when spring adorns the earth, when summer shines in its glory, when autumn pours forth its fruits, or when winter returns in its awful forms, happy were it for us, did we constantly view the great Creator and Preserver of all, continually manifesting himself in his various works! Happy, did we meet his presence in the smiling fields, feel his influence in the cheering beams, hear his voice even in the whispering breeze, and taste his goodness in every gift of nature and providence! Happy, did we feel ourselves every where surrounded with the glory of that universal Spirit, who fills, pervades and enlivens all; and did we live in the world, as in a great and august temple, where the presence of the Divinity who inhabits it, fills the mind with awe, and inspires the heart with devotion!

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60. BURR AND BLANNERHASSET.—*Wirt.*

Who is Blannerhasset? A native of Ireland, a man of letters, who fled from the storms of his own country to find quiet in ours. Possessing himself of a beautiful island in the Ohio, he rears upon it a palace, and decorates it with every romantic embellishment of fancy. A shrubbery, that Shenstone might *have envied,* blooms around him; music, which might have

charmed Calypso and her nymphs, is his; an extensive library spreads its treasures before him; a philosophical apparatus offers to him all the secrets and mysteries of nature: peace, tranquillity, and innocence, shed their mingled delights around him: and to crown the enchantment of the scene, a wife, who is said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that can render it irresistible, had blessed him with her love, and made him the father of her children. The evidence would convince you, sir, that this is only a faint picture of the real life. In the midst of all this peace, this innocence, and this tranquillity, this feast of the mind, this pure banquet of the heart—the destroyer comes; he comes to turn this paradise into a hell. A stranger presents himself. It is Aaron Burr! Introduced to their civilities by the high rank which he had lately held in his country, he soon finds his way to their hearts by the dignity and elegance of his demeanor, the light and beauty of his conversation, and the seductive and fascinating power of his address. The conquest was not a difficult one. Innocence is ever simple and credulous; conscious of no designs of itself, it suspects none in others; it wears no guards before its breast; every door, and portal, and avenue of the heart is thrown open, and all who choose it enter. Such was the state of Eden, when the serpent entered its bowers. The prisoner in a more engaging form, winding himself into the open and unpractised heart of the unfortunate Blannerhasset, found but little difficulty in changing the native character of that heart and the objects of its affection. By degrees he infuses into it the poison of his own ambition; he breathes into it the fire of his own courage; a daring and desperate thirst for glory; an ardor panting for all the storms, and bustle, and hurricane of life In a short time the whole man is changed, and every object of his former delight relinquished. No more he enjoys the tranquil scene; it has become flat and insipid to his taste; his books are abandoned; his retort and crucible are thrown aside; his shrubbery blooms and breathes its fragrance upon the air in vain; he likes it not; his ear no longer drinks the rich melody of music; it longs for the trumpet's clangor and the cannon's roar: even the prattle of his babes, once so sweet, no longer affects him; and the angel smile of his wife, which hitherto touched his bosom with ecstacy so unspeakable, is now unseen and unfelt. Greater objects have taken possession of his soul—his imagination has been dazzled by visions of diadems, and stars and garters, and titles of nobility; he has been taught to burn with restless emulation at the names of Cromwell, Cesar, and Bonaparte. His enchanted island is destined soon to relapse

into a desert; and in a few months we find the tender and beautiful partner of his bosom, whom he lately "permitted not the winds of summer to visit too roughly,"—we find her shivering, at midnight, on the winter banks of the Ohio, and mingling her tears with the torrents that froze as they fell. Yet this unfortunate man, thus deluded from his interest and his happiness—thus seduced from the paths of innocence and peace—thus confounded in the toils which were deliberately spread for him, and overwhelmed by the mastering spirit and genius of another;—this man, thus ruined and undone, and made to play a subordinate part in this grand drama of guilt and treason, this man is to be called the principal offender; while he, by whom he was thus plunged and steeped in misery, is comparatively innocent—a mere accessary. Sir, neither the human heart, nor the human understanding, will bear a perversion so monstrous and absurd; so shocking to the soul; so revolting to reason.

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61. ELOQUENT APPEAL IN BEHALF OF GREECE.—*Clay.*

Mr. Chairman,—There is reason to apprehend that a tremendous storm is ready to burst upon our happy country—one which may call into action all our vigor, courage, and resources. Is it wise or prudent, then, sir, in preparing to breast the storm, if it must come, to talk to this nation of its incompetency to repel European aggression, to lower its spirit, to weaken its moral energy, and to qualify it for easy conquest and base submission! If there be any reality in the dangers which are supposed to encompass us, should we not animate the people, and adjure them to believe, as I do, that our resources are ample; and that we can bring into the field a million of freemen ready to exhaust their last drop of blood, and to spend their last cent in the defense of the country, its liberty and its institutions? Sir, are we, if united, to be conquered by all Europe combined? No, sir, no united nation that resolves to be free, can be conquered. And has it come to this? Are we so humble, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece; that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we *may* not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, *at the most brutal* and atrocious war that ever stained earth or

shocked high heaven; at the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

But, sir, it is not for Greece alone that I desire to see the measure adopted. It will give her but little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America, for the credit and character of our common country, for our own unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. What appearance, Mr. Chairman, on the page of history, would a record like this exhibit? "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Savior 1824, while all European Christendom beheld with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest depository of human hope and freedom, the representatives of a gallant nation, containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms, while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, and the whole continent, by one simultaneous emotion, was rising and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high heaven to spare and succor Greece, and to invigorate her arms, in her glorious cause, while temples and senate-houses were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy,—in the year of our Lord and Savior, that Savior of Greece and of us—a proposition was offered in the American congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected!" Go home, if you can; go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down. Meet, if you can, the appalling countenance of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrunk from the declaration of your own sentiments:—that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose:—that the spectres of scimitars, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you, and alarmed you:—and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I cannot, sir, bring myself to believe that such will be the feelings of a majority of this committee. But, for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to his resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

62. THE CRIMINALITY OF DUELING.—*Nott.*

Hamilton yielded to the force of an imperious custom. And yielding, he sacrificed a life in which all had an interest—and he is lost—lost to his country—lost to his family—lost to us. For this ..... act, because he disclaimed it, and was penitent, I forgive him. But there are those whom I cannot forgive. I mean not his antagonist—over whose erring steps, if there be tears in heaven, a pious mother looks down and weeps. If he be capable of feeling, he suffers already all that humanity can suffer. Suffers, and wherever he may fly will suffer, with the poignant recollection of having taken the life of one who was too magnanimous in return to attempt his own. Had he have known this, it must have paralyzed his arm while he pointed, at so incorruptible a bosom, the instrument of death. Does he know this now, his heart, if it be not adamant, must soften—if it be not ice, it must melt..... But on this article I forbear Stained with blood as he is, if he be penitent, I forgive him—and if he be not, before these altars, where all of us appear as suppliants, I wish not to excite your vengeance, but rather, in behalf of an object rendered wretched and pitiable by crime, to wake your prayers.

But I have said, and I repeat it, there are those whom I cannot forgive.

I cannot forgive that minister at the altar, who has hitherto forborne to remonstrate on this subject. I cannot forgive that public prosecutor, who, entrusted with the duty of avenging his country's wrongs, has seen these wrongs, and taken no measures to avenge them. I cannot forgive that judge upon the bench, or that governor in the chair of state, who has lightly passed over such offences. I cannot forgive the public in whose opinion the duelist finds a sanctuary. I cannot forgive you, my brethren, who till this late hour have been silent, whilst successive murders were committed. No; I cannot forgive you, that you have not in common with the freemen of his state, raised your voice to the powers that be, and loudly and explicitly demanded an execution of your laws. Demanded this in a manner, which, if it did not reach the ear of government, would at least have reached the heavens, and have pleaded your excuse before the God that filleth them: in whose presence as I stand, I should not feel myself innocent of the blood which crieth against us, had I been silent. But I have not been silent. *Many of* you who hear me are my witnesses—the walls of *yonder temple, where* I have heretofore addressed you, are my

witnesses, how freely I have animadverted on this subject, in the presence both of those who have violated the laws, and of those whose indispensable duty it is to see the laws executed on those who violate them.

I enjoy another opportunity; and would to God, I might be permitted to approach for once the last scene of death. Would to God, I could there assemble on the one side the disconsolate mother with her seven fatherless children—and on the other those who administer the justice of my country. Could I do this, I would point them to these sad objects. I would entreat them, by the agonies of bereaved fondness, to listen to the widow's heartfelt groans; to mark the orphan's sighs and tears—and having done this, I would uncover the breathless corpse of Hamilton—I would lift from his gaping wound his bloody mantle—I would hold it up to heaven before them, and I would ask, in the name of God, I would ask, whether at the sight of it they felt no compunction. Ye who have hearts of pity—ye who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship—who have wept, and still weep over the moldering ruins of departed kindred, ye can enter into this reflection.

O thou disconsolate widow! robbed, so cruelly robbed, and in so short a time, both of a husband and a son! what must be the plenitude of thy sufferings! Could we approach thee, gladly would we drop the tear of sympathy, and pour into thy bleeding bosom the balm of consolation. But how could we comfort her whom God hath not comforted! To his throne, let us lift up our voice and weep. O God! if thou art still the widow's husband, and the father of the fatherless—if, in the fullness of thy goodness, there be yet mercies in store for miserable mortals, pity, O pity this afflicted mother, and grant that her hapless orphans may find a friend, a benefactor, a father in Thee!

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63. AGAINST THE INVASION OF CANADA.—*Gaston.*

Mr. Chairman,—There is something in the character of a war made upon the people of a country, to force them to abandon a government which they cherish, and to become the subjects or the associates of the invaders, which necessarily involves calamities beyond those incident to ordinary wars.—Among us some remain who remember the horrors of the invasion of the revolution, "and others of us have hung with reverence on the lips of narrative old age, as it related the interesting tale." Such a war is not a contest between those only

who seek for renown in military achievements, or the more humble mercenaries "whose business 'tis to die." It breaks in upon all the charities of domestic life, and interrupts all the pursuits of industry. The peasant quits his plough, and the mechanic is hurried from his shop, to commence without apprenticeship, the exercise of the trade of death. The irregularity of the resistance which is opposed to the invader, its occasional obstinacy, and occasional intermission, provoking every bad passion of his soldiery, is the excuse for plunder, lust, and cruelty. These atrocities exasperate the sufferers to revenge; and every weapon which anger can supply, and every device which ingenious hatred can conceive, is used to inflict vengeance on the detested foe.

But there is yet a more horrible war than this. As there is no anger so deadly as the anger of a friend, there is no war so ferocious as that which is waged between men of the same blood and formerly connected by the closest ties of affection. The pen of the historian confesses its inability to describe, the fervid fancy of the poet cannot realize, the horrors of a civil war. The invasion of Canada involves the miseries of both these species of war. You carry fire and sword among a people who are "united against you to a man;" among a people who are happy in themselves, and satisfied with their condition; who view you not as coming to emancipate them from thraldom, but to reduce them to a foreign yoke. A people long and intimately connected with the bordering inhabitants of our country by commercial intercourse, by the ties of hospitality, and by the bonds of affinity and blood—a people, as to every social and individual relation, long identified with your own. It must be that such a war will rouse the spirit of sanguinary ferocity, that will overleap every holy barrier of nature and venerable usage of civilization. Already has "the bayonet of the brother been actually opposed to the breast of the brother." Merciful heaven! that those who have been rocked in the same cradle, by the same maternal hand—who have imbibed the first genial nourishment of infant existence from the same blessed source should be forced to contend in impious strife for the destruction of that being derived from their common parents. Every feeling of our nature cries aloud against it.

Before we enter, Mr. Chairman, upon this career of cold-blooded massacre, it behooves us, by every obligation which we owe to God, to our fellow-men, and to ourselves, to be certain that the right is with us, or that the duty is imperative. Think for a moment, sir, on the consequences. True courage *shuts not its eyes* upon danger or its result. It views them

steadily and calmly. Already this Canadian war has a character sufficiently cruel. Your part of it may, perhaps, be ably sustained—your way through the Canadas may be traced afar off by the smoke of their burning villages—your path may be marked by the blood of their furious peasantry—you may render your course audible by the frantic shrieks of their women and children. But your own sacred soil will also be the scene of this drama of fiends. Your exposed and defenseless seaboard, the seaboard of the south, will invite a terrible vengeance. An intestine foe, too, may be roused to assassination and brutality. Yes, sir, a foe that will be found every where, in our fields, in our kitchens, and in our chambers; a foe, ignorant, degraded, by habits of servitude, uncurbed by moral restraints; a foe, whom no recollections of former kindness will soften, and whom the remembrance of severity will goad to frenzy; a foe, from whom nor age, nor infancy, nor beauty, will find reverence or pity. Yes, such a foe may be added to fill up the measure of our calamities.

Reflect, then, well, I conjure you, before reflection is too late; let not passion or prejudice dictate the decision; if erroneous, its reversal may be decreed by a nation's miseries, and by the world's abhorrence.

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64. THE UNITED STATES NAVY, FRANCE, AND GREAT BRITAIN. —*Lloyd.*

If we are going to war with Great Britain, let it be a real, effectual, vigorous war. Give us a naval force; this is the sensitive chord you can touch, and which would have more effect on her than ten armies. Give us thirty swift sailing, well-appointed frigates—they are better than seventy-fours; two thirty-six gun frigates can be built and maintained for the same expense as one seventy-four, and for the purpose of annoyance, for which we want them, they are better than two seventy-fours: they are managed easier, ought to sail faster, and can be navigated in shoaler water—we do not want seventy-fours—courage being equal, in line of battle ships, skill and experience will always ensure success—we are not ripe for them—but butt-bolt the side of an American to that of a British frigate, and though we should lose sometimes, we should win as often as we should lose. The whole revolutionary war, when we met at sea on equal terms, would bear testimony in favor of this opinion. Give us, then, this little fleet well appointed—

place your navy department under an able and spirited administration. Give tone to the service. Let a sentiment like the following precede every letter of instruction to the captain of a ship of war—"Sir, the honor of the nation is, in a degree, attached to the flag of your vessel; remember that it may be sunk without disgrace, but can never be struck without dishonor." Do this—cashier every officer who struck his flag; and you would soon have a good account of your navy. This may be said to be a hard tenor of service. Hard or easy, sir—embark in an actual vigorous war, and in a few weeks, perhaps days, I would engage completely to officer your whole fleet from New-England alone.

Give us this little fleet, and in a quarter part of the time you could operate upon her in any other way, we would bring her to terms with you. Not to your feet. No, sir: Great Britain is at present the most colossal power the world ever witnessed—her dominion extends from the rising to the setting sun.—Survey it for a moment. Commencing with the newly-found continent of New-Holland; as she proceeds she embraces under her protection, or in her possession, the Philippine Islands, Java, Sumatra—passes the coast of Malacca—rests for a short time fruitlessly to endeavor to number the countless millions of her subjects in Hindostan—winds into the sea of Arabia—skirts along the coasts of Coromandel and Ceylon—stops for a moment for refreshment at the Cape of Good Hope—visits her plantations of the Isles of France and Bourbon—sweeps along the whole of the Antilles—doubles Cape Horn to protect her whalemen in the northern and southern Pacific Oceans—crosses the American continent, from Queen Charlotte's Sound to Hudson's Bay—glancing in the passage at her colonies of the Canadas, Nova Scotia, and New-Brunswick—thence continues to Newfoundland, to look after and foster her fisheries, and then takes her departure for the united kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland, nor rests until she reaches the Orkneys—the *ultima* Thulè of the geography of the ancients. Such an overgrown commercial and colonial power as this, never before existed.—True, sir, she has an enormous national debt of seven hundred millions of pounds sterling, and a diurnal expenditure of a million of dollars, which, while we are whining about a want of resources, would in six short weeks wipe off the whole public debt of the United States.

Will these millstones sink her? Will they subject her to the power of France? No, sir: burst the bubble to-morrow—destroy the fragile basis on which her public credit stands, the *single word, con*fidence—spunge her national debt—revolution-

ize her government—cut the throats of all her royal family—and dreadful as would be the process, she would rise with renovated vigor from the fall, and present to her enemy a more imposing, irresistible front than ever. No, sir, Great Britain cannot be subjugated by France; the genius of her institutions; the genuine, game-cock, bull-dog spirit of her people, will lift her head above the waves, long after the dynasty of Bonaparte, the ill-gotten power of France, collected by perfidy, plunder, and usurpation, like the unreal image of old, composed of clay, and of iron, and of brass, and of silver, and of gold, shall have crumbled into atoms.

As Great Britain wrongs us, I would fight her. Yet I should be worse than a barbarian, did I not rejoice that the sepulchres of our forefathers, which are in that country, would remain unsacked, and their coffins rest undisturbed, by the unhallowed rapacity of the Goths and Saracens of modern Europe.

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65 THE GHOST OF BANQUO.—*Webster.*

But, sir, the coalition! The coalition! Aye, "the murdered coalition!" The gentleman asks if I were led or frightened into this debate by the spectre of the coalition—"was it the ghost of the murdered coalition," he exclaims, "which haunted the member from Massachusetts; and which, like the ghost of Banquo, would never down?" "The murdered coalition!" Sir, this charge of a coalition, in reference to the late administration, is not original with the honorable member. It did not spring up in the senate. Whether as a fact, as an argument, or as an embellishment, it is all borrowed. He adopts it, indeed, from a very low origin, and a still lower present condition. It is one of the thousand calumnies with which the press teemed, during an excited political canvass. It was a charge of which there was not only no proof or probability, but which was, in itself, wholly impossible to be true. No man, of common information, ever believed a syllable of it. Yet it was of that class of falsehoods, which, by continued repetition through all the organs of detraction and abuse, are capable of misleading those who are already far misled, and of further fanning passion, already kindled into flame. Doubtless, it served its day, and, in greater or less degree, the end designed by it. Having done that, it has sunk into the general mass of stale and lothed calumnies. It is the very cast-off slough of a polluted and shameless press. Incapable of further mischief, it lies in the sewer,

lifeless and despised. It is not now, sir, in the power of the honorable member to give it dignity or decency, by attempting to elevate it, or to introduce it into the senate. He cannot change it from what it is, an object of general disgust and scorn. On the contrary, the contact, if he choose to touch it, is more likely to drag him down, down to the place where it lies itself.

But, sir, the honorable member was not, for other reasons, entirely happy in his allusion to the story of Banquo's murder and Banquo's ghost. It was not, I think, the friends, but the enemies of the murdered Banquo, at whose bidding the spirit would not down. The honorable gentleman is fresh in his reading of the English classics, and can put me right, if I am wrong; but, according to my poor recollection, it was at those who had begun with caresses, and ended with foul and treacherous murder, that the gory locks were shaken. The ghost of Banquo, like that of Hamlet, was an honest ghost. It disturbed no innocent man. It knew where its appearance would strike terror, and who would cry out, a ghost! It made itself visible in the right quarter, and compelled the guilty and the conscience-smitten, and none others, to start, with

> "Prythee, see there! behold!—look! lo!
> If I stand here, I saw him!"

Their eyeballs were seared, (was it not so, sir,) who had thought to shield themselves, by concealing their own hand, and laying the imputation of the crime on a low and hireling agency in wickedness, who had vainly attempted to stifle the workings of their own coward consciences, by ejaculating, through white lips and chattering teeth, "thou canst not say I did it!" I have misread the great poet, if it was those who had no way partaken in the deed of the death, who either found that they were, or feared that they should be, pushed from their stools by the ghost of the slain, or who cried out to a spectre created by their own fears and their own remorse, "avaunt! and quit our sight."

There is another particular, sir, in which the honorable member's quick perception of resemblances might, I should think, have seen something in the story of Banquo, making it not altogether a subject of the most pleasant contemplation. Those who murdered Banquo, what did they win by it? Substantial good? Permanent power? Or disappointment, rather, and sore mortification—dust and ashes—the common fate of vaulting ambition, overleaping itself? Did not even-handed justice, ere long, commend the poisoned chalice to their own lips?—*Did they not soon* find that for another they had "filed their

mind?"—that their ambition, though apparently for the moment successful, had but put a barren sceptre in their grasp? Aye, sir—

"A barren sceptre in their gripe,
Thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand,
No son of theirs succeeding."

Sir, I need pursue the allusion no farther. I leave the honorable gentleman to run it out at his leisure, and to derive from it all the gratification it is calculated to administer. If he find himself pleased with the associations, and prepared to be quite satisfied, though the parallel should be entirely completed, I had almost said, I am satisfied also—but that I shall think of. Yes, sir, I will think of that.

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66. VINDICATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.—*McDuffie.*

Mr. Chairman,—A great and solemn crisis is evidently approaching, and I admonish gentlemen, that it is the part of wisdom, as well as of justice, to pause in this course of legislative tyranny and oppression, before they have driven a high-minded, loyal, and patriotic people, to something bordering on despair and desperation. Sir, if the ancestors of those who are now enduring—too patiently enduring, the oppressive burdens, unjustly imposed upon them—could return from their graves, and witness the change which the federal government, in one quarter of a century, has produced in the entire aspect of the country, they would hardly recognize it as the scene of their former activity and usefulness. Where all was cheerful, and prosperous, and flourishing, and happy, they would behold nothing but decay, and gloom, and desolation, without a spot of verdure to break the dismal continuity, or even

"A rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To tell where the garden had been."

Looking upon this sad reverse in the condition of their descendants, they would naturally inquire what moral, or political pestilence had passed over the land, to blast and wither the fair inheritance they had left them. And, sir, when they should be told, that a despotic power of taxation, infinitely more unjust and oppressive than that from which the country had been redeemed by their toils and sacrifices, was now assumed and exercised over us by our own brethren, they would indignantly exclaim, like the ghost of the murdered Hamlet, when urging his afflicted son to avenge the tarnished honor of his house,

"If you have nature in you, bear it not."

Sir, I feel that I am called upon to vindicate the motives and the character of the people of South Carolina, from imputations which have been unjustly cast upon them. There is no state in this union distinguished by a more lofty and disinterested patriotism, than that which I have the honor, in part, to represent. I can proudly and confidently appeal to history for proof of this assertion. No state has made greater sacrifices to vindicate the common rights of the union, and preserve its integrity. No state is more willing to make those sacrifices now, whether of blood or treasure.

But, sir, it does not belong to this lofty spirit of patriotism, to submit to unjust and unconstitutional oppression, nor is South Carolina to be taunted with the charge of treason and rebellion, because she has the intelligence to understand her rights, and the spirit to maintain them. God has not planted in the breast of man, a higher and a holier principle, than that by which he is prompted to resist oppression. Absolute submission and passive obedience, to every extreme of tyranny, are the characteristics of slaves only.

The oppression of the people of South Carolina, has been carried to an extremity, which the most slavish population on earth would not endure without a struggle. Is it to be expected, then, that freemen will patiently bow down and kiss the rod of the oppressor? Freemen, did I say? Why, sir, any one who has the form and bears the name of a man—nay, "a beast that wants discourse of reason," a dog, a sheep, a reptile—the vilest reptile that crawls upon the earth, without the gift of reason to comprehend the injustice of its injuries, would bite, or bruise, or sting the hand, by which they were inflicted.

Is it, then, for a sovereign state to fold her arms and stand still in submissive apathy, when the loud clamors of the people, whom Providence has committed to her charge, are ascending to heaven for justice? Hug not this delusion to your breast, I pray you.

It is not for me to say, in this place, what course South Carolina may deem it her duty to pursue, in this great emergency. It is enough to say, that she perfectly understands the ground which she occupies; and be assured, sir, that whatever attitude she may assume, in her highest sovereign capacity, she will firmly and fearlessly maintain it, be the consequences what they may. The responsibility will not rest upon her, but upon her oppressors.

I will say in conclusion, Mr. Chairman, that in all I have uttered, there has not been mingled one feeling of personal *unkindness* to any human being, either in this house or out of

it. I have used strong language to be sure, but it has been uttered "more in sorrow than in anger." I have felt it to be a solemn duty, which I owed to my constituents, and to this nation, to make one more solemn appeal to the justice of their oppressors.

Let me, then, sir, beseech them, in the name of our common ancestors, whose blood was mingled together as a common offering, at the shrine of our common liberty—let me beseech them, by all the endearing recollections of our common history, and by every consideration that gives value to liberty and the union of these states, to retrace their steps as speedily as possible, and to relieve a high-minded and patriotic people from an unconstitutional and oppressive burden, which they cannot longer bear.

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67. SOUTH CAROLINA DURING THE REVOLUTION.—*Hayne.*

Mr. President,—The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, while he exonerates me personally from the charge, intimates that there is a party in the country, who are looking to disunion. Sir, if the gentleman had stopped there, the accusation would "have passed by me as the idle wind which I regard not." But when he goes on to give his accusation a local habitation and a name, by quoting the expression of a distinguished citizen of South Carolina,—"that it was time for the south to calculate the value of the union," and in the language of the bitterest sarcasm, adds,—"surely then the union cannot last longer than July 1831," it is impossible to mistake either the allusion or the object of the gentleman. Now, Mr. President, I call upon every one who hears me, to bear witness that this controversy is not of my seeking. The senate will do me the justice to remember, that at the time this unprovoked and uncalled for attack was made upon the south, not one word had been uttered by me in disparagement of New-England, nor had I made the most distant allusion either to the senator from Massachusetts, or the state he represents. But, sir, that gentleman has thought proper, for purposes best known to himself, to strike the south through me, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the state of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens, and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and her institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold—I will struggle while I have life, for our altars and our firesides; and if God give me strength, will drive back the

invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop there. If the gentleman provoke the war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemy's territory and not consent to lay down my arms, until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." It is with unfeigned reluctance, Mr. President, that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty—I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however nccessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feelings and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty. Be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity. The senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to the homely adage, that "he lives in a glass house"—on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts—I shall make no professions of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one state in the union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit,) that may challenge comparison with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the revolution up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. What, sir, was the conduct of the south during the revolution? Sir, I honor New-England for her conduct in that glorious struggle: but great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the south. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be for ever fostered and protected by *Great Britain.* But trampling on all considerations, either of

interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and figh for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Ne was there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina during that revolution. The whole state, from the mountain to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens—black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

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68. SOUTH CAROLIN MASSACHUSETTS.—*Webster.*

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge, that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor: I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country, and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman bears himself—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir,—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state and neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the south—and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrances of the past—let me remind you that in early times no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God, that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the revolution—hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker's Hill; and there they will remain for ever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New-England to Georgia; and there they will lie for ever.

And sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it: and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot *of its origin.*

69. ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.—*Wirt.*

In the structure of their characters; in the course of their action; in the striking coincidences which marked their high career; in the lives and in the death of these illustrious men, and in that voice of admiration and gratitude which has since burst, with one accord, from the twelve millions of freemen who people these states, there is a moral sublimity which overwhelms the mind, and hushes all its powers into silent amazement.

The European, who should have heard the sound without apprehending the cause, would be apt to inquire,—"What is the meaning of all this? What have these men done to elicit this unanimous and splendid acclamation? Why has the whole American nation risen up, as one man, to do them honor, and offer to them this enthusiastic homage of the heart? Were they mighty warriors, and was the peal that we have heard, the shout of victory? Were they great commanders, returning from their distant conquests, surrounded with the spoils of war, and was this the sound of their triumphal procession? Were they covered with martial glory in any form, and was this 'the noisy wave of the multitude rolling back at their approach?'" Nothing of all this: No; they were peaceful and aged patriots, who, having served their country together, through their long and useful lives, had now sunk together to the tomb. They had not fought battles; but they had formed and moved the great machinery of which battles were only a small, and comparatively, trivial consequence. They had not commanded armies; but they had commanded the master-springs of the nation, on which all its great political, as well as military movements, depended. By the wisdom and energy of their counsels, and by the potent mastery of their spirits, they had contributed pre-eminently to produce a mighty revolution, which has changed the aspect of the world. A revolution which, in one-half of that world, has already restored man to his "long lost liberty;" and government to its only legitimate object, the happiness of the people: and, on the other hemisphere, has thrown a light so strong, that even the darkness of despotism is beginning to recede. Compared with the solid glory of an achievement like this, what are battles, and what the pomp of war, but the poor and fleeting pageants of a theatre? What were the selfish and petty strides of Alexander, to conquer a little section of a savage world, compared with this generous, this magnificent advance towards the *emancipation of the* entire world!

And this, be it remembered, has been the fruit of intellectual exertion! The triumph of mind! What a proud testimony does it bear to the character of our nation, that it is able to make a proper estimate of services like these? That while, in other countries, the senseless mob fall down in stupid admiration, before the bloody wheels of the conqueror—even of the conqueror by accident—in this our people rise, with one accord, to pay their homage to intellect and virtue? What a cheering pledge does it give of the stability of our institutions, that while abroad, the yet benighted multitude are prostrating themselves before the idols which their own hands have fashioned into kings, here, in this land of the free, our people are every where starting up, with one impulse, to follow with their acclamations the ascending spirits of the great fathers of the republic! This is a spectacle of which we may be permitted to be proud. It honors our country no less than the illustrious dead. And could these great patriots speak to us from the tomb, they would tell us that they have more pleasure in the testimony which these honors bear to the character of their country, than in that which they bear to their individual services. They now see as they were seen, while in the body, and know the nature of the feeling from which these honors flow. It is love for love. It is the gratitude of an enlightened nation to the noblest order of benefactors. It is the only glory worth the aspiration of a generous spirit. Who would not prefer this living tomb in the hearts of his countrymen, to the proudest mausoleum that the genius of sculpture could erect!

Jefferson and Adams were great men by nature. Not great and eccentric minds "shot madly from their spheres" to affright the world and scatter pestilence in their course, but minds whose strong and steady lights, restrained within their proper orbits, by the happy poise of their characters, came to cheer and gladden a world that had been buried for ages in political night.—They were heaven-called avengers of degraded man. They came to lift him to the station for which God had formed him, and to put to flight those idiot superstitions with which tyrants had contrived to inthrall his reason and his liberty. And that Being, who had sent them upon this mission, had fitted them, pre-eminently, for his glorious work. He filled their hearts with a love of country which burned strong within them, even in death. He gave them a power of understanding which no sophistry could baffle, no art elude; and a moral heroism which no dangers could appall. Careless of themselves, reckless of *all personal consequences*, trampling under foot that petty ambition of office and honor, which constitutes the master-passion

of little minds, they bent all their mighty powers to the task for which they had been delegated—the freedom of their beloved country, and the restoration of fallen man. They felt that they were apostles of human liberty; and well did they fulfill their high commission. They rested not till they had accomplished their work at home, and given such an impulse to the great ocean of mind, that they saw the waves rolling on the farthest shore, before they were called to their reward. And then left the world, hand in hand, exulting as they rose, in the success of their labors.

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70. ADDRESS IN BEHALF OF THE GREEKS.—*Lacey.*

The calamities of unhappy Greece are not only great, but without a parallel. Collect, my brethren, for a moment, the powers of your fancy, and fix them on that afflicted country. What a sad and revolting spectacle stands before you! The warrior repairs to the field of battle, not like his adversary, in "the pride and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war"—but in the deep miseries of poverty and consuming care: the matron and her lovely daughter are torn from the sanctuary of their home, driven into hopeless captivity, or forced into lonely deserts to subsist on acorns, and seek a shelter from the storm, in the caverns of the earth: the lisping infant, clinging with convulsive grasp to its flying mother, is overtaken by the savage Turk, and slaughtered without remorse; a country once verdant with vines, and olives, and generous crops, is blasted by the breath of war, and left "without agriculture, without commerce, and without arts:" the traces of a desolating foe are marked, not only on the site of lamented Scio, on the ramparts of Ipsara, Missolonghi, and the Acropolis; but in every city, and village, and hamlet, and portion of this devoted country. The winds which sweep along the fields, once blooming with groves, sacred to the muses, and over the ruins of temples erected for the arts and sciences, bear on their wings the sighs of expiring widows, and moans of vanquished heroes, and the beseechings of starving infants! And do you not, in the view of such a picture, yield to pity? Oh, can there be a heart so hard, as to remain unmoved by scenes so sad as these? No, exclaims the philanthropist: all—all I have, is at the service of this afflicted country!

And will not the scholar respond in the same notes? I am sure he will. There is not a living soul, who ever reveled on the creations *of inspired* fancy, or hung enchanted upon the

strains of oratory, or followed with swelling and delicious admiration the flowing periods of eloquence, or beheld the magic transformation of the chisel, or the enrapturing beauties of the pencil, who does not feel himself indebted to unhappy Greece. Oh Greece! Venerated and beloved Greece! Often have we, kneeling at thy shrine, rendered the homage of admiration to thy transcendent genius! It was thy maternal bosom that nourished him, whose immortal song has been the wonder of the world;—him, whose voice shook the throne of Macedon, controlled the passions of fierce democracy, and perpetuated to the present moment the power and soul of eloquence;—him who bodied forth forms of beauty from the rugged rock, and gave them, as it were, sentiment and feeling;—him whose moral science the virtuous still revere:—"For her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world."

Say, then, ye men of letters—shall Greece be given up?—Shall the Turk still pollute the soil sanctified by the brightest genius? desecrate the groves, the temples, and the porticoes, from which have issued living streams that have often laved and refreshed your souls? extinguish the etherial fire which quickened the mighty minds of Burke, and Chatham, and Adams, and Henry? Oh, ye who boast of refined and elevated minds, prove I beseech you, the reality of your pretensions, by contributing to the redemption of a country, from whose brilliant genius you have derived your brightest ornaments.

But the contributions of men of letters will not suffice. I would, if possible, render the resources of heaven and earth tributary to afflicted Greece. Permit me, then, to address the friends of freedom.

But for whom do I address them? For the high-born sons of Leonidas, of Themistocles, of Aristides, of Epaminondas!

And for what do I address them? For the emancipation of the Greeks.

Oh, ye friends of liberty! ye who have been nursed in the lap of freedom, and cradled in the storms of emancipation, will you not contribute to the release of such a people? Will you look on, without concern, and see the sons of Sparta, of Athens, of Thermopylæ, crushed beneath the sceptre of the Porte? Will you make no effort for their redemption? Shall they still bend their neck to the cruel yoke for the want of your assistance? Oh, if this be the fact, the time will come, when you will repent of your present apathy. When the sighs of expiring hope, the clank of chains binding the Greeks to the car of *tyranny, shall* be wafted over the wide wastes of the Atlantic, *and sink into your reluctant ears,* [illegible]t, (but, alas!

too late,) the inglorious supineness which had led to this result. If the cause of Greece be lost, the cause of liberty will suffer. In permitting this event, you will descend from your high position, and commence a preparation for servitude and chains. When the Greek republic shall have ceased its struggles, and sunk into the iron grasp of Moslem tyranny, the current of civil liberty will not improbably change its course and the chill of death, striking to the heart of freedom, com mence the dissolution of our own government.

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71. REPLY TO MR. WEBSTER, IN SENATE, 1830.—*Hayne.*

When I took occasion, Mr. President, two days ago, to throw out some ideas with respect to the policy of the government in relation to the public lands, nothing certainly could have been further from my thoughts, than that I should be compelled again to throw myself upon the indulgence of the senate. Little did I expect to be called upon to meet such an argument as was yesterday urged by the gentleman from Massachusetts. Sir, I questioned no man's opinions—I impeached no man's motives —I charged no party or state, or section of country, with hostility to any other; but ventured, I thought, in a becoming spirit to put forth my own sentiments in relation to a great question of public policy. Such was my course. The gentleman from Missouri, it is true, had charged upon the eastern states, an early and continued hostility towards the west, and referred to a number of historical facts and documents in support of that charge. Now, sir, how have these different arguments been met? The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts, after deliberating a whole night upon his course, comes into this chamber to vindicate New-England; and instead of making up his issue with the gentleman from Missouri, on the charges which he had preferred, chooses to consider me as the author of those charges, and losing sight entirely of that gentleman, selects me as his adversary, and pours out all the vials of his mighty wrath upon my devoted head. Nor is he willing to stop there. He goes on to assail the institutions and policy of the south, and calls in question the principles and conduct of the state which I have the honor, in part, to represent. When I find a gentleman of mature age and experience, of acknowledged talents and profound sagacity, pursuing a course like this, declining the contest offered him from the west, and making war upon the unoffending south, I must believe—I am bound to believe—

he has some object in view that he has not ventured to disclose. Mr. President, why is this? Has the gentleman discovered in former controversies with the gentleman from Missouri, that he is over-matched by that senator? And does he hope for an easy victory over a more feeble adversary? Has the gentleman's distempered fancy been disturbed by gloomy forebodings of "new alliances to be formed," at which he hinted? Has the ghost of the murdered coalition come back, like the ghost of Banquo, to "sear the eyeballs" of the gentleman, and will it not "down at his bidding?" Are dark visions of broken hopes and honors lost for ever, still floating before his heated imagination? Sir, if it be his object to thrust me between the gentleman from Missouri and himself, in order to rescue the east from the contest which it has provoked with the west, he shall not be gratified. Sir, I will not be dragged into the defense of my friend from Missouri! The south shall not be forced into a conflict not its own. The gentleman from Missouri is able to fight his own battles. The gallant west needs no aid from the south, to repel any attack which may be made on it from any quarter. Let the gentleman from Massachusetts controvert the facts and arguments of the gentleman from Missouri, if he can; and if he win the victory, let him wear his honors; I shall not deprive him of his laurels.

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72. REJOINDER TO MR. HAYNE, IN SENATE, 1830.—*Webster.*

The honorable member complained that I had slept on his speech. I must have slept on it or not slept at all. The moment the honorable member sat down, his friend from Missouri rose, and with much honeyed commendation of the speech, suggested that the impressions which it had produced were too charming and delightful to be disturbed by other sentiments or other sounds, and proposed that the senate should adjourn. Would it have been quite amiable, in me, sir, to interrupt this excellent good feeling? Must I not have been absolutely malicious, if I could have thrust myself forward, to destroy sensations thus pleasing? Was it not much better and kindlier, both to sleep upon them myself, and to allow others, also, the pleasure of sleeping upon them? But if it be meant, by sleeping upon his speech, that I took time to prepare a reply to it, it is quite a mistake: owing to other engagements, I could not employ even the interval, between the adjournment of the senate, and its meeting the next morning, in attention to the subject of

his debate. Nevertheless, sir, the mere matter of fact is undoubtedly true—I did sleep on the gentleman's speech; and slept soundly. And I slept equally well on his speech of yesterday, to which I am now replying. It is quite possible, that in this respect, I possess some advantage over the honorable member: attributable, doubtless, to a cooler temperament on my part: for, in truth, I slept upon his speeches remarkably well. But the gentleman inquires, why he was made the object of such a reply? Why was he singled out? If an attack had been made on the east, he, he assures us, did not begin it—it was the gentleman from Missouri. Sir, I answered the gentleman's speech, because I happened to hear it; and because, also, I chose to give an answer to that speech, which, if unanswered, I thought most likely to produce injurious impressions. I did not stop to inquire who was the original drawer of the bill; I found a responsible indorser before me, and it was my purpose to hold him liable, and to bring him to his just responsibility, without delay. But, sir, this interrogatory of the honorable member was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me, whether I had turned upon him in this debate, from the consciousness that I should find an overmatch, if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If, sir, the honorable member, *ex gratia modestiæ*, had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings. I am not one of those, sir, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed on others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question, forbid me that I thus interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend. It had an air of taunt and disparagement, a little of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, and so put, as if it were difficult for me to answer, whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself, in debate here. It seems to me, sir, that this is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone, for the discussions of this body.

Matches and over-matches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this. Sir, the gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a senate: a senate of equals: of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute indepen-

dence. We know no masters; we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself, sir, as a match for no man, I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But, then, sir, since the honorable member has put the question, in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone, or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whenever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the senate. Sir, when uttered as matter of commendation or compliment, I should dissent from nothing which the honorable member might say of his friend. Still less do I put forth any pretensions of my own. But, when put to me as a matter of taunt, I throw it back, and say to the gentlemen that he could possibly say nothing less likely than such a comparison to wound my pride of personal character. The anger of its tone rescued the remark from intentional irony, which otherwise, probably, would have been its general acceptation. But, sir, if it be imagined that by this mutual quotation and commendation; if it be supposed, that by casting the characters of the drama, assigning to each his part; to one the attack; to another the cry of onset: or, if it be thought that by a loud and empty vaunt of anticipated victory, any laurels are to be won here; if it be imagined, especially, that any or all of these things, will shake any purpose of mine, I can tell the honorable member, once for all, that he is greatly mistaken, and that he is dealing with one of whose temper and character he has yet much to learn. Sir, I shall not allow myself, on this occasion, to be betrayed into any loss of temper; but if provoked, as I trust I never shall allow myself to be, into crimination and recrimination, the honorable member may perhaps find, that, in that contest, there will be blows to take as well as blows to give; that others can state comparisons as significant, at least as his own, and that his impunity may, perhaps, demand of him whatever powers of taunt and sarcasm he may possess. I commend him to a prudent husbandry of his resources.

SPECIMENS OF EUROPEAN ELOQUENCE.

1. DESCRIPTION OF JUNIUS.—*Burke.*

Sir,—How comes this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to range uncontrolled, unpunished, through the land? The myrmidons of the court have been long, and are still pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you. No! they disdain such vermin, when the mighty boar of the forest, that has broke through all their toils, is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one than he lays down another dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the king, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and there was an end of his triumphs. Not that he had not asserted many truths:—Yes, sir, there are in that composition many bold truths, by which a wise prince might profit. It was the rancor and venom, with which I was struck. In these respects the North-Briton is as much inferior to him, as in strength, wit, and judgment.

But while I expected, in this daring flight, his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. You crouched, and still crouch, beneath his rage. Nor has he dreaded the terrors of your brow, sir; he has attacked even you—he has—and I believe you have no reason to triumph in the encounter. In short, after carrying away our royal eagle in his pounces, and dashing him against a rock, he has laid you prostrate. King, lords, and commons, are but the sport of his fury.

Were he a member of this house, what might not be expected from his knowledge, his firmness, and integrity? He would be easily known by his contempt of all danger, by his penetration, by his vigor. Nothing would escape his vigilance and activity Bad ministers could conceal nothing from his sagacity; nor could promises nor threats induce him to conceal any thing from the public.

2. OPINION RELATIVE TO THE RIGHT OF ENGLAND TO TAX AMERICA.—*Burke.*

"But, Mr. Speaker, we have a right to tax America." Oh, inestimable right! Oh, wonderful, transcendent right! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money. Oh, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh, right! more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man! miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us, therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What, shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right.—Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest: and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded. But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play off his cheats on this house, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities, the punishment they deserve.

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3. JACK TO SIR JOHN.—*Kotzebue.*

A nobler lad than your honor's son never broke biscuit. On our return, as we were steering about two hundred leagues to the westward of the Canary Islands, we spied, one morning early, something at a distance in the sea, which we were not able to fathom. Some short time after, we heard the report of two guns, and then saw a piece of sail-cloth flying. "Look," *cried the captain,* "these are certainly signals of distress;" and

indeed so they were! We took in the top-sails and lay-to till the thing approached us. Your honor, I am but a rough fellow, but dash my timbers, if my upper bowsprit is not always wet with spray-water whenever I think of it! (*weeps.*) Twenty-three poor wretches in a small rotten boat, who had not a morsel of biscuit between their teeth for five long days! It seems their ship had taken fire in the middle of the sea, and these men had with great difficulty escaped into the boat, and were now driving at the mercy of the wind! another day must have done for them all!—The captain, a brave Dutchman, had lost every thing but his life and honor. He had left a young wife and three small children, who were starving!—Ah! your honor, he pumped clear water from both his eyes, whenever he mentioned them. My brave young master could not bear this:—"Comrade," said he, "I have no wife—no child—and I have five thousand pounds—Here, do you take the money, and heaven bless you with it!" He then put him and all his crew ashore at the first harbor we reached.

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4. "A POLITICAL PAUSE."—*Fox.*

"But we must pause!" says the honorable gentleman. What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out—her best blood be spilt—her treasures wasted—that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves, Oh! that you would put yourselves on the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite. In former wars a man might, at least, have some feeling, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict.

But if a man were present now at a field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting,—"Fighting!" would be the answer; "they are not fighting; they are pausing." "Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?" The answer must be,—"You are quite wrong, sir, you deceive yourself—they are not fighting—do not disturb them—they are merely pausing! This man is not expiring with agony—that man is not dead—he is only pausing! Lord help you, sir! they are not angry with one another: they have now no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a pause. All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it, whatever; it is nothing more than a political pause! It is merely to try an experiment—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than hereto-

fore; and in the meantime we have agreed to a pause, in pure friendship!"

And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world—to destroy order—to trample on religion—to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you.

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5. CHARLES DE MOOR'S REMORSE.—*Schiller.*

I must rest here.—My joints are shaken asunder.—My tongue cleaves to my mouth, it is dry as a potsherd.—I would beg of some of you, to fetch me a little water, in the hollow of your hand, from yonder brook; but all of you are weary to death.—How glorious, how majestic, yonder setting sun!—'Tis thus the hero falls, 'tis thus he dies,—in godlike majesty!—When I was a boy,—a mere child,—it was my favorite thought, to live and die like that sun. 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit.—There was a time—leave me, my friends, alone;—there was a time, when I could not sleep, if I had forgot my prayers!—Oh that I were a child once more!—

What a lovely evening! what a pleasing landscape!—That scene is noble! this world is beautiful! the earth is grand!—But I am hideous in this world of beauty—a monster on this magnificent earth—the prodigal son:—My innocence! Oh my innocence!—All nature expands at the sweet breath of spring: but, Oh God, this paradise—this heaven is a hell to me!—All is happiness around me,—all in the sweet spirit of peace; the world is one family,—but its father there above is not my father!—I am an outcast—the prodigal son! the companion of murderers, of viperous fiends! bound down enchained to guilt and horror!—Oh! that I could return once more to peace and innocence! that I hung an infant on the breast! that I were born a beggar—the meanest kind—a peasant of the field! I would toil, till the sweat of blood dropt from my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep, the rapture of a single tear!—There was a time when I could weep with ease. Oh days of bliss! Oh mansion of my fathers! Scenes of my infant years, enjoyed by fond enthusiasm! will you no more return? No more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom? Oh! never, never shall they return! No more refresh this bosom with the breath of peace. They are gone! *gone for ever!*

6. THE PASSING OF THE RUBICON.—*Knowles.*

A gentleman, Mr. President, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!" How came he to the brink of that river! How dared he cross it! Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river! Oh! but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed! Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye, taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion! The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No: it was cultivated and fertile; rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water; and heard groans, instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!

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7. TO THE YOUNG.—*Logan.*

Now is your golden age. When the morning of life rejoices over your head, every thing around you puts on a smiling appearance. All nature wears a face of beauty, and is animated with a spirit of joy: you walk up and down in a new world;

you crop the unblown flower, and drink the untasted spring. Full of spirit, and high in hope, you set out on the journey of life: visions of bliss present themselves to view: dreams of joy, with sweet delusion, amuse the vacant mind. You listen, and accord to the song of hope, "To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." But, ah! my young friends, the flattering scene will not last. The spell is quickly broken, and the enchantment soon over. How hideous will life appear, when experience takes off the mask, and discovers the sad reality! Now thou hast no weariness to clog thy waking hours, and no care to disturb thy repose. But know, child of the earth, that thou art born to trouble; and that care, through every subsequent path of life, will haunt thee like a ghost. Health now sparkles in thine eye, the blood flows pure in thy veins, and thy spirits are gay as the morning: but, alas! the time will come, when diseases, a numerous and direful train, will assail thy life; the time will come, when, pale and ghastly, and stretched on a bed, chastened with pain, and the multitude of thy bones with strong pain, thou wilt be ready to choose strangling and death, rather than life."

You are now happy in your earthly companions. Friendship, which in the world is a feeble sentiment, with you is a strong passion. But shift the scene for a few years, and behold the man of thy right-hand, become unto thee as an alien. Behold the friend of thy youth, who was one with thine own soul, striving to supplant thee, and laying snares for thy ruin! I mention not these things, my young friends, to make you miserable before the time. God forbid, that I should anticipate the evil day, unless I could arm you against it. Now, remember your Creator, consecrate to him the early period of your days, and the light of his countenance will shine upon you through life. Amid all the changes of this fluctuating scene, you have a friend that never fails. Then, let the tempests beat, and the floods descend, you are safe and happy, under the shelter of the rock of ages.

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8. CONTEMPLATION OF THE DIVINE BEING IN HIS WORKS.—*Fielding.*

What time can suffice for the contemplation and worship of that glorious, immortal, and eternal Being; among the works of whose stupendous creation, not only this globe, but even those *numberless* luminaries, which we may here behold spangling

all the sky, though they should be suns lighting different systems of worlds, may possibly appear but as a few atoms, opposed to the whole earth which we inhabit? Can a man, who by divine meditations is admitted, as it were, into the conversation of this ineffable, incomprehensible Majesty, think days, or years, or ages, too long for the continuance of so ravishing an honor? Shall the trifling amusements, the palling pleasures, the silly business of the world, roll away our hours too swiftly from us: and, shall the space of time seem sluggish, to a mind exercised in studies so high, so important, and so glorious? As no time is sufficient, so no place is improper for this great concern. On what object can we cast our eyes, which may not inspire us with ideas of his power, of his wisdom, and of his goodness? It is not necessary that the rising sun should dart his fiery glories over the eastern horizon; nor that the boisterous winds should rush from their caverns and shake the lofty forest; nor that the opening clouds should pour their deluges on the plains; it is not necessary, I say, that any of these should proclaim his Majesty; there is not an insect, not a vegetable of so low an order in the creation, as not to be honored with bearing marks of the attributes of its great Creator; marks, not only of his power, but of his wisdom and goodness. Man alone, the king of this globe, and last and greatest work of the supreme Being, below the sun; man alone, hath basely dishonored his own nature; and by dishonesty, cruelty, ingratitude, and treachery, hath called his Maker's goodness in question, by puzzling us to account how a benevolent Being should form so foolish and so vile an animal. And yet this is the being who stands pre-eminently the debtor of his great Creator. True it is that philosophy makes us wiser, but Christianity makes us better men; philosophy elevates, and steels the mind, Christianity softens and sweetens it. The former makes us the object of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That insures us a temporal, but this an eternal happiness.

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9. CÆSAR'S TRIUMPHS.—*Knowles.*

To form a just estimate of Cæsar's aims, Mr. President, look to his triumphs after the surrender of Utica—Utica, more honored in being the grave of Cato, than Rome in having been the cradle of Cæsar!

You will read, sir, that Cæsar triumphed four times. First, for his victory over the Gauls; secondly, over Egypt; thirdly,

over Pharnaces; lastly, over Juba, the friend of Cato. His first, second, and third triumphs were, we are told, magnificent. Before him marched the princes and noble foreigners of the countries he had conquered; his soldiers, crowned with laurels, followed him; and the whole city attended with acclamations. This was well!—the conqueror should be honored. His fourth triumph approaches—as magnificent as the former ones. It does not want its royal captives, its soldiers crowned with laurels, or its flushed conqueror, to grace it; nor is it less honored by the multitude of its spectators—but they send up no shout of exultation; they heave loud sighs; their cheeks are frequently wiped; their eyes are fixed upon one object, that engrosses all their senses—their thoughts—their affections—it is the statue of Cato!—carried before the victor's chariot! It represents him rending open his wound, and tearing out his bowels; as he did in Utica, when Roman liberty was no more! Now, ask if Cæsar's aim was the welfare of his country!—Now, doubt if he was a man governed by a selfish ambition! Now, question whether he usurped, for the mere sake of usurping! He is not content to triumph over the Gauls, the Egyptians, and Pharnaces; he must triumph over his own countrymen! He is not content to cause the statue of Scipio and Petrius to be carried before him; he must be graced by that of Cato! He is not content with the simple effigy of Cato; he must exhibit that of his suicide! He is not satisfied to insult the Romans with triumphing over the death of liberty; they must gaze upon the representation of her expiring agonies, and mark the writhings of her last—fatal struggle!

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10. LAS-CASAS DISSUADING FROM BATTLE.—*Sheridan.*

Is then the dreadful measure of your cruelty not yet complete? Battle! gracious Heaven! Against whom?—Against a king, in whose mild bosom your atrocious injuries, even yet, have not excited hate! but who, insulted or victorious, still sues for peace. Against a people, who never wronged the living being their Creator formed; a people, who, children of innocence! received you as cherished guests, with eager hospitality and confiding kindness. Generously and freely did they share with you, their comforts, their treasures, and their homes: you repaid them by fraud, oppression, and dishonor. These eyes have witnessed all I speak;—as gods you were *received*—as fiends you have acted.

Pizarro, hear me!—Hear me, chieftains!—And thou, All-powerful! whose thunder can shiver into sand the adamantine rock,—whose lightnings can pierce to the core of the riven and quaking earth,—Oh! let thy power give effect to thy servant's words, as thy spirit gives courage to his will! Do not, I implore you, chieftains,—countrymen—Do not, I implore you, renew the foul barbarities, your insatiate avarice has inflicted, on this wretched, unoffending race!—But hush, my sighs!—fall not, ye drops of useless sorrow!—heart-breaking anguish, choke not my utterance.—All I entreat is, send me once more to those you call your enemies. Oh! let me be the messenger of penitence from you, I shall return with blessings and peace from them. Elvira, you weep!—Alas! does this dreadful crisis move no heart but thine?—Time flies—words are unavailing—the chieftains declare for instant battle!

Oh God! thou hast anointed me thy servant—not to curse, but to bless my countrymen: yet now my blessing on their force, were blasphemy against thy goodness. No! I curse your purpose, homicides! I curse the bond of blood, by which you are united.—May fell division, infamy, and rout, defeat your projects, and rebuke your hopes!—On you, and on your children, be the peril of the innocent blood, which shall be shed this day! I leave you, and for ever! No longer shall these aged eyes be seared by the horrors they have witnessed. In caves—in forests, will I hide myself; with tigers and with savage beasts, will I commune; and when at length we meet again, before the blessed tribunal of that Deity whose mild doctrines, and whose mercies ye have this day renounced, then shall you feel the agony and grief of soul which now tear the bosom of your weak accuser!—

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11. INVECTIVE AGAINST THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.—*Junius.*

Let us consider you, then, my lord, as arrived at the summit of worldly greatness: let us suppose that all your plans of avarice and ambition are accomplished, and your most sanguine wishes gratified, in the fear as well as the hatred of the people; can age itself forget that you are in the last act of life? Can grey hairs make folly venerable? and is not their period to be reserved for meditation and retirement? For shame! my lord, let it not be recorded of you, that the last moments of your life were dedicated to the same unworthy pursuits, the same busy agitations, in which your youth and manhood were exhausted.

Consider, that, although you cannot disgrace your former life, you are violating the character of age, and exposing the impotent imbecility after you have lost the vigor of the passions.

Your friends will ask, perhaps, where shall this unhappy old man retire? Can he remain in the metropolis, where his life has been so often threatened, and his palace so often attacked? If he returns to Woburn, scorn and mockery await him. He must create a solitude round his estate, if he would avoid the face of reproach and derision. At Plymouth, his destruction would be more than probable; at Exeter, inevitable. No honest Englishman will ever forget his attachment, nor any honest Scotchman forgive his treachery, to lord Bute. At every town he enters, he must change his liveries and name. Whichever way he flies, the hue and cry of the country pursues him. In another kingdom, indeed, the blessings of his administration have been more sensibly felt; his virtues better understood; or, at worst, they will not for him alone forget their hospitality. As well might Verres have returned to Sicily. You have twice escaped, my lord; beware of a third experiment. The indignation of a whole people, plundered, insulted, and oppressed as they have been, will not always be disappointed.

It is vain therefore to shift the scene. You can no more fly from your enemies than from yourself. Persecuted abroad, you look into your own heart for consolation, and find nothing but reproaches and despair. But, my lord, you may quit the field of business, though not the field of danger; and though you cannot be safe, you may cease to be ridiculous.

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12. LUDICROUS ACCOUNT OF ENGLISH TAXES.—*Ed. Review.*

Permit me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory;—Taxes—upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, *and the rich man's* spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and

the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; —and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent. into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent.—flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent.—makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of an hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more.

In addition to all this, the habit of dealing with large sums will make the government avaricious and profuse; and the system itself will infallibly generate the base vermin of spies and informers, and a still more pestilent race of political tools and retainers, of the meanest and most odious description;—while the prodigious patronage, which the collecting of this splendid revenue will throw into the hands of government, will invest it with so vast an influence, and hold out such means and temptations to corruption, as all the virtue and public spirit, even of republicans, will be unable to resist.

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13. WASHINGTON.—*Phillips.*

Sir,—It matters very little what immediate spot may be the birthplace of such a man as Washington. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared; how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances no doubt there were; splendid exemplifications of some single qualification. Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was

continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and like the lovely *chef-d'œuvre* of the Grecian artist, to exhibit in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model, and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshaled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers—her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created?

"How shall we rank thee upon glory's page,
Thou more than soldier, and just less than sage?
All thou hast been reflects less fame on thee,
Far less than all thou hast forborne to be."

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14. FEMALE PATRIOTISM.—*Madame Roland.*

Minds which have any claim to greatness are capable of divesting themselves of selfish considerations; they feel that they belong to the whole human race; and their views are directed to posterity alone. I was the friend of men who have been proscribed and immolated by delusion, and the hatred of jealous mediocrity. It is necessary that I should perish in my turn, because it is a rule with tyranny to sacrifice those whom it has grievously oppressed, and to annihilate the very witnesses of its misdeeds. I have this double claim to death from your hands, and I expect it. When innocence walks to the scaffold, at the command of error and perversity, every step she takes is an advance towards glory. May I be the last victim sacrificed to *the furious* spirit of party! I shall quit with joy this unfortunate

earth which swallows up the friends of virtue, and drinks the blood of the just.

Truth! friendship! my country! sacred objects, sentiments dear to my heart, accept my last sacrifice. My life was devoted to you, and you will render my death easy and glorious.

Just heaven! enlighten this unfortunate people for whom I desired liberty.——Liberty!—It is for noble minds. It is not for weak beings who enter into a composition with guilt, and cover selfishness and cowardice with the name of prudence. It is not for corrupt wretches, who rise from the bed of debauchery, or from the mire of indigence, to feast their eyes on the blood that streams from the scaffold. It is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, practice justice, despise their flatterers, and respect the truth. While you are not such a people, Oh my fellow-citizens! you will talk in vain of liberty: instead of liberty you will have licentiousness, of which you will all fall victims in your turns; you will ask for bread, and dead bodies will be given you; and you will at last bow down your necks to the yoke.

I have neither concealed my sentiments nor my opinions. I know that a Roman lady was sent to the scaffold for lamenting the death of her son. I know that in times of delusion and party rage, he who dares avow himself the friend of the proscribed, exposes himself to their fate. But I despise death; I never feared any thing but guilt, and I will not purchase life at the expense of a base subterfuge. Wo to the times! wo to the people among whom doing homage to disregarded truth can be attended with danger; and happy he who in such circumstances is bold enough to brave it!

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15. ENTERPRISING SPIRIT OF NEW-ENGLAND.—*Burke.*

As to the wealth, Mr. Speaker, which the colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar. You surely thought those acquisitions of value; for they seemed even to excite your envy; and yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised, ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, sir, what in the world is equal to it?—Pass by the other parts and look at the manner in which the people of New-England have of late carried on the whale fishery.

Whilst we follow them amongst the tumbling mountains of

ice and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay, and Davis' Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry.

Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them, than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude and pursue their gigantic game along the coasts of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people; a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

When I contemplate these things; when I know that the colonies in general, owe little or nothing to any care of ours, and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of a watchful and suspicious government, but that through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt, and die away within me. My rigor relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

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16. LOVE OF COUNTRY.—*Minto.*

Gentlemen,—We have but one question to resolve—shall we defend our country, or resign it?

And first, I ask—What is that country?—what is this golden prize for which we are to contend?—a country, rich in all the blessings that are derived from a free and equal government;—a government which seems to have grown and matured itself by the continued exercise of wisdom in the lawgivers, and virtue in the people, through a long series of ages; which has *been sanc*tioned by the applause, and even by the acknowledged

envy of the whole world; but the excellence of which is yet better proved by the unceasing progress of the people in every species of prosperity and happiness;—a government which knows no distinction amongst us in the protection of the laws; which enables every man of every degree, alike to acquire the fair fruits of honesty, industry, of useful talents, of genius, and even of fortune; and, when acquired, secures alike to all the firm possession of their own; a government which, thus perfect in theory, has been administered through the whole at least of our generation, by the most virtuous, the most just, the most benevolent man in the nation. Such is the sovereign whom we are summoned to renounce: such the government which we are commanded, by an insolent stranger, to exchange for his foreign yoke.

Let me ask once again, what is that country we would defend? It is that in which we have all drawn our first breath; which has reared us kindly to strength and manhood, which has been our mother and our tender nurse; it is that in which the ashes of our fathers are deposited; it has been our cradle, and it is the hallowed tomb of our ancestors. It is that in which we have contracted the most sacred engagements, the dearest relations of human life; here we have found the companions of our childhood, the friends of our youth, the gentle partners of our lives; here our memory points at every turn to some haunt of infancy, to the scene of some endearing hour, of some treasured recollection in maturer age; in fine, to some resistless motive of love and filial duty To sum up all in one word, it is our country! our dear native land! That monster never breathed, so far distorted from the forms of nature, whose bosom has not acknowledged that strongest instinct, that most universal passion, that most rational and virtuous affection of all those which God has implanted in the breasts of his creatures—the love of his country.

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17. FUTURE PUNISHMENT.—*Lamont.*

Future punishment is, of all evils, the most dreadful; and, therefore, of all evils, the most to be avoided. The calamities which mortals inherit, in their earthly tabernacle, are slight and transitory—soon fly off, and die for ever. But those woes which fester in the souls of bad men after death, are at once intolerable and interminable. Their exquisite acuteness can

only be equaled by their endless duration. At that awful period, when these woes commence, the sons of vice must take up their abode in the dismal habitations of darkness and despair; in which reside only demons, and the spirits of malevolent men! They must make their bed in hell; a dreadful bed indeed! where rest comes neither day nor night, where the voice of gladness is never heard, where peace and joy can never enter; "but the smoke of their torments ascendeth for ever and ever;" where the soul is ever forced upwards, by the desire of happiness; but is ever pressed downwards by the weight of iniquity; whilst this melancholy reflection ever prays upon the heart—all the treasures of celestial felicity might have been mine, had not my own obstinate wickedness barred against me the gates of heaven. There the worm of conscience never dies, and the fire of appetite is never quenched. There the tears of grief are never banished from the eye, nor the heavings of sorrow from the heart. There the understanding, like a condemned criminal, is shut up in a dark dungeon, to brood for ever on its own calamity. There the passions burn with unquenchable desire, and are perpetually racked with despair of enjoyment. There the memory serves as a cruel engine, to rake up the ashes of guilty deeds, to overwhelm the soul in an abyss of sorrow—whilst remorse, like a gnawing vulture, feeds upon the soul. There are wounds without balm, pains without ease, distress without relief, afflictions without pity, sufferings without limit, and anxiety without interval.

All this might yet be borne, did ever hope, that sweet cordial of calamity, break through the sullen gloom, and, with the fair prospects of deliverance, cheer the wretched sufferer. But, alas! alas! there even hope, the last refuge of unhappy minds, is for ever excluded; and nothing presents itself, but the gloom of despair, and the blackness of darkness for ever and ever. Just God! how wretched is the situation of thy creatures, when they desert thee, the fountain of life; violate the laws of thy government, and wilfully pursue their own destruction!

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18. IMPOSSIBILITY OF CONQUERING AMERICA.—*Chatham.*

It has been usual, on similar occasions of difficulty and distress, for the crown to make application to this house, the great *hereditary* council of the nation, for advice and assistance. As *it is the right of* parliament to give, so [illegible] duty of the

crown to ask it. But on this day, and in this extremely momentous exigency, no reliance is reposed on your councils—no advice is asked of parliament; but the crown from itself, and by itself, declares an unalterable determination to pursue its own preconcerted measures; and what measures, my lords? Measures which have produced hitherto nothing but disappointments and defeats. I cannot, my lords, I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the darkness and delusion which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation! Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this great and flourishing empire to scorn and contempt. But yesterday, "and England might have stood against the world.—Now, none so poor to do her reverence." The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy; and our ministers do not and dare not interpose with dignity and effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do: I know their virtues and their valor: I know they can achieve any thing except impossibilities: and I know that the conquest of English-America is an impossibility. You cannot, my lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffick to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts for ever will be vain and impotent; doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, *never*.

19. ORATORICAL ACTION.—*Fordyce.*

It will not, I think, be pretended, that any of our public speakers have often occasion to address more sagacious, learned, or polite assemblies, than those which were composed of the Roman senate, or the Athenian people, in their most enlightened times. But it is well known what great stress the most celebrated orators of those times laid on action; how exceedingly imperfect they reckoned eloquence without it, and what wonders they performed with its assistance; performed upon the greatest, firmest, most sensible, and most elegant spirits the world ever saw. It were easy to throw together a number of commonplace quotations, in support, or illustration of this, and almost every other remark that can be made upon the present subject. But as that would lead me beyond the intention of this address, I need only mention here one simple fact, which every body has heard of; that whereas Demosthenes himself did not succeed in his first attempts, through his having neglected to study action, he afterwards arrived at such a pitch in that faculty, that when the people of Rhodes expressed in high terms their admiration of his famous oration for Ctesiphon, upon hearing it read with a very sweet and strong voice by Æschines, whose banishment it had procured, that great and candid judge said to them, "How would you have been affected, had you seen him speak it. For he that only hears Demosthenes, loses much the better part of the oration."—What an honorable testimony this from a vanquished adversary, and such an adversary! What a noble idea doth it give of that wonderful orator's action! I grasp it with ardor; I transport myself in imagination to old Athens. I mingle with the popular assembly, I behold the lightning, I listen to the thunder of Demosthenes. I feel my blood thrilled, I see the auditory lost and shaken, like some deep forest by a mighty storm. I am filled with wonder at such marvellous effects. I am hurried almost out of myself. In a little while, I endeavor to be more collected. Then I consider the orator's address. I find the whole inexpressible. But nothing strikes me more than his action. I perceive the various passions he would inspire, rising in him by turns, and working from the depth of his frame. Now he glows with the love of the public; now he flames with indignation at its enemies; then he swells with disdain, of its false, indolent, or interested friends, anon he melts with grief for its misfortunes; and now he turns pale with fear of yet greater ones. Every feature, nerve, and circumstance about him is intensely ani-

mated; each almost seems as if it would speak. I discern his inmost soul, I see it as only clad in some thin transparent vehicle. It is all on fire. I wonder no longer at the effects of such eloquence. I only wonder at their cause.

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20. APPEAL TO THE JURY IN DEFENSE OF ROWAN.—*Curran.*

I cannot, however, avoid adverting to a circumstance that distinguishes the case of Mr. Rowan from that of the late sacrifice in a neighboring kingdom.

The severer law of that country, it seems, and happy for them that it should, enables them to remove from their sight the victim of their infatuation. The more merciful spirit of our law deprives you of that consolation; his sufferings must remain for ever before our eyes, a continual call upon your shame and your remorse. But those sufferings will do more; they will not rest satisfied with your unavailing contrition, they will challenge the great and paramount inquest of society: the man will be weighed against the charge, the witness, and the sentence; and impartial justice will demand, why has an Irish jury done this deed? The moment he ceases to be regarded as a criminal, he becomes of necessity an accuser: and let me ask you, what can your most zealous defenders be prepared to answer to such a charge? When your sentence shall have sent him forth to that stage, which guilt alone can render infamous, let me tell you, he will not be like a little statue upon a mighty pedestal, diminishing by elevation, but he will stand a striking and imposing object upon a monument, which, if it does not (and it cannot) record the atrocity of his crime, must record the atrocity of his conviction. Upon this subject, therefore, credit me when I say that I am still more anxious for you, than I can possibly be for him. I cannot but feel the peculiarity of your situation. Not the jury of his own choice, which the law of England allows, but which ours refuses; collected in that box by a person, certainly no friend to Mr. Rowan, certainly not very deeply interested in giving him a very impartial jury. Feeling this, as I am persuaded you do, you cannot be surprised, however you may be distressed, at the mournful presage, with which an anxious public is led to fear the worst from your possible determination. But I will not for the justice and honor of our common country, suffer my mind to be borne away by such melancholy anticipation. I will not relinquish the confidence that this day *will be the* period of his sufferings; and however

mercilessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family, and the wishes of his country. But if, which heaven forbid, it hath still been unfortunately determined, that because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace; I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution, which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flames, and preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.

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21. MEN OF STERLING INTEGRITY ONLY FIT FOR OFFICE — *Knowles.*

Were your country, Mr. President, in a state of anarchy—were it distracted by the struggles of rival parties, drawn out, every now and then, in arms against one another—and were you, sir, to attempt a reformation of manners, what qualifications would you require in the men whom you would associate with you in such an undertaking? What would content you?—Talent?—No! Enterprise?—No! Courage?—No! Reputation?—No! Virtue?—No! The men whom you would select, should possess, not one, but all of these—nor, yet, should that content you. They must be proved men—tested men—men that had, again and again, passed through the ordeal of human temptation—without a scar—without a blemish—without a speck! You would not select the public firebrand—you would not seek your seconds in the tavern or in the brothel—you would not inquire out the man who was oppressed with debts, contracted by licentiousness, debauchery, every species of profligacy! Who, sir, I ask, were Cæsar's seconds in his undertaking? Crebonius Curio, one of the most vicious and debauched young men in Rome—a creature of Pompey's, bought off by the illustrious Cæsar! Marcus Antonius, a creature of that creature's—a young man, so addicted to every kind of dissipation, that he had been driven from the paternal roof—the friend and coadjutor of that Clodius who violated the mysteries of the Bona Dea—and drove into exile the man that had been called the father of his country! Paulus Æmilius—a patrician, a consul—a friend of Pompey's—bought off by the great Cæsar with a bribe of fifteen hundred talents! Such, sir, were the abettors of Cæsar. What, then, what was Cæsar's object? Do *we select* extortioners to enforce the laws of equity? Do we *make choice of profligates* to guard the morals of society? Do

we depute atheists, to preside over the rites of religion? What, I say, was Cæsar's object? I will not press the answer—I need not press the answer—the premises of my argument render it unnecessary—the achievement of great objects does not belong to the vile—or of virtuous ones, to the vicious—or of religious ones, to the profane. Cæsar did not associate such characters with him for the good of his country. His object was, the gratification of his own ambition—the attainment of supreme power; no matter by what means accomplished—no matter by what consequences attended. He aspired to be the highest—above the people!—above the authorities—above the laws! above his country!—and, in that seat of eminence, he was content to sit, though, from the centre to the far horizon of his power, his eyes could contemplate nothing but the ruin and desolation by which he had reached to it!

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22. CHARACTER OF AN INFORMER.—*Curran.*

Gentlemen of the Jury,—The learned gentleman is pleased to say, that the traverser has charged the government with the encouragement of informers. This, gentlemen, is another small fact that you are to deny at the hazard of your souls, and upon the solemnity of your oaths. You are, upon your oaths, to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers.—Let me ask you, honestly,—what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, aye, and every man of you, knows by the testimony of your own eyes, to be utterly and absolutely false?

I speak not now of the public employment of informers, with a promise of secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen, day after day, during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; I speak of the horrid miscreants who have avowed, upon their oaths, that they had come from the very seat of government—from the castle, where they had been worked upon by the fear of death, and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows. I speak of the mild and wholesome councils of this government, holden over these catacombs of *living* death, where the wretch that is buried

a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve, and is then dug up—a witness.

Is this fancy, or is it fact? Have you not seen him, after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme arbiter of both? Have you not marked, when he entered, how the multitude retired at his approach? Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power, in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of wo and death; a death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent;—there was an antidote—a juror's oath—but even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from the informer's mouth; conscience swings from her moorings, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim.

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23. CHARACTER OF FILIAL PIETY.—*Sheridan.*

The counsel, my lords, in recommending an attention to the public in preference to the private letters, remarked particularly, that one of the latter should not be taken in evidence, because it was evidently and abstractedly private, relating the anxieties of Mr. Middleton on account of the illness of his son. This is a singular argument indeed. The circumstance, however, undoubtedly merits strict observation, though not in the view in which it was placed by the counsel. It goes to show that some, at least, of the persons concerned in these transactions, felt the force of those ties which their efforts were directed to tear asunder; that those who could ridicule the respective attachment of a mother and a son; who could prohibit the reverence of the son to the mother; who could deny to maternal debility the protection which filial tenderness should afford, were yet sensible of the straining of those cords by which they are connected. There is something in the present business, with all that is horrible to create aversion, so vilely lothesome as to excite disgust. It is, my lords, surely superfluous to dwell on the sacredness of those ties which those aliens to *feeling, those* apostates to humanity, thus divided. In such an

assembly, as the one before which I speak, there is not an eye but must look reproof to this conduct, not a heart but must anticipate its condemnation. Filial piety! It is the primal bond of society. It is that instinctive principle, which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man. It now quivers on every lip. It now beams from every eye. It is that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast, countless debt, it never, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solicitudes, honorable self-denials, life-preserving cares. It is that part of our practice, where duty drops its awe, where reverence refines into love. It asks no aid of memory. It needs not the deductions of reason. Pre-existing, paramount over all, whether moral law or human rule, few arguments can increase and none can diminish it. It is the sacrament of our nature; not only the duty, but the indulgence of man. It is his first great privilege. It is among his last, most endearing delights, when the bosom glows with the idea of reverberated love; when to requite on the visitations of nature, and return the blessings that have been received, what was emotion, is fixed into vital principle; what was instinct, is habituated into a master-passion, sways all the sweetest energies of man; hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away; aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad task of life; cheers the languor of decrepitude and age; explores the thought; explains the aching eye!

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24. DEFENSE OF J. A. WILLIAMS, FOR A LIBEL ON THE CLERGY OF DURHAM.—*Brougham.*

It is necessary for me to set before you the picture my learned friend was pleased to draw of the clergy of the diocese of Durham, and I shall recall it to your minds almost in his own words. According to him, they stand in a peculiarly unfortunate situation; they are, in truth, the most injured of men.

They all, it seems, entertained the same generous sentiments with the rest of their countrymen, though they did not express them in the old, free English manner, by openly condemning the proceedings against the late queen; and after the course of unexampled injustice, against which she victoriously struggled, had been followed by the needless infliction of inhuman torture, to undermine a frame whose spirit no open hostility could daunt, and extinguish the life *so long* imbittered by the same foul arts

—after that great princess had ceased to harass her enemies—after her glorious but unhappy life had closed, and that princely head was at last laid low by death, which, living, all oppression had only the more illustriously exalted—the venerable the clergy of Durham, I am now told for the first time, though less forward in giving vent to their feelings than the rest of their fellow-citizens—though not so vehement in their indignation at the matchless and unmanly persecution of the queen—though not so unbridled in their joy at her immortal triumph, nor so loud in their lamentations over her mournful and untimely end—did, nevertheless, in reality, all the while, deeply sympathize with her sufferings, in the bottom of their reverend hearts!

When all the resources of the most ingenious cruelty hurried her to a fate without parallel—if not so clamorous, they did not feel the least of all the members of the community—their grief was in truth too deep for utterance—sorrow clung round their bosoms—weighed upon their tongues, stifled every sound—and, when all the rest of mankind, of all sects and of all nations, freely gave vent to the feelings of our common nature, their silence, the contrast which they displayed to the rest of their species, proceeded from the greater depth of their affliction; they said the less, because they felt the more!

Oh! talk of hypocrisy after this! Most consummate of all hypocrites! After instructing your chosen official advocate to stand forward with such a defense—such an exposition of your motives—to dare utter the word hypocrisy, and complain of those who charged you with it! This is indeed to insult common sense, and outrage the feelings of the whole human race! If you were hypocrites before, you were downright, frank, honest hypocrites, to what you have now made yourselves—and surely, for all you have ever done or even been charged with, your worst enemies must be satiated with the humiliation of this day, its just atonement, and ample retribution!

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25. OSMOND'S DREAM.—*Lewis.*

Hark, fellows—Instruments of my guilt, listen to my punishment!—Methought I wandered through the lowbrowed caverns where repose the reliques of my ancestors!—my eye dwelt with awe on their tombs; with disgust, on mortality's surrounding emblems!—Suddenly a female form glided along the vault; *it was Angela!*—She smiled upon me, and beckoned me to

advance. I flew towards her; my arms were already unclosed to clasp her, when suddenly her figure changed, her face grew pale, a stream of blood gushed from her bosom!—Hassan, 'twas Evelina! Such as when she sank at my feet expiring, while my hand grasped the dagger, still crimsoned with her blood!—"We meet again this night!" murmured her hollow voice! "Now rush to my arms, but first see what you have made me!—Embrace me, my bridegroom! we must never part again!"—While speaking, her form withered away: the flesh fell from her bones; her eyes burst from their sockets; a skeleton, lothesome and meagre, clasped me in her moldering arms!—Her infected breath was mingled with mine; her rotting fingers pressed my hand, and my face was covered with her kisses!—Oh, how I trembled with disgust!—And now blue dismal flames gleamed along the walls; the tombs were rent asunder; bands of fierce spectres rushed round me in frantic dance!—Furiously they gnashed their teeth, while they gazed upon me, and shrieked in loud yell—"Welcome thou fratricide!—Welcome thou lost for ever!"—Horror burst the bands of sleep; distracted I flew hither: but my feelings—words are too weak, too powerless to express them.—Surely this was no idle dream!—'Twas a celestial warning; 'twas my better angel that whispered, "Osmond, repent your former crimes!—commit not new ones!"

Angela!—Oh! at that name, all again is calm in my bosom. Hushed by her image, my tumultuous passions sink to rest; and my terrors subside into that single fear, her loss!—My heart-strings are twisted round the maid, and ere I resign her, those strings must break. If I exist to-morrow night, she shall be mine. If I exist?—Ha! whence that doubt? "We meet again this night!"—so said the spectre!—Dreadful words, be ye blotted from my mind for ever!—Hassan, to your vigilance, I leave the care of my beloved. Fly to me that instant should any unbidden footstep approach your chamber-door. I'll to my couch again. Follow me, Saib, and watch me while I sleep. Then, if you see my limbs convulsed, my teeth clenched, my hair bristling, and cold dews trembling on my brow! Seize me, rouse me! Snatch me from my bed!—I must not dream again. —Oh! faithless sleep, why art thou too leagued with my foes? There was a time, when thy presence brought oblivion to my sorrows; when thy poppy crown was mingled with roses!—Now, fear and remorse are thy sad companions, and I shudder to see thee approach my couch! Blood trickles from thy garments: snakes writhe around thy brows; thy hand holds the well-known fatal dagger, and plunges it still reeking in my

breast!—then do I shriek in agony; then do I start distracted from thy arms! Oh! how I hate thee, sleep! Friend of virtue, Oh! how I dread thy coming!—

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26. REFLECTIONS ON THE YOUTH AND THEATRICAL MANNER OF MR. PITT.—*Walpole.*

Sir,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate, while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardor of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill, with such fluency of rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture; who charged the advocates of the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interests but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly, and their ignorance. Nor, sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him how little the clamors of rage, and petulancy of invectives, contribute to the purposes for which this assembly is called together;—how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotions. Formidable sounds, and furious declamations, confident assertions, and lofty periods, may affect the young and inexperienced; and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory, by conversing more with those of his own age, than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of his temper, sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age, and long acquaintance with business, give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn, in time, to reason rather than declaim; to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He will learn, sir, that to accuse and prove are very different, and that reproaches unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory, are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen

appear to speak, (that of depreciating the conduct of the administration,) to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

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27. REPLY TO THE ILL-TIMED REFLECTIONS OF MR. WALPOLE —*Pitt.*

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing—that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth; and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining—but surely, age may become justly contemptible—if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred—who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation: who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.

A theatrical part may either imply—some peculiarities of gesture,—or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition,—yet to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien; however matured by age, or modeled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treat-

ment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment;—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit uncon cerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upor public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice,—whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

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28. BENEVOLENCE OF THE SUPREME BEING.—*Chalmers.*

It is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say, that a single world, or a single system, is not enough for it—that it must have the spread of a mightier region, on which it may pour forth a tide of exuberancy throughout all its provinces—that, as far as our vision can carry us, it has strewed immensity with the floating receptacles of life, and has stretched over each of them the garniture of such a sky as mantles our own habitation—and that, even from distances which are far beyond the reach of human eye, the songs of gratitude and praise may now be arising to the one God, who sits surrounded by the regards of his one great and universal family.

Now, it is saying much for the benevolence of God, to say, that it sends forth these wide and distant emanations over the surface of a territory so ample—that the world we inhabit, lying imbedded as it does, amidst so much surrounding greatness, shrinks into a point that to the universal eye might appear to be almost imperceptible. But does it not add to the power and to the perfection of this universal eye, that at the very moment it is taking a comprehensive survey of the vast, it can fasten a steady and undistracted attention on each minute and separate portion of it; that at the very moment it is looking at all worlds, it can look most pointedly and most intelligently to each of them; that at the very moment it sweeps the field of immensity, *it* can settle all the earnestness of its regards upon every dis*tinct hand-breadth* of that field; that at the very moment at

which it embraces the totality of existence, it can send a most thorough and penetrating inspection into each of its details, and into every one of its endless diversities? You cannot fail to perceive how much this adds to the power of the all-seeing eye. Tell me, then, if it do not add as much perfection to the benevolence of God, that while it is expatiating over the vast field of created things, there is not one portion of the field overlooked by it; that while it scatters blessings over the whole of an infinite range, it causes them to descend in a shower of plenty on every separate habitation; that while his arm is underneath and round about all worlds, he enters within the precincts of every one of them, and gives a care and a tenderness to each individual of their teeming population. Oh! does not the God, who is said to be love, shed over this attribute of his its finest illustration! when, while he sits in the highest heaven, and pours out his fulness on the whole subordinate domain of nature and of providence, he bows a pitying regard on the very humblest of his children, and sends his reviving spirit into every heart, and cheers by his presence every home, and provides for the wants of every family, and watches every sick bed, and listens to the complaints of every sufferer; and while, by his wondrous mind, the weight of universal government is borne, oh! is it not more wondrous and more excellent still, that he feels for every sorrow, and has an ear open to every prayer!

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29. ADDRESS TO THE ARMY OF ITALY.—*Bonaparte.*

Soldiers,—You are precipitated like a torrent from the heights of the Appenines; you have overthrown and dispersed all that dared to oppose your march. Piedmont, rescued from Austrian tyranny, is left to its natural sentiments of regard and friendship to the French. Milan is yours; and the republican standard is displayed throughout all Lombardy. The dukes of Parma and Modena are indebted for their political existence only to your generosity.

The army which so proudly menaced you, has had no other barrier than its dissolution to oppose to your invincible courage. The Po, the Tessen, the Adda, could not retard you a single day. The vaunted bulwarks of Italy were insufficient. You swept them with the same rapidity that you did the Appenines. Those successes have carried joy into the bosom of your country. Your representatives decreed a festival dedicated to your

victories, and to be celebrated throughout all the communes of the republic. Now your fathers, your mothers, your wives, and your sisters, will rejoice in your success, and take pride in their relation to you.

Yes, soldiers, you have done much; but more still remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us, that we know how to conquer, but not to profit by our victories? Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capua in Lombardy? But already I see you fly to arms. You are fatigued with an inactive repose.—You lament the days that are lost to your glory! Well, then, let us proceed; we have other forced marches to make, other enemies to subdue; more laurels to acquire, and more injuries to avenge.

Let those who have unsheathed the daggers of civil war in France; who have basely assassinated our ministers; who have burnt our ships at Toulon; let them tremble; the knell of vengeance has already tolled!

But to quiet the apprehensions of the people, we declare ourselves the friends of all, and particularly of those who are the descendants of Brutus, of Scipio, and those other great men whom we have taken for our models.

To re-establish the capital; to replace the statues of those heroes who have rendered it immortal; to rouse the Roman people entranced in so many ages of slavery; this shall be the fruit of your victories. It will be an epoch for the admiration of posterity; you will enjoy the immortal glory of changing the aspect of affairs in the finest part of Europe. The free people of France, not regardless of moderation, shall accord to Europe a glorious peace; but it will indemnify itself for the sacrifices of every kind which it has been making for six years past. You will again be restored to your firesides and homes; and your fellow-citizens, pointing you out, shall say, "There goes one who belonged to the army of Italy!"

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30. THE SCRIPTURES AND THE SAVIOR.—*Rousseau.*

The majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with astonishment, and the sanctity of the gospel addresses itself to my heart. Look at the volumes of the philosophers, with all their pomp: how contemptible do they appear in comparison to this! Is it *possible*, that a book at once so simple and sublime, can be the *work of man?* Can he who is the subject of its history, be

himself a mere man? Was his the tone of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious sectary? What sweetness! What purity in his manners! What an affecting gracefulness in his instructions! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what sagacity and propriety in his answers! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live, suffer, and die, without weakness and without ostentation! When Plato described his imaginary good man, covered with all the disgrace of crime, yet worthy of all the rewards of virtue, he described exactly the character of Jesus Christ. The resemblance was so striking, it could not be mistaken, and all the fathers of the church perceived it. What prepossession, what blindness must it be to compare the son of Sophronius, to the son of Mary! What an immeasurable distance between them! Socrates, dying without pain, and without ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was any thing more than a mere sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of moral science. Others, however, had before him put it in practice; and he had nothing to do but to tell what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precept. Aristides had been just, before Socrates defined what justice was; Leonidas had died for his country, before Socrates made it a duty to love one's country. Sparta had been temperate before Socrates eulogized sobriety: and before he celebrated the praises of virtue, Greece had abounded in virtuous men. But from whom of all his countrymen, could Jesus have derived that sublime and pure morality, of which he only has given us both the precepts and example? In the midst of the most licentious fanaticism, the voice of the sublimest wisdom was heard; and the simplicity of the most heroic virtue crowned one of the humblest of all the multitude.

The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophising with his friends, is the most pleasant that could be desired! That of Jesus, expiring in torments, outraged, reviled, and execrated by a whole nation, is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who presented it; but Jesus in the midst of excruciating torture, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we say that the evangelical history is a mere fiction—it does not bear the stamp of fiction, but the contrary. The history of Socrates,

which nobody doubts, is not as well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such an assertion in fact only shifts the difficulty, without removing it. It is more inconceivable that a number of persons should have agreed to fabricate this book, than that one only should have furnished the subject of it.

The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction, and strangers to the morality, contained in the gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking, so perfectly inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing man than the hero.

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31. POLITICAL CUPIDITY REPROVED.—*Sheridan.*

In such an hour as this, at a moment pregnant with the national fate, can it be, that people of high rank, and professing high principles, that they or their families should seek to thrive on the spoils of misery, and fatten on the meals wrested from industrious poverty? Can it be, that this should be the case with the very persons who state the unprecedented peril of the country as the sole cause of their being found in the ministerial ranks?

The constitution is in danger, religion is in danger, the very existence of the nation itself is endangered; all personal and party considerations ought to vanish; the war must be supported by every possible exertion, and by every possible sacrifice; the people must not murmur at their burdens; it is for their salvation; their all is at stake. The time is come when all honest and disinterested men should rally round the throne as a standard:—for what, ye honest and disinterested men? to receive for your own private emolument a portion of those very taxes which you yourselves wring from the people, on the pretence of saving them from the poverty and distress which you say the enemy would inflict, but which you take care that no enemy shall be able to aggravate.

Oh! shame! shame! is this a time for selfish intrigues, and the little dirty traffick for lucre and emolument? Does it suit the honor of a gentleman to ask at such a moment? Does it become the honesty of a minister to grant? Is it intended to confirm the pernicious doctrine, so industriously propagated by many, that all public men are impostors, and that every politician has his price? Or, even where there is no principle in the *bosom*, why does not prudence hint to the mercenary and the *vain, to abstain awhile* at least, and wait the fitting of the times?

Improvident impatience! Nay, even from those who seem to have no direct object of office or profit, what is the language which their actions speak?

The throne is in danger! we will support the throne; but let us share the smiles of royalty—the order of nobility is in danger! I will fight for nobility, says the viscount, but my zeal would be much greater if I were made an earl. Rouse all the marquis within me! exclaims the earl, and the peerage never turned forth a more undaunted champion in its cause than I shall prove. Stain my green riband blue, cries out the illustrious knight, and the fountain of honor will have a fast and faithful servant!

What are the people to think of our sincerity? What credit are they to give to our professions? Is this a system to be persevered in? Is there nothing that whispers to that right honorable gentleman, that the crisis is too big, that the times are too gigantic, to be ruled by the little hackneyed and every-day means of ordinary corruption!—or are we to believe, that he has within himself a conscious feeling, that disqualifies him from rebuking the ill-timed selfishness of his new allies?

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32. ON THE COMPETENCY OF PARLIAMENT TO PASS THE MEASURE OF UNION.—*Plunket.*

Sir,—I, in the most express terms, deny the competency of parliament to do this act. I warn you, do not dare to lay your hand on the constitution—I tell you that if, circumstanced as you are, you pass this act, it will be a nullity, and that no man in Ireland will be bound to obey it. I make the assertion deliberately—I repeat it, and I call on any man who hears me, to take down my words;—you have not been elected for this purpose—you are appointed to make laws and not legislatures—you are appointed to act under the constitution, not to alter it—you are appointed to exercise the functions of legislators, and not to transfer them—and if you do so, your act is a dissolution of the government—you resolve society into its original elements, and no man in the land is bound to obey you.

Yourselves you may extinguish, but parliament you cannot extinguish—it is enthroned in the hearts of the people—it is enshrined in the sanctuary of the constitution—it is immortal as the island which it protects—as well might the frantic suicide hope that the act which destroys his miserable body should

extinguish his eternal soul. Again, I therefore warn you, do not dare to lay your hands on the constitution; it is above your power. Sir, I do not say that the parliament and the people, by mutual consent and co-operation, may not change the form of the constitution.

But thank God, the people have manifested no such wish—o far as they have spoken, their voice is decidedly against this daring innovation. You know that no voice has been uttered in its favor, and you cannot be infatuated enough to take confidence from the silence which prevails in some parts of the kingdom; if you know how to appreciate that silence it is more formidable than the most clamorous opposition—you may be rived and shivered by the lightning before you hear the peal of the thunder! But, sir, we are told we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honor, and I am told I should be calm, composed.

National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned in such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy of the consideration of this house, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! we see a Perry re-ascending from the tomb and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man, are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet, to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.

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33. THE PHILOSOPHY OF HATRED.—*Canning.*

My honorable friend has expended abundant research and subtility upon this inquiry, and having resolved the phrase into its elements, in the crucible of his philosophical mind, has produced it to us purified and refined, to a degree that must command the admiration of all who take delight in metaphysical *alchemy*. My honorable and learned friend began by telling *us, that, after all,* hatred is no bad thing in itself. "I hate a

tory," says my honorable friend—"and another man hates a cat; but it does not follow that he would hunt down the cat, or I the tory." Nay, so far from it—hatred, if it be properly managed, is, according to my honorable friend's theory, no bad preface to a rational esteem and affection. It prepares its votaries for a reconciliation of differences—for lying down with their most inveterate enemies, like the leopard and the kid, in the vision of the prophet. This dogma is a little startling, but it is not altogether without precedent. It is borrowed from a character in a play which is, I dare say, as great a favorite with my learned friend as it is with me: I mean, the comedy of The Rivals; in which Mrs. Malaprop, giving a lecture on the subject of marriage to her niece, (who is unreasonable enough to talk of liking, as a necessary preliminary to such an union,) says, "What have you to do with your likings and your preferences, child? Depend upon it, it is safest to begin with a little aversion. I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle like a blackamoor, before we were married; and yet you know, my dear, what a good wife I made him." Such is my learned friend's argument to a hair. But finding that this doctrine did not appear to go down with the house so glibly as he had expected, my honorable and learned friend presently changed his tack; and put forward a theory, which, whether for novelty or for beauty, I pronounce to be incomparable; and, in short, as wanting nothing to recommend it but a slight foundation in truth. "True philosophy," says my honorable friend, "will always continue to lead men to virtue by the instrumentality of their conflicting vices. The virtues, where more than one exist, may live harmoniously together; but the vices bear mortal antipathy to one another, and therefore furnish, to the moral engineer, the power by which he can make each keep the other under control." Admirable! but, upon this doctrine, the poor man who has but one single vice must be in a very bad way. No fulcrum, no moral power for effecting his cure. Whereas his more fortunate neighbor, who has two or more vices in his composition, is in a fair way of becoming a very virtuous member of society. I wonder how my learned friend would like to have this doctrine introduced into his domestic establishment. For instance, suppose that I discharge a servant because he is addicted to liquor, I could not venture to recommend him to my honorable and learned friend. It might be the poor man's only fault, and therefore clearly incorrigible; but if I had the good fortune to find out that he was also addicted to stealing, might I not, with a safe conscience, send him to my learned friend with a strong recommendation, saying, I send you a man whom

I know to be a drunkard; but I am happy to assure you, he is also a thief; you cannot do better than employ him; you will make his drunkenness counteract his thievery, and no doubt you will bring him out of the conflict a very moral personage?

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34. ADDRESS TO THE VOLUNTEERS AT BRISTOL.—*Hall.*

To form an adequate idea of the duties of this crisis, it will be necessary to raise your minds to a level with your station, to extend your views to a distant futurity, and to consequences the most certain though most remote. By a series of criminal enterprises, by the successes of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished; the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere, who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for her favorite abode: but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled,—in the Thermopylæ of the universe!

Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the hosts of war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid; she will shed over your enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary; the faithful, of every name, will employ that prayer which has power with God; the feeble hands, which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit; and from myriads of humble, contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle, in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle and the shock of arms. My brethren, I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots, of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, incapable, till it be brought to a favorable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals! Your mantle *fell* when you ascended; and thousands, inflamed with your *spirit, and impatient* to tread in your steps, are ready to swear

by Him that sitteth upon the throne, and liveth for ever and ever, that they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labors, and cemented with your blood.

And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty: go forth with our hosts in the day of battle! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valor, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence! Pour into their hearts the spirit of departed heroes! Inspire them with thine own; and, while led by thine hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophets beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire, and horses of fire! Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them.

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35. THE SPLENDOR OF WAR.—*Chalmers.*

The first great obstacle to the extinction of war, is, the way in which the heart of man is carried off from its barbarities and its horrors, by the splendor of its deceitful accompaniments. There is a feeling of the sublime in contemplating the shock of armies, just as there is in contemplating the devouring energy of a tempest; and this so elevates and engrosses the whole man, that his eye is blind to the tears of bereaved parents, and his ear is deaf to the piteous moan of the dying, and the shriek of their desolated families.

There is a gracefulness in the picture of a youthful warrior burning for distinction on the field, and lured by this generous aspiration to the deepest of the animated throng, where, in the fell work of death, the opposing sons of valor struggle for a remembrance and a name; and this side of the picture is so much the exclusive object of our regard, as to disguise from our view the mangled carcasses of the fallen, and the writhing agonies of the hundreds and the hundreds more who have been laid on the cold ground, and left to languish and to die.

There no eye pities them. No sister is there to weep over them. There no gentle hand is present to ease the dying posture, or bind up the wounds, which, in the maddening fury of the combat, had been given and received by the children of one common father. There death spreads its pale ensigns over every countenance, and when night comes on, and darkness

gathers around them, how many a despairing wretch must take up with the bloody field as the untented bed of his last sufferings, without one friend to bear the message of tenderness to his distant home, without one companion to close his eyes.

I avow it. On every side of me I see causes at work, which go to spread a most delusive coloring over war, to remove its shocking barbarities to the background of our contemplations altogether. I see it in the history which tells me of the superb appearance of the troops, and the brilliancy of their successive charges. I see it in the poetry which lends the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood, and transports its many admirers, as, by its images, and its figures, and its nodding plumes of chivalry, it throws its treacherous embellishments over a scene of legalized slaughter.

I see it in the music which represents the progress of the battle; and where, after being inspired by the trumpet-notes of preparation, the whole beauty and tenderness of a drawing-room are seen to bend over the sentimental entertainment; nor do I hear the utterance of a single sigh to interrupt the death-tones of the thickening contest, and the moans of the wounded men as they fade away upon the ear, and sink into lifeless silence.

All, all goes to prove what strange and half-sighted creatures we are. Were it not so, war could never have been seen in any other aspect than that of unmingled hatefulness; and I can look to nothing but to the progress of Christian sentiment upon earth, to arrest the strong current of its popular and prevailing partiality for war. Then only will an imperious sense of duty lay the check of severe principle, on all the subordinate tastes and faculties of our nature. Then will glory be reduced to its right estimate, and the wakeful benevolence of the gospel, chasing away every spell, will be devoted to simple but sublime enterprises for the good of the species.

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36. POLITICAL SEVERITY REBUKED.—*Byron.*

In what state of apathy have we been plunged so long, that now, for the first time, the house has been officially apprised of these disturbances? All this has been transacting within one hundred and thirty miles of London, and yet we, "good *easy men*! have deemed full sure our greatness was a ripen*ing," and have sat down to* our foreign triumphs in the

midst of domestic calamity. But all the cities you have taken, all the armies which have retreated before your leaders, are but paltry subjects of self-congratulation, if your land divides against itself, and your dragoons and executioners must be let loose against your fellow-citizens.

You call these men a mob, desperate, dangerous, and ignorant; and seem to think that the only way to quiet the "*Bellua multorum capitum*" is to lop off a few of its superfluous heads. But even a mob may be better reduced to reason by a mixture of conciliation and firmness, than by additional irritation and redoubled penalties. Are we aware of our obligations to a mob? It is the mob that labor in your fields, and serve in your houses—that man your navy, and recruit your army—that have enabled you to defy all the world,—and can also defy you, when neglect and calumny have driven them to despair. You may call the people a mob; but do not forget that a mob too often speaks the sentiments of the people.

And here I must remark with what alacrity you are accustomed to fly to the succor of your distressed allies, leaving the distressed of your own country to the care of Providence or—the parish. When the Portuguese suffered under the retreat of the French, every arm was stretched out, every hand was opened,—from the rich man's largess to the widow's mite, all was bestowed to enable them to rebuild their villages and replenish their granaries. And at this moment, when thousands of your misguided but most unfortunate fellow-countrymen are struggling with the extremes of hardship and hunger, as your charity began abroad, it should end at home.

A much less sum—a tithe of the bounty bestowed on Portugal, would have rendered unnecessary the tender mercies of the bayonet and the gibbet. But doubtless our funds have too many foreign claims to admit a prospect of domestic relief,—though never did such objects demand it. I have traversed the seat of war in the peninsula; I have been in some of the most oppressed provinces of Turkey; but never, under the most despotic of infidel governments, did I behold such squalid wretchedness as I have seen since my return, in the very heart of a Christian country.

And what are your remedies? After months of inaction, and months of action worse than inactivity, at length comes forth the grand specific, and never-failing nostrum of all state physicians, from the days of Draco to the present time. After feeling the pulse and shaking the head over the patient, prescribing the usual course of warm water and bleeding—the warm water of your mawkish *policy*, and the lancets of your military—these

convulsions must terminate in death, the sure consummation of the prescriptions of all political Sangrados. Still there will be two things wanting to convict and to condemn; and these are, in my opinion, twelve butchers for a jury, and a Jefferies for a judge!

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37. EFFECT OF THE EXCLUSIVE SYSTEM ON THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.—*Phillips.*

Look to protestant Ireland, shooting over the empire those rays of genius, and those thunderbolts of war, that have at once embellished and preserved it. I speak not of a former era. I refer not for my example to the day just passed, when our Burkes, our Barrys, and our Goldsmiths, exiled by this system from their native shores, wreathed the "immortal shamrock" round the brow of painting, poetry, and eloquence! But now, even while I speak, who leads the British senate? A protestant Irishman! Who guides the British arms? A protestant Irishman! And why, why is Catholic Ireland, with her quintuple population, stationary and silent? Have physical causes neutralized its energies? Has the religion of Christ stupified its intellect? Has the God of mankind become the partizan of a monopoly, and put an interdict on its advancement? Stranger, do not ask the bigoted and pampered renegade who has an interest in deceiving you; but open the penal statutes, and weep tears of blood over the reason. Come—come yourself, and see this unhappy people; see the Irishman, the only alien in Ireland, in rags and wretchedness, staining the sweetest scenery ever eye reposed on; persecuted by the middleman of some absentee landlord; plundered by the lay-proctor of some rapacious and unsympathizing incumbent; bearing through life but insults and injustice; and bereaved of even any hope in death, by the heart-rending reflection that he leaves his children to bear, like their father, an abominable bondage? Is it the fact? Let any who doubt it walk out into your streets, and see the consequences of such a system; see it rearing up crowds in a kind of apprenticeship to the prison, absolutely permitted by their parents, from utter despair, to lisp the alphabet and learn the rudiments of profligacy? For my part, never did I meet one of these youthful assemblages without feeling within me a melancholy emotion. How often have I thought, within that *little circle of* neglected triflers, who seem to have been born *in caprice and* bred in orphanage, there may exist some mind

formed of the finest mould, and wrought for immortality; a soul swelling with energies and stamped with the patent of the Deity, which, under proper culture, might perhaps bless, adorn, immortalize, or ennoble empires; some Cincinnatus, in whose breast the destinies of a nation may lie dormant; some Milton, "pregnant with celestial fire;" some Curran, who, when thrones were crumbled and dynasties forgotten, might stand the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruins and national dissolution, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shade things might moulder, and round whose summit eternity must play. Even in such a circle the young Demosthenes might have once been found, and Homer, the disgrace and glory of his age, have sung neglected! Have not other nations witnessed those things, and who shall say that nature has peculiarly degraded the intellect of Ireland? Oh, my countrymen, let us hope that under better auspices and a sounder policy, the ignorance that thinks so may meet its refutation. Let us turn from the blight and ruin of this wintry day to the fond anticipation of a happier period, when our prostrate land shall stand erect among the nations, fearless and unfettered; her brow blooming with the wreath of science, and her path strewed with the offerings of art; the breath of heaven blessing her flag; the extremities of earth acknowledging her name; her fields waving with the fruits of agriculture; her ports alive with the contributions of commerce; and her temples vocal with unrestricted piety.

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38. THE DOWNFALL OF BONAPARTE.—*Grant.*

The hour of retribution is at length arrived. He who had no mercy upon others, is now reduced to a condition which may excite the pity of his most implacable enemy. He who has made so many miserable, is now condemned to drink, to the very dregs, the bitter cup of degradation and sorrow. He is thrown from his elevation, despoiled of his glories, hunted from hill to hill, and from river to river; the props with which he had supported his power are falling around him; he finds no defense in the thrones behind which he had intrenched his usurped dominion. By a connection with ancient families, he has hoped to clothe his new greatness with something of prescriptive pomp and veneration; but he sees those vanishing before him—Austria renouncing his alliance—Bavaria quitting his ranks—Saxony torn *from his grasp*—*the* Rhine itself anticipating the hour

of deliverance, and that hour will assuredly come. We are now, indeed, too much in contact, too close to these great events, justly to appreciate their grandeur and their effects; for it is with these prodigious displays of moral power, as it is with the grander and bolder features of nature. It is not till we are removed from their immediate vicinity, that we can ascertain their dimensions, and appreciate their real magnificence. Yet this we may even now assert, that in the whole range of modern history, there is nothing equal or second to these achievements; and that this is one of those events, of which there are not many in history, which taken singly and by itself, decides the destinies of nations, and changes the face of the world. It is true, that the sufferings of humanity were long protracted. It is true, that the hope of all nations was at length wearied out into a dumb and listless despair. We, even we, ourselves, began at last to think that there could be no propitious results. We believed that, in favor of one individual, the eternal laws of God and nature, laws which, till then, we had deemed eternal, were reversed. We almost imagined that the lessons of moral wisdom had been false, and the wishes and execrations of so many millions exercised no influence over the fates and fortunes of their fellow-men. But if the day was delayed, it must be confessed that it was delayed for a terrible purpose, that it might concentrate its destructive energies, and approach at last, with redoubled and accumulated horror. If the sufferings of humanity have been prolonged, they were prolonged that they might in the course of a few months be overpaid in ample measure. Now, instead of armies, heartless in the cause, generals corrupt or incapable, sovereigns blind to their interests or their fame, we see nobles and kings fighting in the ranks—we see crowds of accomplished captains,—and where we number men, we number heroes and patriots. It seems, indeed, if I may venture to say so, as if all the treasures of consolation, all the pomp and glory of recompense, were reserved for this occasion. In this one campaign is concentrated the military renown of ages. All that is great, and illustrious, and noble—all that is romantic in bravery and wise in council—all that is venerable in hereditary worth or irresistible in popular opinion—the majesty of thrones—the grandeur of empires—the transcendency of genius —the omnipotence of mind,—all natural—all moral energies seem to be thrown together, crowded and heaped upon each other, to form, as it were, a stage on which a spectacle, at once so consoling and so tremendous, might be exhibited to the eyes *of an aston*ished world.

39. THE FAME AWAITING A REFORMATION OF THE LAW.—*Brougham.*

In pursuing the course which I now invite you to enter upon, I avow that I look for the co-operation of the king's government; and on what are my hopes founded? Men gather not grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles. But that the vine should no longer yield its wonted fruit—that the fig-tree should refuse its natural increase, required a miracle to strike it with barrenness. There are those in the present ministry, whose known liberal opinions have lately been proclaimed anew to the world, and pledges have been avouched for their influence upon the policy of the state. With them others may not, upon all subjects, agree; upon this, I would fain hope there will be found little difference. But be that as it may, whether I have the support of the ministers or no—to the house I look with confident expectation, that it will control them, and assist me; if I go too far, checking my progress—if too fast, abating my speed—but heartily and honestly helping me in the best and greatest work, which the hands of the lawgiver can undertake. The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your names down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame, and more useful import, than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the north—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him contemn the fickleness of fortune, while, in despite of her he could pronounce his memorable boast, "I shall go down to posterity with the code in my hand!" You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendor of the reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering and ruling thus. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the *present reign* has its claim also. But how much

nobler will be our sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book—left it a living letter; found it a patrimony of the rich—left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression—left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence! To me, much reflecting on these things, it has always seemed a worthier honor to be the instrument of making you bestir yourselves in this high matter, than to enjoy all that office can bestow—office of which the patronage would be an irksome incumbrance, the emoluments superfluous to one content with the rest of his industrious fellow-citizens, that his own hands minister to his wants: and as for the power supposed to follow it—I have lived near half a century, and I have learned that power and place may be severed. But one power I do prize; that of being the advocate of my countrymen here, and their fellow-laborer elsewhere, in those things which concern the best interests of mankind. That power, I know full well, no government can give—no change take away!

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40. DEFENSE OF ROWAN FOR LIBEL.—*Curran.*

This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year, if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year, how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public reformation was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval, our catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose; in what way to account for this, I am really at a loss.

Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? Or has the stability of the government, or that of the country, been weakened? Or is one million of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think the benefit they received should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "you have demanded *emancipation*, and you have got it; but we abhor your persons, *we are outraged* at your success; and we will stigmatize, by a

criminal prosecution, the relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country."

I ask you, gentlemen, do you think, as honest men anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language, at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think that in this very emancipation they have been saved from their own parliament by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane at this moment to insult them, by sticking up in the pillory, the man who dared to stand forth their advocate? I put it to your oaths, do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?

To propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it: giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving "universal emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the first moment that he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground upon which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of "universal emancipation."

No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery;—the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the God sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of "universal emancipation."

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41. REPLY TO MR. CORRY'S ATTACK ON HIS CHARACTER.—*Grattan.*

Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a

violation of the privileges of the house. But I did not call him to order—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times, when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him, it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament, and freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the house, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the house of lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee, there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that constitution, *of* which I was the parent and the founder, from the *assassination of* such men as the right honorable gentleman and

his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious —and they, at this very moment are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx: let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give them quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this house, in defense of the liberties of my country.

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42. REPUTATION.—*Phillips.*

Who shall estimate the cost of priceless reputation—that impress which gives this human dross its currency—without which we stand despised, debased, depreciated? Who shall repair it injured? Who shall redeem it lost? Oh! well and truly does the great philosopher of poetry esteem the world's wealth as "trash" in the comparison. Without it gold has no value, birth no distinction, station no dignity, beauty no charm, age no reverence; or, should I not rather say, without it every treasure impoverishes, every grace deforms, every dignity degrades, and all the arts, the decorations, and accomplishments of life, stand, like the beacon-blaze upon a rock, warning the whole world that its approach is danger—that its contact is death. The wretch without it is under eternal quarantine;—no friend to greet—no home to harbor him. The voyage of his life becomes a joyless peril; and in the midst of all ambition can achieve, or avarice amass, or rapacity plunder, he tosses on the surge a buoyant pestilence! But, let me not degrade into the selfishness of individual safety, or individual exposure this universal principle; it testifies a higher, a more ennobling origin. It is this which, consecrating the humble circle of the hearth, will at times extend itself to the circumference of the horizon; which nerves the arm of the patriot to save his country; which lights the lamp of the philosopher to amend man; which, if it does not inspire, will yet invigorate the martyr to merit immortality; which, when the world's agony is passed, and the glory of another is dawning, will prompt the prophet, even in his chariot of fire, and in his vision of heaven, to bequeath to mankind the mantle of his memory! Oh, divine, oh, delightful legacy of a spotless reputation! Rich is the inherit-

ance it leaves; pious the example it testifies; pure, precious, and imperishable, the hope which it inspires! Can you conceive a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable benefit—to rob society of its charm, and solitude of its solace; not only to outlaw life, but to attaint death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame! I conceive few crimes beyond it. He who plunders my property takes from me that which can be repaired by time: but what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person affects that which medicine may remedy: but what herb has sovereignty over the wound of slander? He who ridicules my poverty or reproaches my profession, upbraids me with that which industry may retrieve, and integrity may purify: but what riches shall redeem the bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? Can there be an injury more deadly? Can there be a crime more cruel? It is without remedy—it is without antidote—it is without evasion! The reptile calumny is ever on the watch. From the fascination of its eye no activity can escape; from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when, blasted with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities. Under such a visitation how dreadful would be the destiny of the virtuous and the good, if the providence of our constitution had not given you the power, as, I trust, you will have the principle, to bruise the head of the serpent, and crush and crumble the altar of its idolatry!

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43 LIMITATION OF THE AMOUNT OF PENSIONS.—*Curran*

I am surprised that gentlemen have taken up such a foolish opinion, as that our constitution is maintained by its different component parts mutually checking and controlling each other: they seem to think with Hobbes, that a state of nature is a state of warfare; and that, like Mohammed's coffin, the constitution is suspended between the attraction of different powers. My friends seem to think that the crown should be restrained from doing wrong by a physical necessity; forgetting, that if you take away from a man all power to do wrong, you at the same *time take away* from him all merit of doing right, and by making *it impossible* for men to run into slavery, you enslave them most

effectually. But if, instead of the three different parts of our constitution drawing forcibly in right lines, at opposite directions, they were to unite their power, and draw all one way, in one right line, how great would be the effect of their force, how happy the direction of this union! The present system is not only contrary to mathematical rectitude, but to public harmony; but if instead of privilege setting up his back to oppose prerogative, he was to saddle his back and invite prerogative to ride, how comfortably might they both jog along; and therefore it delights me to hear the advocates for the royal bounty's flowing freely, and spontaneously, and abundantly, as Holywell in Wales. If the crown grants double the amount of the revenue in pensions, they approve of their royal master, for he is the breath of their nostrils.

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This polyglot of wealth, this museum of curiosities, the pension list, embraces every link in the human chain, every description of men, women, and children, from the exalted excellence of a Hawke, or a Rodney, to the debased situation of a lady who humbleth herself that she may be exalted. But the lesson it inculcates forms its greatest perfection; it teacheth, that sloth and vice may eat that bread which virtue and honesty may starve for, after they have earned it. It teaches the idle and dissolute to look up for that support which they are too proud to stoop and earn. It directs the minds of men to an entire reliance on the ruling power of the state, who feeds the ravens of the royal aviary that cry continually for food. It teaches them to imitate those saints on the pension list, that are like the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin,

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"Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aures,
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The pillage and bloody devastation of Italy strikes us with horror;—but Italy, we are to believe, is contented with what has befallen her. The insults which are hurled by the French garrison from the walls of the citadel of Turin, rouse resentment in our breasts, but have no effect on the feelings of the Piedmontese. We read with indignation of the flag of Bernadotte displayed in mockery and insult to the emperor and his subjects; but it flaunted in the eyes of the people, without exciting any emotions of hatred or resentment. The invasion of a province of a friendly power, with whom they had no cause *nor pretence for* hostility, has created in us a decided detesta-

tion for the unprincipled hypocrisy and ambition of the directory; but the Ottoman Porte sits down contented with the loss of Egypt; feels no injury, and desires neither reparation nor revenge. And then, sir, the wrongs of Switzerland! they, too, are calculated to excite an interest here; but the Swiss, no doubt, endured them with quiet resignation and contented humility. If, after the taking of Soleure, the venerable magistrates of that place were first handed round the town in barbarous triumph, and afterwards, contrary to all the laws of war, of nations, and nature, were inhumanly put to death; if, when the unoffending town of Sion capitulated to the French, the troops were let loose to revel in every species of licentiousness and cruelty;—if, more recently, when Stantz was carried after a short, but vigorous and honorable resistance, such as would have conciliated the esteem of any but a French conqueror, the whole town was burnt to the ground, and the ashes quenched with the blood of the inhabitants!—The bare recital of these horrors and atrocities awakens in British bosoms, I trust it does awaken, I trust it will long keep alive an abhorrence of the nation and name of that people by whom such execrable cruelties have been practised, and such terrible calamities inflicted; but on the Swiss, we are to understand, these cruelties and calamities have left no lasting impression; the inhabitants of Soleure, who followed, with tears of anguish and indignation, their venerated magistrates to a death of terror and ignominy; the husbands, and fathers, and sons, of those wretched victims who expired in torture, and in shame, beneath the brutality of a savage soldiery at Sion; the wretched survivors of those who perished in the ruins of the country at Stantz, they all felt but a transient pang; their tears by this time are dried; their rage is hushed; their resentment silenced; there is nothing in their feelings which can be stimulated into honorable and effectual action; there is no motive for their exertions upon which we can safely and permanently rely! Sir, I should be ashamed to waste your time by arguing such a question.

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45. INDIGNANT REBUKE ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN CIVILIZED WARFARE.—*Chatham.*

I am astonished!—shocked! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country: principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon

your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. "That God and nature put into our hands!" I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacre of the Indian scalping knife—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating, literally, my lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, every generous feeling of humanity, and every sentiment of honor.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestors of this noble lord frown with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the protestant religion, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of popery and the inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us.—To turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connexions, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child! to send forth the infidel savage—against whom? against your protestant brethren; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—hell-hounds, I say, of savage war! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example even of *Spanish cruelty;* we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against

our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion, endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity.

My lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your lordships, and the united powers of the state, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore these holy prelates of our religion, to do away these iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this house, and this country, from this sin.

My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

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46. AMERICA.—*Phillips.*

Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the martyrs of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious phrenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate. Who can deny that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation! Who can deny that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture! At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose mysterious Providence may not have designed her! Who shall say that when in its follies or its crimes the old world may have buried all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new! when its temples and its trophies shall have moldered into dust—when the glories of its name shall be but the legend of tradition, and the light of its achievements live only in song; philosophy will revive again in the sky of her Franklin, and

ance it leaves; pious the example it testifies; pure, precious, and imperishable, the hope which it inspires! Can you conceive a more atrocious injury than to filch from its possessor this inestimable benefit—to rob society of its charm, and solitude of its solace; not only to outlaw life, but to attaint death, converting the very grave, the refuge of the sufferer, into the gate of infamy and of shame! I conceive few crimes beyond it. He who plunders my property takes from me that which can be repaired by time: but what period can repair a ruined reputation? He who maims my person affects that which medicine may remedy: but what herb has sovereignty over the wound of slander? He who ridicules my poverty or reproaches my profession, upbraids me with that which industry may retrieve, and integrity may purify: but what riches shall redeem the bankrupt fame? What power shall blanch the sullied snow of character? Can there be an injury more deadly? Can there be a crime more cruel? It is without remedy—it is without antidote—it is without evasion! The reptile calumny is ever on the watch. From the fascination of its eye no activity can escape; from the venom of its fang no sanity can recover. It has no enjoyment but crime; it has no prey but virtue; it has no interval from the restlessness of its malice, save when, blasted with its victims, it grovels to disgorge them at the withered shrine where envy idolizes her own infirmities. Under such a visitation how dreadful would be the destiny of the virtuous and the good, if the providence of our constitution had not given you the power, as, I trust, you will have the principle, to bruise the head of the serpent, and crush and crumble the altar of its idolatry!

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Yet the echo and report of the blows by which other countries have fallen, are supposed to have more effect upon us, than the blows themselves produced upon the miserable victims who sunk beneath them.

The pillage and bloody devastation of Italy strikes us with horror;—but Italy, we are to believe, is contented with what has befallen her. The insults which are hurled by the French garrison from the walls of the citadel of Turin, rouse resentment in our breasts, but have no effect on the feelings of the Piedmontese. We read with indignation of the flag of Bernadotte displayed in mockery and insult to the emperor and his subjects; but it flaunted in the eyes of the people, without exciting any emotions of hatred or resentment. The invasion of *a pro*vince of a friendly power, with whom they had no cause *nor pretence for* hostility, has created in us a decided detesta-

tion for the unprincipled hypocrisy and ambition of the directory; but the Ottoman Porte sits down contented with the loss of Egypt; feels no injury, and desires neither reparation nor revenge. And then, sir, the wrongs of Switzerland! they, too, are calculated to excite an interest here; but the Swiss, no doubt, endured them with quiet resignation and contented humility. If, after the taking of Soleure, the venerable magistrates of that place were first handed round the town in barbarous triumph, and afterwards, contrary to all the laws of war, of nations, and nature, were inhumanly put to death; if, when the unoffending town of Sion capitulated to the French, the troops were let loose to revel in every species of licentiousness and cruelty;—if, more recently, when Stantz was carried after a short, but vigorous and honorable resistance, such as would have conciliated the esteem of any but a French conqueror, the whole town was burnt to the ground, and the ashes quenched with the blood of the inhabitants!—The bare recital of these horrors and atrocities awakens in British bosoms, I trust it does awaken, I trust it will long keep alive an abhorrence of the nation and name of that people by whom such execrable cruelties have been practised, and such terrible calamities inflicted; but on the Swiss, we are to understand, these cruelties and calamities have left no lasting impression; the inhabitants of Soleure, who followed, with tears of anguish and indignation, their venerated magistrates to a death of terror and ignominy; the husbands, and fathers, and sons, of those wretched victims who expired in torture and in shame, beneath the brutality of a savage soldiery at Sion; the wretched survivors of those who perished in the ruins of the country at Stantz, they all felt but a transient pang; their tears by this time are dried; their rage is hushed; their resentment silenced; there is nothing in their feelings which can be stimulated into honorable and effectual action; there is no motive for their exertions upon which we can safely and permanently rely! Sir, I should be ashamed to waste your time by arguing such a question.

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45. INDIGNANT REBUKE ON THE EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN CIVILIZED WARFARE.—*Chatham.*

I am astonished!—shocked! to hear such principles confessed—to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country: principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon

selves for an instant in that situation, you will learn to sympathize with those unhappy countries which have sustained the ravages of arms.

But how is it possible to give you an idea of these horrors? Here you behold rich harvests, the bounty of heaven, and the reward of industry, consumed in a moment, or trampled under foot, while famine and pestilence follow the steps of desolation. There the cottages of peasants given up to the flames, mothers expiring through fear, not for themselves but their infants; the inhabitants flying with their helpless babes in all directions,—miserable fugitives on their native soil!

In another part you witness opulent cities taken by storm; the streets, where no sounds were heard but those of peaceful industry, filled on a sudden with slaughter and blood, resounding with the cries of the pursuing and the pursued; the palaces of nobles demolished, the houses of the rich pillaged, the chastity of virgins and matrons violated, and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in promiscuous massacre and ruin.

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51. INVECTIVE AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.—*Sheridan.*

Had a stranger at this time gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla, that man, who with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil. If this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burnt up and extinguished—of villages depopulated and in ruin—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissentions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the *fountain*, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of *verdure*?—Or rather, what monsters have stalked over the

country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour! To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious rage—no merciless enemy—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms; and, lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then, shall we be told, that under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people, thus goaded and spurred on to clamor and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums! When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution, and while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country. Will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana? Or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive! That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with and makes part of his being—that feeling which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—that feeling which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—that principle which tells him that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes to himself and to his neighbor, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him in the creation!—to that common God, who, where he gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights

of man—that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—that principle which make it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act, which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent qualities of his race.

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52. HYDER ALI.—*Burke.*

When at length Hyder Ali found that he had to do with men who either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind, and who were the determined enemies of human intercourse itself, he decreed to make the country possessed by these incorrigible and predestinated criminals, a memorable example to mankind. He resolved, in the gloomy recesses of a mind capacious of such things, to leave the whole Carnatic an everlasting monument of vengeance, and to put perpetual desolation, as a barrier, between him and those, against whom the faith which holds the moral elements of the world together, was no protection. He became at length so confident of his force, and so collected in his might, that he made no secret whatever of his dreadful resolution. Having terminated his disputes with every enemy, and every rival, who buried their mutual animosities in their common interest, against the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, he drew from every quarter, whatever a savage ferocity could add to his new rudiments in the art of destruction; and compounding all the materials of fury, and havoc, and desolation, into one black cloud, he hung for a while on the declivities of the mountains.

Whilst the authors of all these evils were idly and stupidly gazing on this menacing meteor, which blackened all the horizon, it suddenly burst and poured down the whole of its contents upon the plains of the Carnatic. Then ensued a scene of wo, the like of which no eye had seen, nor heart conceived, and which no tongue could adequately tell. All the horrors of war, before known or heard of, were mercy to that new havoc. A storm of universal fire blasted every field, consumed every house, and destroyed every temple. The miserable inhabitants, flying from their flaming villages, in part, were slaughtered; others without regard to sex, to age or rank, or sacredness of function, fathers torn from children, husbands from wives, enveloped in a whirlwind of cavalry, and amidst the goading *spears of drivers*, and the trampling of pursuing horses, were

swept into captivity in an unknown and hostile land. Those who were able to evade this tempest fled to the walled cities. But escaping from fire, sword, and exile, they fell into the jaws of famine.

For eighteen months, without intermission, this destruction raged from the gates of Madras to the gates of Tanjore; and so completely did these masters in their art, Hyder Ali, and his more ferocious son, absolve themselves of their impious vow, that when the British armies traversed, as they did, the Carnatic for hundreds of miles in all directions, through the whole line of their march they did not see one man, not one woman, not one child, not one four-footed beast, of any description whatever. One dead uniform silence reigned over the whole region.

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60. SPEECH OF MAC BRIAR TO THE SCOTCH INSURGENTS.—*Scott.*

Your garments are dyed—but not with the juice of the wine-press; your swords are filled with blood, but not with the blood of goats or lambs; the dust of the desert on which ye stand is made fat with gore, but not with the blood of bullocks; for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea. These were not the firstlings of the flock; this is not the savor of myrrh, of frankincense, or of sweet herbs, that is steaming in your nostrils; but these bloody trunks are the carcasses of those that held the bow and the lance, who were cruel and would show no mercy, whose voice roared like the sea, who rode upon horses, every man in array as if to battle.

Those wild hills that surround you are not a sanctuary planked with cedar and plated with silver; nor are ye ministering priests at the altar, with censers and with torches; but ye hold in your hands the sword, and the bow, and the weapons of death.—And yet, verily, I say unto you, that not when the ancient temple was in its first glory, was there offered sacrifice more acceptable than that which you have this day presented, giving to the slaughter the tyrant and the oppressor, with the rocks for your altars, and the sky for your vaulted sanctuary, and your own good swords for the instruments of sacrifice.

Leave not, therefore, the plough in the furrow—turn not back from the path in which you have entered, like the famous worthies of old, whom God raised up for the glorifying of his name, and the deliverance of his afflicted people—halt not in

the race you are running, lest the latter end should be worse than the beginning. Wherefore, set up a standard in the land; blow a trumpet upon the mountains; let not the shepherd tarry by his sheepfold, nor the seedsman continue in the ploughed field, but make the watch strong, sharpen the arrows, burnish the shields, name ye the captains of thousands, and captains of hundreds, of fifties, and of tens; call the footmen like the rushing of winds, and cause the horsemen to come up like the sound of many waters, for the passages of the destroyers are stopped, their rods are burned, and the face of their men of battle hath been turned to flight.

Heaven has been with you, and has broken the bow of the mighty; then let every man's heart be as the heart of the valiant Maccabeus—every man's hand as the hand of the mighty Sampson—every man's sword as that of Gideon, which turned not back from the slaughter; for the banner of Reformation is spread abroad on the mountains in its first loveliness, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Well is he this day that shall barter his house for a helmet, and sell his garment for a sword, and cast in his lot with the children of the covenant, even to the fulfilling of the promise; and wo, wo unto him who, for carnal ends and self-seeking, shall withhold himself from the great work; for the curse shall abide with him, even the bitter curse of Meroz, because he came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

Up, then, and be doing; the blood of martyrs, reeking upon scaffolds, is crying for vengeance; the bones of saints, which lie whitening in the highways, are pleading for retribution; the groans of innocent captives from desolate isles of the sea, and from the dungeons of the tyrants' high places, cry for deliverance; the prayers of persecuted Christians, sheltering themselves in dens and deserts from the sword of their persecutors, famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking fire, food, shelter, and clothing, because they serve God rather than man —all are with you, pleading, watching, knocking, storming the gates of heaven in your behalf.

Heaven itself shall fight for you, as the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

SPECIMENS OF ANCIENT ELOQUENCE.

1. SELECTION FROM CHAPTER XXXIX OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

Who hath sent out the wild ass free? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass? He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing.

Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.

2. SELECTION FROM CHAPTER XXVIII OF THE BOOK OF JOB.

But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the place thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies. The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it, neither shall it be valued with pure gold. Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding? Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept

close from the fowls of the air. Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears. God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven; to make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure. When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning and the thunder; then did he see it and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out. And unto man he said, Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

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3. THE SONG OF MOSES; FROM CHAPTER XV OF EXODUS.

Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea. The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation: he is my God, and I will prepare him a habitation; my father's God, and I will exalt him. The Lord is a man of war: Jehovah is his name. Pharaoh's chariots and his hosts hath he cast into the sea; his chosen captains also are drowned in the Red Sea. The depths have covered them: they sank into the bottom as a stone. Thy right hand, O Lord, hath dashed in pieces the enemy. And in the greatness of thine excellency thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee; thou sentest forth thy wrath, which consumed them as stubble. And with the blast of thy nostrils the waters were gathered together, the floods stood upright as a heap, and the depths were congealed in the heart of the sea. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoils; my lust shall be satisfied upon them; I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the sea covered them: they sank as lead in the mighty waters. Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders? Thou stretchedst out thy hand, the earth swallowed them. Thou in thy mercy hast led forth the people which thou hast redeemed: thou hast guided them in thy strength unto thy holy habitation. The people shall hear, and be afraid; sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestine. Then the dukes of Edom shall be amazed; the mighty men of Moab, trembling shall take hold upon them; all the inhabitants of Canaan *shall melt* away. Fear and dread shall fall upon them;

by the greatness of thine arm they shall be as still as a stone; till thy people shall pass over, O Lord, till the people pass over which thou hast purchased. Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance, in the place, O Lord, which thou hast made for thee to dwell in; in the sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established. Jehovah shall reign for ever and ever.

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4. SELECTION FROM THE BOOK OF JOEL.

Hear this, ye old men, and give ear, all ye inhabitants of the land. Hath this been in your days, or even in the days of your fathers? Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation. That which the palmer-worm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten. Awake, ye drunkards, and weep; and howl all ye drinkers of wine, because of the new wine; for it is cut off from your mouth. For a nation is come up upon my land, strong, and without number, whose teeth are the teeth of a lion, and he hath the cheek-teeth of a great lion. He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig-tree; he hath made it clean bare, and cast it away; the branches thereof are made white. Lament like a virgin girded with sackcloth for the husband of her youth. Be ye ashamed, O ye husbandmen; howl, O ye vine dressers, for the wheat and for the barley: because the harvest of the field is perished. The vine is dried up, and the fig-tree languisheth; the pomegranate-tree, the palm-tree also, and the apple-tree, even all the trees of the field, are withered; because joy is withered away from the sons of men. Gird yourselves, and lament, ye priests; howl, ye ministers of the altar; come, lie all night in sackcloth, ye ministers of my God: for the meat-offering and the drink-offering is withholden from the house of your God. Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders and all the inhabitants of the land into the house of the Lord your God, and cry unto the Lord, Alas for the day! for the day of the Lord is at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come. Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand: a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the

morning spread upon the mountains; a great people and a strong, there hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it, even to the years of many generations.

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5. SELECTION FROM CHAPTER VIII OF THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice? She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths. She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors: Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man. O ye simple, understand wisdom: and ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart. Hear; for I will speak of excellent things: and the opening of my lips shall be right things. For my mouth shall speak truth: and wickedness is an abomination to my lips. Receive my instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. For wisdom is better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it. Counsel is mine, and sound wisdom; I am understanding; I have strength. By me kings reign, and princes decree justice. By me princes rule, and nobles, even all the judges of the earth. I love them that love me: and those that seek me early shall find me. Riches and honor are with me, yea, durable riches and righteousness. My fruit is better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver. The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills I was brought forth. While as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. When he prepared the heavens, I was there; when he set a compass upon the face of the depth: When he established the clouds above: when he strengthened the fountains of the deep: When he gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment; when he appointed the foundations of the earth: Then I was by him, as one brought up with him: and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men. Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children: for *blessed are* they that keep my ways. Hear instruction and be

wise, and refuse it not. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death.

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6. SELECTION FROM CHAPTER LX OF THE BOOK OF ISAIAH.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee; thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughter shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear and be enlarged: because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee. The multitude of camels shall cover thee, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah; all they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall show forth the praises of the Lord.

All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered together unto thee, the rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee: they shall come up with acceptance on mine altar, and I will glorify the house of my glory. Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows? Surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish first, to bring thy sons from far, their silver and their gold with them, unto the name of the Lord thy God, and to the Holy One of Israel, because he hath glorified thee. And the sons of strangers shall build up thy walls, and their kings shall minister unto thee: for in my wrath I smote thee, but in my favor have I had mercy on thee. Therefore thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night; that men may bring unto thee the forces of the Gentiles, and that their kings may be brought. For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious. The sons also of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee; and all they that despise thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet; and they shall call thee, The city of the Lord, the Zion of the Holy One of Israel. Whereas

thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. For brass I will bring gold, and for iron I will bring silver, and for wood brass, and for stones iron: I will also make thy officers peace, and thine exactors righteousness. Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise. The sun shall be no more thy light by day: neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

7. EXTRACT FROM DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.

There are two distinguished qualities, Athenians! which the virtuous citizen should ever possess; (I speak in general terms, as the least invidious method of doing justice to myself,) a zeal for the honor and pre-eminence of the state, in his official conduct; on all occasions, and in all transactions, an affection for his country. This nature can bestow. Abilities and success depend upon another power. And in this affection you find me firm and invariable. Not the solemn demand of my person, nor the vengeance of the Amphictyonic council which they denounced against me, nor the terror of their threatenings, nor the flattery of their promises—no, nor the fury of those accursed wretches whom they roused like wild beasts against me, could ever tear this affection from my breast. From first to last, I have uniformly pursued the just and virtuous course of conduct: assertor of the honors, of the prerogatives, of the glory of my country: studious to support them, zealous to advance them, my whole being is devoted to this glorious cause. I was never known to march through the city with a face of joy and exultation at the success of a foreign power; embracing, and announcing the joyful tidings to those who I supposed would transmit it to the proper place. I never was known to receive the successes of my own country with tremblings, with sighings, with eyes bending to the earth, like those impious men who are the defamers of the state, as if by such conduct they were not defamers of themselves: who look abroad, and, when a foreign potentate hath established his power on the calamities of Greece, applaud the event; and tell us we should take every means to perpetuate his power.

Hear me, ye immortal gods! and let not these their desires *be ratified in* heaven! Infuse a better spirit into these men!

Inspire even their minds with purer sentiments! This is my first prayer—Or, if their natures are not to be reformed, on them, on them only, discharge your vengeance! Pursue them both by land and sea! Pursue them even to destruction! But, to us display your goodness in a speedy deliverance from impending evils, and all the blessings of protection and tranquillity!

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8. NICOLAUS AGAINST PUTTING THE ATHENIAN GENERAL. NICIAS, TO DEATH.

You here behold an unfortunate father, who has felt more than any other Syracusan the fatal effects of this war, by the death of two sons, who formed all his consolation, and were the only support of his old age. I cannot, indeed, forbear admiring their courage and felicity, in sacrificing to their country's welfare a life of which they would one day have been deprived by the common course of nature; but then I cannot but be strongly affected with the cruel wound which their death has made in my heart, nor forbear hating and detesting the Athenians, the authors of this unhappy war, as the murderers of my children. I cannot, however, conceal one circumstance, which is, that I am less sensible of my private affliction than of the honor of my country; and I see it exposed to eternal infamy by the barbarous advice which is now given you. The Athenians, indeed, merit the worst treatment, and every kind of punishment that can be inflicted on them, for so unjustly declaring war against us; but have not the gods, the just avengers of crimes, punished them, and revenged us sufficiently?—When their generals laid down their arms and surrendered, did they not do this in hopes of having their lives spared? And if we put them to death, will it be possible for us to avoid the just reproach of our having violated the laws of nations, and dishonored our victory by an unheard-of cruelty? How! will you suffer your glory to be thus sullied, in the face of the whole world, and have it said, that a nation, who first dedicated a temple in their city to clemency, had not found any in yours? Surely victories and triumphs do not give immortal glory to a city! but the exercising of mercy towards a vanquished enemy, the using of moderation in the greatest prosperity, and fearing to offend the gods by a haughty and insolent pride. You doubtless have not forgot that this Nicias, whose fate you are going to pronounce, was the very man who pleaded your cause in the assembly of the Athenians, and employed all his credit, and the whole

power of his eloquence, to dissuade his country from embarking in this war; should you, therefore, pronounce sentence of death on this worthy general, would it be a just reward for the zeal he showed for your interest? With regard to myself, death would be less grievous to me than the sight of so horrid an injustice committed by my countrymen and fellow-citizens.

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9. EXTRACT FROM DEMOSTHENES ON THE CROWN.

Athens never was once known to live in a slavish, though a secure obedience to unjust and arbitrary power. No: our whole history is one series of noble contests for pre-eminence; the whole period of our existence hath been spent in braving dangers, for the sake of glory and renown. And so highly do you esteem such conduct, so consonant to the Athenian character, that those of your ancestors who were most distinguished in the pursuit of it, are ever the most favorite objects of your praise—and with reason. For who can reflect without astonishment upon the magnanimity of those men, who resigned their lands, gave up their city and embarked in their ships, to avoid the odious state of subjection? Who chose Themistocles, the adviser of this conduct, to command their forces; and, when Cyrsilus proposed that they should yield to the terms prescribed, stoned him to death? Nay, the public indignation was not yet allayed. Your very wives inflicted the same vengeance on his wife. For the Athenians of that day looked out for no speaker, no general to procure them a state of prosperous slavery. They had the spirit to reject even life, unless they were allowed to enjoy that life in freedom. Should I then attempt to assert, that it was I who inspired you with sentiments worthy of your ancestors, I should meet the just resentment of every hearer. No: it is my point to show, that such sentiments are properly your own; that they were the sentiments of my country, long before my days. I claim but my share of merit, in having acted on such principles, in every part of my administration. He then, who condemns every part of my administration, he who directs you to treat me with severity, as one who hath involved the state in terrors and dangers, while he labors to deprive me of present honor, robs you of the applause of all posterity. For, if you now pronounce, that as my public conduct hath not been right, Ctesiphon must stand condemned, it must be thought that you yourselves have acted *wrong, not* that you owe your present state to the caprice of

fortune. But it cannot be! No, my countrymen! it cannot be you have acted wrong, in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and the safety of all Greece. No! by those generous souls of ancient times, who were exposed at Marathon! By those who stood arrayed at Platæa! By those who encountered the Persian fleet at Salamis! who fought at Artemisium! No! by all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments.

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10. FROM CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRES.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient reason for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment, then, ought to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution; for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then! is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance?

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11. T. QUINCTIUS TO THE ROMANS.

Though I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion, that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms, to the very gates of Rome,—and went away unchastised! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good; but, could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death, (if all other means had failed,) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken whilst I was consul?—Of honors I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise?—the consuls, or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repent! —No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause *of our misfortunes*. While we set no bounds to our dominion, *nor you to your liberty*; while you impatiently endure patrician

magistrates, and we plebeian: our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired tribunes; for the sake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the tribuneship; we yielded; we quietly saw consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the patricians are subjected to the decrees of the commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

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12. CHRYSOSTOM, ON THE DECEITFULNESS OF WORLDLY GRANDEUR.

Where is now that splendor of the most exalted dignities? Where are those marks of honor and distinction? What has become of that pomp of feasting and rejoicings? What is the issue of those frequent acclamations, and extravagantly flattering encomiums, lavished by a whole people assembled in the circus to see the public shows? A single blast of wind has stripped that proud tree of all its leaves; and, after shaking its very roots, has forced it in an instant out of the earth. Where are those false friends, those vile flatterers, those parasites so assiduous in making their court, and in discovering a servile attachment by their words and actions? All this is gone and fled away, like a dream, like a flower, like a shadow.

Had I not just reason to set before Eutropius the inconstancy of riches? He now has found, by his own experience, that, like fugitive slaves, they have abandoned him, and are become, in some measure, traitors and murderers, since they are the principal cause of his fall. I often repeated to him that he ought to have a greater regard to my admonitions, how grating soever they might appear, than to the insipid praises which flatterers were perpetually lavishing on him, because, "faithful

are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful."

Had I not just reason to address him in this manner? What has become of the crowd of courtiers? They have turned their backs; they have renounced his friendship; and are solely intent upon their own interest and security, even at the expense of his. We submitted to his violence, in the meridian of his fortune, and, now he is fallen, we support him to the utmost of our power. The church, against which he has warred, opens its bosom to receive him; and the theatres, the eternal object of his favor, which had so often drawn down his indignation upon us, have abandoned and betrayed him.

I do not speak this to insult the misfortunes of him who is fallen, nor to open and make wounds smart that are still bleeding; but in order to support those who are standing, and teach them to avoid the like evils. And the only way to avoid these, is, to be fully persuaded of the frailty and vanity of worldly grandeurs. To call them a flower, a blade of grass, a smoke, a dream, is not saying enough, since they are even below nothing. Of this we have a very sensible proof before our eyes.

What man ever rose to such a height of grandeur? Was he not immensely rich? Did he not possess every dignity? Did not the whole empire stand in fear of him? And now, more deserted, and trembling still more, than the meanest of unhappy wretches, than the vilest slave, than the prisoners confined in dungeons; having perpetually before his eyes, swords unsheathed to destroy himself; torments and executioners! deprived of daylight at noonday, and expecting, every moment, that death which perpetually stares him in the face!

You were witnesses, yesterday, when people came from the palace in order to drag him hence, how he ran to the holy altars, shivering in every limb, pale and dejected, scarce uttering a word but what was interrupted by sobs and groans, and rather dead than alive. I again repeat, I do not declaim in this manner in order to insult his fall, but to move and affect you by the description of his calamities, and to inspire you with tenderness and compassion for one so wretched.

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13. FROM CICERO'S FIRST ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

How far wilt thou, Oh Catiline! abuse our patience? How long shall thy madness outbrave our justice? To what extremities art thou resolved to push thy unbridled insolence of

guilt! Canst thou behold the nocturnal arms that watch the palatium, the guards of the city, the consternation of the citizens; all the wise and worthy clustering into consultation, this impregnable situation of the seat of the senate, and the reproachful looks of the fathers of Rome? Canst thou, I say, behold all this, and yet remain undaunted and unabashed? Art thou sensible that thy measures are detected?

Art thou sensible that this senate, now thoroughly informed comprehend the full extent of thy guilt? Point me out the senator ignorant of thy practices, during the last and the preceding night; of the place where you met, the company you summoned, and the crime you concerted. The senate is conscious, the consul is witness to this: yet mean and degenerate! the traitor lives! Lives! did I say? He mixes with the senate; he shares in our counsels; with a steady eye he surveys us; he anticipates his guilt; he enjoys his murderous thoughts, and coolly marks us out for bloodshed. Yet we, boldly passive in our country's cause, think we act like Roman's if we can escape his frantic rage.

Long since, Oh Catiline! ought the consul to have doomed thy life a forfeit to thy country; and to have directed upon thy own head the mischief thou hast long been meditating for ours. Could the noble Scipio, when sovereign pontiff, as a private Roman, kill Tiberius Gracchus for a slight encroachment upon the rights of his country; and shall we, her consuls, with persevering patience endure Catiline, whose ambition is to desolate a devoted world with fire and sword?

There was—there was a time, when such was the spirit of Rome, that the resentment of her magnanimous sons more sternly crushed the Roman traitor, than the most inveterate enemy. Strong and weighty, Oh Catiline! is the decree of the senate we can now produce against you; neither wisdom is wanting in this state, nor authority in this assembly; but we, the consuls, we are defective in our duty.

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14. FROM CICERO'S FOURTH ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

I perceive, conscript fathers, that every look, that every eye is fixed upon me. I see you solicitous not only for your own, and your country's danger, but was that repelled, for mine also. This proof of your affection is grateful to me in sorrow, and pleasing in distress; but, by the immortal gods! I conjure you to lay it all aside; and without any regard to my safety, think

only of yourselves, and of your families. For should the condition of my consulship be such as to subject me to all manner of pains, hardships and sufferings, I will bear them not only resolutely but cheerfully, if by my labors I can secure your dignity and safety, with that of the people of Rome. Such, conscript fathers, has been the fortune of my consulship, that neither the forum, that centre of all equity; nor the field of Mars, consecrated by consular auspices; nor the senate-house, the principal refuge of all nations; nor domestic walls, the common asylum of all men; nor the bed, destined to repose; nay, nor even this honorable seat, this chair of state, have been free from perils, and from the snares of death. Many things have I dissembled, many have I suffered, many have I yielded to, and many struggled with in silence, for your quiet. But if the immortal gods would grant that issue to my consulship, of saving you, conscript fathers, and the people of Rome, from a massacre; your wives, your children, and the vestal virgins, from the bitterest persecutions; the temples and altars of the gods, with this our fair country, from sacrilegious flames; and all Italy from war and desolation; let what fate soever attend me, I will be content with it. For if Publius Lentulus, upon the report of soothsayers, thought his name portended the ruin of the state; why should not I rejoice that my consulship has been as it were reserved by fate for its preservation.

Wherefore, conscript fathers, think of your own safety; turn your whole care upon the state; secure yourselves, your wives, your children, your fortunes; guard the lives and dignity of the people of Rome, and cease your concern and anxiety for me. For first, I have reason to hope, that all the gods the protectors of this city, will reward me according to my deserts. Then, should any thing extraordinary happen, I am prepared to die with an even and constant mind. For death can never be dishonorable to the brave, nor premature to one who has reached the dignity of consul, nor afflicting to the wise.

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15. GERMANICUS TO HIS MUTINOUS SOLDIERS.

My wife and children are ever dear to me, but not more so than my father and the commonwealth. But the emperor will be safe in his own imperial dignity, and the commonwealth has other armies to fight her battles. For my wife and children, if from their destruction you might derive additional glory, I *could yield them* up a sacrifice in such a cause: at present

I remove them from the rage of frantic men. If horrors are still to multiply, let my blood glut your fury. The great grandson of Augustus, and the daughter-in-law of Tiberius, need not be left to fill the measure of your iniquity. Without that horrible catastrophe the scene of guilt may end. But let me ask you, in these last few days what have you not attempted? What have you left unviolated? By what name shall I now address you? Shall I call you soldiers? Soldiers! Who have dared to besiege the son of your emperor! who have made him a prisoner in his own entrenchments! Can I call you citizens? Citizens! who have trampled under your feet the authority of the senate; who have violated the most awful sanctions, even those which hostile states have ever held in respect, the rights of ambassadors and the law of nations! Julius Cæsar by a single word was able to quell a mutiny: he spoke to the men who resisted his authority: he called them Romans, and they became his soldiers. Augustus showed himself to the legions who fought at Actium, and the majesty of his countenance awed them to obedience. The distance between myself and these illustrious characters, I know is great; and yet, descended from them, with their blood in my veins, I should resent with indignation a parallel outrage from the soldiers of Syria, or of Spain: and will you, ye men of the first legion, who received your colors from the hand of Tiberius; and you, ye men of the twentieth, his fellow-warriors in the field, his companions in so many victories, will you thus requite him for all the favors so graciously bestowed upon you? From every other quarter of the empire, Tiberius has received nothing but joyful tidings; and must I wound his ear with the news of your revolt? Must he hear from me, that neither the soldiers raised by himself, nor the veterans who fought under him, are willing to own his authority? Must he be told that neither dismissions from the service, nor money lavishly granted, can appease the fury of ungrateful men? Must I inform him, that here centurions are murdered; that, in this camp, the tribunes are driven from their post; that here the ambassadors of Rome are detained as prisoners? That the entrenchments present a scene of slaughter; that rivers are discolored with our blood; and that a Roman general leads a precarious life, at the mercy of men inflamed with an epidemic madness?

Why, the other day, when I endeavored to address you, why was the sword which I aimed at my breast, why in that moment was it wrested from me? Oh! my mistaken friends! the man who presented his sword dealt more kindly by me. I could then have closed my eyes in peace. I should not have

lived to see the disgrace of the legions, and all the horrors that followed. After my death you would have chosen another general, regardless, indeed, of my unhappy lot, but still of spirit to revenge the massacre of Varus and his three legions. May that revenge be still reserved for the Roman sword; and may the gods withhold from the Belgic states, though now they court the opportunity, the vast renown of vindicating the Roman name, and humbling the pride of the German nations! and may thy departed spirit, adored Augustus! who now art ranked amongst the gods; and may thy image, Drusus, my ever honored father! may thy memory inspire these unhappy men, whom I now see touched with remorse! May your active energy blot out the disgrace that sits heavy upon them; and may the rage of civil discord discharge itself on the enemies of Rome! And you, my fellow-soldiers! whom I behold with altered looks, whose hearts begin to melt with sorrow and repentance, if you mean to preserve the ambassadors of the senate,—if you intend to remain faithful to your prince, and to restore my wife and children,—detach yourselves at once from the contagion of guilty men; withdraw from the seditious; that act will be a proof of your remorse, an earnest of returning virtue.

16. HANNIBAL TO THE CARTHAGINIAN ARMY.

I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas inclose you on the right and left; not a ship to fly to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here, then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy.

But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes the most glorious rewards of victory. Should we, by our valor, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are those? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations; all these with the masters of them, will be yours. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches, over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the *place which* fortune has appointed to be the limits of your

labor; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle; and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, and what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you! For, (to say nothing of your service in war, for twenty years together, with so much valor and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers; and an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born, I might almost say, but certainly brought up in the tent of my father, that most excellent general; shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater still, of the Alps themselves; shall I compare myself with this half-year captain? a captain, before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul. I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you who has not often been an eye-witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valor I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the time and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry: you, my allies most faithful and valiant; you Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge. First, they demanded me, that I your general, should be delivered up to them; next of all you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum: and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal. You are to

prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace. You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! "Pass not the Iberus." What next? "Touch not the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step towards that city." Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily, and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well; we shall yield Spain, and then—you will pass into Africa.—Will pass, did I say?—this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No; soldiers; there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more safety, be cowards: they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but, for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds: and once again, I say you are conquerors.

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17. SCIPIO TO THE ROMAN ARMY.

Were you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you at this time: for what occasion could there be to use exhortation to a cavalry that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confess themselves conquered? But as these troops, having been enrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneus, making war under my auspices, (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome,) I, that you might have a consul for your captain against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new general, and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

That you may not be unapprised of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or what is to be feared from them, they are the very same, whom in a former war you vanquished both by land and sea: the same from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia, and who have been these twenty years your tributaries. You will not, I presume, march against these men with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies! but with a certain anger and indignation, such as you

would feel if you saw your slaves on a sudden rise up in arms against you. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity, that urges them to battle; unless you can believe that those who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two-thirds of their horse and foot in the passage of the Alps.

But you have heard, perhaps, that though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts and robust bodies; heroes of such strength and vigor, as nothing is able to resist.—Mere effigies! Nay, shadows of men; wretches emaciated with hunger and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs!—their weapons broken, and their horses weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps it was fitting it should be so; and that with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion; and that we, who next to the gods have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear, that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less dreaded Asdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But, hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent my horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try, whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians; or whether they be the same sort of men who fought at the Ægates, and whom at Eryx, you suffered to redeem themselves at eighteen denarii per head: whether this Hannibal, for labors and journies, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal.

a slave of the Roman people. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet, and in a few days have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication we pardoned them; we released them, when they were closely shut up without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them when they were conquered. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favors? Under the conduct of a hairbrained young man, they come hither to overrun our state, and lay waste our country.—I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in, concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present, is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy herself: nor is there behind us another army, which, if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces. No, soldiers; here you must take your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations alone possess our minds: let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us: and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city and of the Roman empire

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18. ADHERBAL AGAINST THE VIOLENCE OF JUGURTHA.

Fathers,—It is known to you that king Micipsa, my father, on his death-bed, left in charge to Jugurtha, his adopted son, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother Hiempsal, and myself, the children of his own body, the administration of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us to consider the senate and people of Rome, as proprietors of it. He charged us to use our best endeavors to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in *peace and* war; assuring us, that your protection would prove, *to us, a defense* against all enemies, and would be instead of

armies, fortifications and treasures. While my brother and I were thinking of nothing but how to regulate ourselves according to the directions of our deceased father;—Jugurtha—the most infamous of mankind!—breaking through all ties of gratitude, and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne, and native country, though he knows I inherit, from my grandfather Masinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans. For a prince to be reduced, by villany, to my distressful circumstances, is calamity enough; but my misfortunes are heightened by the consideration, that I find myself obliged to solicit your assistance, fathers, for the services done you by my ancestors; not for any I have been able to render you in my own person. Jugurtha has put it out of my power to deserve any thing at your hands, and has forced me to be burdensome before I could be useful to you. And yet, if I had no plea but my undeserved misery, who, from a powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs, find myself, without any fault of my own, destitute of every support, and reduced to the necessity of begging foreign assistance, against an enemy who has seized my throne and kingdom; if my unequaled distresses were all I had to plead, it would become the greatness of the Roman commonwealth, the arbitress of the world, to protect the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from whence my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Thus, fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated, and Jugurtha in injuring me throws contempt on you.

Oh wretched prince! Oh cruel reverse of fortune! Oh father Micipsa! Is this the consequence of your generosity; that he whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the murderer of your children! Must, then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late king

flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

Whither—Oh whither shall I fly? If I return to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's throne is seized by the murderer of my brother. What can I there expect but that Jugurtha should hasten to imbrue in my blood, those hands which are now reeking with my brother's? If I were to fly for refuge or for assistance to any other court, from what prince can I hope for protection, if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From my own family or friends, I have no expectations. My royal father is no more. He is beyond the reach of violence, and out of hearing of the complaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alleviation. But he is hurried out of life in his early youth, by the very hand which should have been the last to injure any of the royal family of Numidia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some have been destroyed by the lingering torment of the cross: others have been given a prey to wild beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag out a life more intolerable than death.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome, from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons. I have been informed that he labors by his emissaries, to prevent your determining any thing against him in his absence, pretending that I magnify my distress, and might, for him, have staid in peace in my own kingdom. But, if ever the time comes, when the due vengeance from above shall overtake him, he will then dissemble in the very same manner as I do. Then he, who now hardened in wickedness triumphs over those whom his violence has laid low, will, in his turn, feel distress, and suffer for his impious ingratitude to my father, and his bloodthirsty cruelty to my brother!

Oh murdered, butchered brother! Oh dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight.—But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to *have been the* first to hazard his own life in defense of any one

of Micipsa's family; but, as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction; whilst I am set up a spectacle to all mankind of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to avenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome, the arbiters of the world! To you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children; by your love for your country; by your own virtues; by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth; by all that is sacred and all that is dear to you, deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

19. ÆSCHINES AGAINST DEMOSTHENES.

Our city is scandalized on account of the measures of Demosthenes. And you will appear, if you should crown him, to be of the same mind with those who are violating the common peace; but if you act contrawise, you will acquit the people of the charge.

Do you therefore deliberate, not as on behalf of a foreign country, but your own, and do not distribute your honors as of course, but discriminate, and set apart your rewards for more worthy persons and men of better account. And make use not of your ears only, when you consult, but of your eyes, looking round amongst each other, to see what manner of persons they are, who are about to come forward in support of Demosthenes; —whether his partners in the chase, or companions in exercises during his youth. But no,—by the Olympian Jupiter!—he has not been in the habit of hunting the wild boar, or attending to graces of the body, but he has been constantly practising arts to rob the wealthy of their estates. Bear also in mind his boastfulness, when he asserts, that he rescued Byzantium out of the gripe of Philip as ambassador, and drew off the Acarnanians from his cause, and roused the Thebans by his ha-

rangues. For he supposes that you are arrived at such a pitch of simplicity as to be gulled into a belief of all this; as if you were cherishing amongst you, not a vagabond of a common informer, but the goddess of persuasion herself.

But when, at the conclusion of his speech, he shall call before you, as advocates, the partakers of his bribes, believe that you see, upon this rostrum, where I am now standing to address you, drawn up in array against their effrontery, the great benefactors of their country—Solon, who adorned the democracy with the most excellent laws,—a wise man, a good lawgiver, mildly, as befitted him, entreating you not to make the speeches of Demosthenes of more avail than your oaths and the laws;—Aristides, too, who settled their contributions for the Greeks, and upon whose death the people portioned his daughters, demanding, if you are not ashamed that your ancestors were upon the very point of putting to death Arthmius of Zelia, who brought the money of the Persians into Greece, and journeyed into our city, being then a public guest of the people of Athens, and did expel him from the city and all the dependencies of the Athenians,—and that you are about to crown Demosthenes, who did not bring the money of the Persians into Greece, but himself received bribes, and moreover even now retains them, with a golden crown! Do you not imagine that Themistocles also, and those who fell at Marathon and at Platæa, and the very tombs of our ancestors, will raise a groan, if this man, who, avowedly siding with barbarians, opposed the Greeks, shall be crowned?

"I then,—I call you to witness, ye earth and sun!—and virtue, and intellect, and education, by which we distinguish what is honorable from what is base,—have given my help and have spoken. And if I have conducted the accusation adequately, and in a manner worthy of the transgression of the laws, I have spoken as I wished;—if imperfectly, then only as I have been able. But do you, both from what has been said, and what has been omitted, of yourselves, decide as is just and convenient on behalf of the country."

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20. DEMOSTHENES TO THE ATHENIANS.

When I compare, Athenians, the speeches of some amongst us with their actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see with what I hear. Their protestations are full of zeal against the public enemy; but their measures are so inconsistent, that

all their professions become suspected. By confounding you with a variety of projects, they perplex your resolutions; and lead you from executing what is in your power, by engaging you in schemes not reducible to practice.

'Tis true, there was a time when we were powerful enough, not only to defend our own borders, and protect our allies, but even to invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians, there was such a conjuncture; I remember it well. But by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders; it will be well for us, if we can provide for our own defense, and our allies. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this. However, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures. The opportunities which have so often escaped us, have not been lost through ignorance or want of judgment, but through negligence or treachery. If I assume, at this time, more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently those truths which have no other end but your own good. You have too many reasons to be sensible how much you have suffered by hearkening to sycophants. I shall, therefore, be plain in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct.

You may remember, it is not above three or four years since we had the news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno, in Thrace. It was, as I think, in October, we received this intelligence. We voted an immediate supply of threescore talents; forty men-of-war were ordered to sea; and so zealous were we, that preferring the necessities of the state to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five-and-forty years were commanded to serve. What followed?—A whole year was spent idly without any thing done; and it was but in the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feast of Ceres, that Charidemus set sail, furnished with no more than five talents, and ten galleys not half manned.

A rumor was spread, that Philip was sick. That rumor was followed by another, that Philip was dead. And then, as if all danger died with him, you dropped your preparations: whereas, then was your time to push and be active; then was your time to secure yourselves, and confound him at once. Had your resolutions, taken with so much heat, been as warmly seconded by action, you had then been as terrible to Philip, as Philip, recovered, is now to you.—"To what purpose, at this time, these reflections? What is done, cannot be undone."—But, by your leave, Athenians, though past moments are not to be

recalled, past errors may be repeated. Have we not now a fresh provocation to war? Let the memory of oversights, by which you have suffered so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present danger. If the Olynthians are not instantly succored, and with your utmost efforts, you become assistants to Philip, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself.

It is not, surely, necessary to warn you, that votes alone can be of no consequence. Had your resolutions, of themselves, the virtue to compass what you intend, we should not see them multiply every day as they do, and upon every occasion, with so little effect; nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner. Proceed then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigor. You have heads capable of advising what is best; you have judgment and experience to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time so proper for action? What occasion so happy? And when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not, at this instant, straiten and invade your confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? A faithless ally? The usurper of provinces, to which he has no title nor pretence? A stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant. And, indeed, what is he not?

Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different your conduct appears, from the practice of your ancestors. They were friends to truth and plain dealing, and detested flattery and servile compliance. By unanimous consent, they continued arbiters of all Greece, for the space of forty-five years, without interruption: a public fund, of no less than ten thousand talents, was ready for any emergency: they exercised over the kings of Macedon that authority which is due to barbarians: obtained, both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories; and, by their noble exploits, transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the reach of malice and detraction. It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices, by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world, in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples, so richly embellished; but, above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies.—But, visit their own private habitations; visit the houses of Aristides, Miltiades, or any other of those patriots of antiquity;—you will find nothing, not the least mark or ornament, to distinguish them from their neighbors. They took

part in the government, not to enrich themselves, but the public; they had no scheme or ambition, but for the public; nor knew any interest, but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety towards the immortal gods, by a strict faith and religious honesty betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform and of a piece, they established that reputation, which remains to this day, and will last to utmost posterity.

Such, Oh men of Athens! were your ancestors: so glorious in the eye of the world; so bountiful and munificent to their country; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance can we find, in the present generation, of these great men? At a time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage; when the Lacedemonians are disabled; the Thebans employed in troubles of their own; when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you; in short, when you are at full liberty; when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiters of Greece; you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war; and to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? let him arise, and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip.—"But," you reply, "what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity; a greater face of plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified?"—Away with such trifles! Shall I be paid with counters? An old square new vamped up! a fountain! an aqueduct? Are these acquisitions to brag of? Cast your eye upon the magistrate, under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised, all at once, from dirt to opulence: from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors. Have not some of the upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished!

To what are we to impute these disorders; and to what

cause assign the decay of a state so powerful and flourishing in times past?—The reason is plain. The servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people; all honors, dignities, and preferments, were disposed by the voice and favor of the people: but the magistrate, now, has usurped the right of the people: and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You miserable people! (the meanwhile, without money, without friends) from being the ruler are become the servant; from being the master, the dependent; happy that these governors, into whose hands you have resigned your power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Believe me, Athenians, if recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit of your fathers; if you would be your own soldiers and your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign and mercenary hands; if you would charge yourselves with your own defense, employing abroad, for the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home; the world might, once more, behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians.—"You would have us then (you say) do service in our armies, in our persons; and for so doing, you would have the pensions we receive in time of peace, accepted as pay in time of war. Is it thus we are to understand you?"—Yes, Athenians, 'tis my plain meaning. I would make it a standing rule. that no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who should grudge to employ it for the public service. Are we in peace? the public is charged with your subsistence. Are we in war, or under a necessity, as at this time, to enter into a war? let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay, in defense of your benefactors, what you receive in peace as mere bounty.—Thus, without any innovation; without altering or abolishing any thing, but pernicious novelties introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness; by converting only, for the future, the same funds, for the use of the serviceable, which are spent, at present, upon the unprofitable; you may be well served in your armies; your troops regularly paid; justice duly administered; the public revenues reformed and increased; and every member of the commonwealth rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burden to the state.

This, Oh men of Athens! is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion.—May the gods inspire you to determine upon such measures, as may be most expedient, for the particular and general good of our country!

PART SECOND.

DIDACTIC AND RHETORICAL.

1. SCIENCE AND RELIGION.——*Sigourney.*

What gives the mind its latent strength to scan,
And chains brute instinct at the feet of man—
Bids the wild comet, in its path of flame,
Compute its periods and declare its name—
With deathless radiance decks historic page,
And wakes the treasures of a buried age?
Majestic science from his cloistered shrine,
Heard, and replied—"this godlike power is mine."
"Oh then," said man, "my troubled spirit lead,
Which feels its weakness and deplores its need.
Come, and the shadowy vale of death illume,
Show sin a pardon, and disarm the tomb."
High o'er his ponderous tomes his hand he raised,
His proud brow kindling as the suppliant gazed.
"With ignorance I war and hoary time,
Who wreck with vandal rage my works sublime—
What can I more, dismiss your idle pain,
Your search is fruitless and your labor vain."
But from the cell where long she dwelt apart,
Her silent temple in the contrite heart,
Religion came, and where proud science failed,
She bent her knee to earth, and with her sire prevailed.

2 "LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED."—*Willis*

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!

Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And, by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich—but grief and wo
Are hid those rosy depths below.

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3. CATILINE'S REPLY TO THE CHARGES OF CICERO.—*Croly.*

——————————Conscript fathers!
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs;
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there,
Cling to your masters; judges, Romans—slaves!
His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs;
You have my answer: * * *—let my actions speak.
But this I will avow, that I have scorned
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong·
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?
To fling your offices to every slave;—(*Looking round him.*)

Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb;
And having wound their lothsome track to the top
Of this huge moldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.——
Come, consecrated lictors! from your thrones;
(*To the senate.*)
Fling down your sceptres;—take the rod and axe,
And make the murder, as you make the law.

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4. FIRE.—*Anonymous.*

What is it that shoots from the mountains so high,
In many a beautiful spire?
What is it that blazes and curls to the sky?
This beautiful something is—fire.

Loud noises are heard in the caverns to groan,
Hot cinders fall thicker than snow,
Huge stones to a wonderful distance are thrown,
For burning fire rages below.

When winter blows bleak, and loud bellows the storm,
And frostily twinkle the stars;
Then bright burns the fire in the chimney so warm,
And the kettle sings shrill on the bars.

Then call in the poor traveler, covered with snow,
And warm him with charity kind;
Fire is not so warm as the feelings that glow
In the friendly, benevolent mind.

By fire rugged metals are fitted for use;
Iron, copper, gold, silver, and tin;
Without its assistance we could not produce
So much as a—minikin pin.

Fire rages with fury wherever it comes;
If only one spark should be dropt,
Whole houses or cities, sometimes it consumes
Where its violence cannot be stopt.

And when the great morning of judgment shall rise,
How wide will its blazes be curled!
With heat, fervent heat, it shall melt down the skies,
And burn up this beautiful world.

5. THE WARNING.—*Anonymous.*

The fly around the candle wheels,
  Enjoys the sport, and gaily sings,
Till nearer, nearer drawn, he feels
  The flame like lightning, singe his wings;
Then weltering in the pool, beneath he lies,
And, limb by limb, scorched miserably, dies.

From bough to bough the wild bird hops,
  Where late he caroled blithe and free;
Now downward, downward, lo! he drops—
  Faint, fluttering, helpless, from the tree;
While, stretched below with eye of deadly ray,
The eager rattlesnake expects his prey.

Thou, child of pleasure, art the fly
  Caught with a taper's dazzling glare;
Thou art the bird, that meets an eye
  Alluring to the serpent's snare:
Oh! stay;—is reason fled?—is conscience dumb?
Be wise—be warned,—escape the wrath to come.

Not swifter o'er the level course
  The racer glances to the goal,
Than thou with blind and headlong force,
  Art running on—to lose thy soul:—
Then, though thou win the world, how dear the cost!
Can the whole world avail a spirit lost?

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6. DEATH.—*Cunningham.*

Fleet are the rapid moments! fly they must;
  Not to be stayed by masque or midnight roar!
Nor shall a pulse, among that moldering dust,
  Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more!

Can the deep statesman, skilled in great design,
  Protract but for a day precarious breath?
Or the tuned follower of the sacred nine
  Soothe, with his melody, insatiate death?

No:—though the palace bar her golden gate,
  Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
  Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

What then avails ambition's wide-stretched wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom!
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-robed king,
Leveled, lie mixed promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip! remember, thou'rt no more than man:

Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole!
Though thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
Where mortals mix in undistinguished dust!"

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7. THE DYING HORSE.—*Blackett.*

Heaven! what enormous strength does death possess!
How muscular the giant's arm must be
To grasp that strong-boned horse, and, spite of all
His furious efforts, fix him to the earth!
His writhing fibres speak his inward pain,
His smoking nostrils speak his inward fire!
Oh! how he glares!—and hark! methinks I hear.
His bubbling blood, which seems to burst the veins;
How still he's now;—how fiery hot,—how cold!
How terrible,—how lifeless!—all within
A few brief moments! my reason staggers!
Philosophy, thou poor enlightened dotard,
Who canst assign for every thing a cause,
Here take thy stand beside me, and explain
This hidden mystery. Bring with thee
The headstrong atheist, who laughs at heaven,
And impiously ascribes events to chance,
To help to solve this wonderful enigma!
First, tell me, ye proud haughty reasoners,
Where the vast strength this creature late possessed
Has fled to? How the bright sparkling fire,
Which flashed but now from these dim rayless eyes,
Has been extinguished—Oh, he's dead! you say—
I know it well:—but how, and by what means?
What!—not a word!—I ask you once again;
How comes it that the wondrous essence,
Which gave such vigor to those strong-nerved limbs,
Has leapt from its enclosure, and compelled

This noble workmanship of nature thus
To sink into a cold inactive clod?
Nay sneak not off thus cowardly!—Poor fools,
Ye are as destitute of information
As is the lifeless subject of my thoughts!
Now, moralizer,
Retire! yet first proclaim this sacred truth:
Chance rules not over death: but when a fly
Falls to the earth, 'tis heaven that gives the blow.

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8. TO-MORROW.—*Anonymous.*

Who says "To-morrow still is mine?"
As if his eye could peer
Through the thick mists of future time,
And trace out life's career:
To-morrow! stranger, it may be
A phantom never grasped by thee.

How canst thou tell to-morrow's sun
Shall shine around thy path?
Thy mortal work may then be done,
And thou mayst sleep in death.
Oh! say not then, "To-morrow's mine"—
The present hour alone is thine.

Hast thou not seen the eager child
The butterfly pursue?
He almost grasped it—as he smiled,
It vanished from his view.
And oh! has not to-morrow seemed,
To some, as near—yet never beamed?

Where is to-morrow? hidden deep
From human ear or eye;
And, who shall smile, or who shall weep,
No mortal may descry.
And he that lives upon to-morrow,
Shall often drink the cup of sorrow.

But should to-morrow never rise,
What other scenes would meet thee?
Were earth to vanish from thine eyes,
Would heaven's bright splendors greet thee?
Oh! then it matters not to thee,
Even should "to-morrow" never be.

9. THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.—*Jewsbury.*

I saw him on the battle-eve,
  When, like a king, he bore him,—
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
  And prouder chiefs before him:
The warrior, and the warrior's deeds—
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,—
  No daunting thoughts came o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
  Was covered with his fleet;
On earth:—and saw, from east to west,
  His bannered millions meet:
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
  The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring,—
He heard,—and felt himself a king,

I saw him next alone:—nor camp,
  Nor chief, his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
  With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
  He, who with heaven contended,
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind,—the foe;—before,—the wave.

He stood;—fleet, army, treasure,—gone,—
  Alone, and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
  For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single bark,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
  Must all their fury dare:—
What a revenge—a trophy, this—
For thee, immortal Salamis!

10. THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.—*Anonymous.*

Hark! hear ye the sounds that the winds on their pinions
  Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions?
  'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

Behold on yon summits, where heaven has throned her,
  How she starts from her proud inaccessible seat;
With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
  And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
  While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song
From the rock to the valley re-echo, "Awaken,
  "Awaken ye hearts that have slumbered too long!"

Yes, despots! too long did your tyranny hold us,
  In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known;
Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us
  Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

That spell is destroyed, and no longer availing,
  Despised as detested—pause well ere ye dare
To cope with a people whose spirit and feeling
  Are roused by remembrance and steeled by despair.

Go tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw
  The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that confines them
But presume not again to give freemen a law,
  Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind them.

To hearts that the spirit of liberty flushes,
  Resistance is idle,—and numbers a dream;—
They burst from control, as the mountain-stream rushes
  From its fetters of ice, in the warmth of the beam.

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11. THE VICTIM.—*Anonymous.*

"Hand me the bowl, ye jovial band,"
  He said—"'twill rouse my mirth;"
But conscience seized his trembling hand,
  And—dashed the cup to earth.

He looked around, he blushed, he laughed,
He sipped the sparkling wave;
In it he read—"who drinks this draught,
Shall dig a murderer's grave!"

He started up, like one from sleep
And trembled for his life:
He gazed, and saw—his children weep,
He saw his weeping wife.

In his deep dream he had not felt
Their agonies and fears;
But now he saw them as they knelt,
To plead with prayers and tears.

But the foul fiend her hateful spell
Threw o'er his wildered mind,
He saw in every hope a hell;
He was to reason blind.

He grasped the bowl to seek relief;
No more his conscience said:
His bosom friend was sunk in grief,
His children begged for bread.

Through haunts of horror and of strife,
He passed down life's dark tide;
He cursed his beggared babes and wife;
He cursed his God—and died!

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12. THE CALL OF POLAND.—*Campbell.*

Have ye sharpened your swords? for the battle is nigh—
The morn of the conflict is breaking;
Oh dark is the dawn, but slaughter's red eye,
Shall enlighten the path you are taking,
Bright hope in your bosoms awaking,
That the vengeance which slept under muscovite sway,
The treasure of years, shall be kindled to-day.

'Tis freedom that calls you, though dim be the sun,
The darkness around you dispelling;
Though *death-fires* enshroud you and waste is begun,

She to deeds of high worth compelling,
Points to every loved altar and dwelling,
And demands from the sons of the noble in fame—
If the hell-mark of slave must still blacken their name?

By the glory our tyrants would quench, but in vain—
By the shades of your heroes departed—
By him who, undaunted, again and again
For the gaol of victory started,
Kosciusko, the lion-hearted—
By all that is worthy in man's little day,
Go dare as your fathers, or perish as they.

Have ye sharpened your swords for the banquet of death?
Have ye made the blood-deep adjuration?
Have ye dared on the hazard the stake of your breath?
Again ye shall be a free nation—
Not vain shall be your invocation;
The call of each sword upon liberty's aid
Shall be written in gore on the steel of its blade!

---

13. THE OCEAN.—*Anonymous.*

Likeness of heaven! agent of power!
Man is thy victim! shipwrecks thy dower!
Spices and jewels, from valley and sea,
Armies and banners are buried in thee!

What are the riches of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down in the deep water shines?
The proud navies that cover the conquering west—
Thou flingest them to death with one heave of thy breast!

From the high hills that view thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner shrieks at thy roar;
When, like lambs in the tempest, or mews in the blast,
O'er ridge-broken billows the canvass is cast;

How humbling to one with a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness and list to its roll;
To think how that heart in cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of eternity rises from thee!

Yes! where are the cities of Thebes and of Tyre?
Swept from the nations like sparks from the fire:
The glory of Athens, the splendor of Rome,
Dissolved—and for ever—like dew in the foam.

But thou art almighty—eternal—sublime—
Unweakened, unwasted—twin brother of time!
Fleets, tempests, nor nations, thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee, still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges no longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length is drawn back like a scroll;
Then—then shall the spirit that sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty—more lasting, more chainless than thou!

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14. THE WORLD.—*Anonymous.*

How beautiful the world is! The green earth covered with flowers—the trees laden with rich blossoms—the blue sky, and the bright water, and the golden sunshine. The world is, indeed, beautiful, and He who made it must be beautiful.

It is a happy world. Hark! how the merry birds sing—and the young lambs—see! how they gambol on the hillside. Even the trees wave, and the brooks ripple, in gladness. Yon eagle!—Ah! how joyously he soars up to the glorious heavens—the bird of liberty, the bird of America.

"His throne is on the mountain-top;
His fields the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies—his dwellings are.

He rises, like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze:
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim his gaze."

It is happy—I see it and hear it all about me—nay, I feel it—here, in the glow, the eloquent glow of my own heart. He who made it must be happy.

It is a great world. Look off to the mighty ocean when the storm is upon it;—to the huge mountain, when the thunder and the lightnings play over it; to the vast forest—the interminable waste;—the sun, the moon, and the myriads of fair stars, countless *as the sands* upon the seashore. It is a great, a

magnificent world,—and He who made it,—Oh! He is the perfection of all loveliness, all goodness, all greatness, all gloriousness!

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15. CATILINE, ON HEARING HIS SENTENCE OF BANISHMENT. —*Croly.*

Banished from Rome! what's banished but set free
From daily contact of the things I lothe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!"—Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished?—I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour—
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face.
Your consul's merciful. For this all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.
"Traitor!" I go—but I return. This trial!
Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work
Will breed proscriptions.—Look to your hearths, my lords,
For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;
Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked rebellion, with the torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
Till anarchy comes down on you like night,
And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

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16. TO A CHILD.—*Yankee.*

Things of high import sound I in thine ears,
Dear child, though now thou mayest not feel their power;
But hoard them up, and in thy coming years
Forget them not, and when earth's tempests lower,

A talisman unto thee shall they be,
To give thy weak arm strength—to make thy dim eye see.

Seek truth, that pure celestial truth—whose birth
  Was in the heaven of heavens, clear, sacred, shrined
In reason's light: Not oft she visits earth,
  But her majestic port, the willing mind,
Through faith, may sometimes see. Give her thy soul,
Nor faint, though error's surges loudly 'gainst thee roll.

Be free.—Not chiefly from the iron chain,
  But from the one which passion forges—be
The master of thyself. If lost, regain
  The rule o'er chance, sense, circumstance. Be free.
Trample thy proud lusts proudly 'neath thy feet,
And stand erect, as for a heaven-born one is meet.

Seek virtue. Wear her armor to the fight;
  Then, as a wrestler gathers strength from strife,
Shalt thou be nerved to a more vigorous might
  By each contending turbulent ill of life.
Seek virtue.—She alone is all divine;
And having found, be strong, in God's own strength and thine

Truth—freedom—virtue—these, dear child, have power,
  If rightly cherished, to uphold, sustain,
And bless thy spirit, in its darkest hour;
  Neglect them—thy celestial gifts are vain—
In dust shall thy weak wing be dragged and soiled;
Thy soul be crushed 'neath gauds for which it basely toiled.

---

17. "THERE'S DEATH IN THE POT."—*Anonymous.*

Hark! hark! the alarum has sped,
  Dire pestilence stalks in the breeze,
Its pathway is strewed o'er with millions of dead—
  It heeds neither mountain nor seas.
The Cossack and Turk to the ground it has brought,
To the Jew and the Gentile "there's death in the pot."

From Asia's dark morass it springs,
  Upraised by the mandate of heaven:

In vain to arrest it are edicts of kings,
The command to "destroy" has been given,—
Its victims are marked.—To the vile, to the sot,
Then haste with the tidings, "there's death in the pot."

Full oft have they sung of the bowl,
As a soothing oblivion to sorrow:
Full oft have they sung, that the soul
A feast from the wine-cup may borrow:
'Tis the voice of a syren—'tis false—heed it not!
She sings to destroy thee—"there's death in the pot."

Intemperance! dread tyrant! too long
Thy reign has prevailed o'er the earth;
Thy vassals, the children of song,
Have owned thee the source of their mirth.
Thy throne is now falling—thy song is forgot—
Thy worshipers tremble,—"there's death in the pot"

Who now tarries long at the wine—
Who looks on the cup when 'tis red—
To-day may be found at thy shrine:
To-morrow, may lie with the dead.
'Tis decreed—though the victim of rum heeds it not,
Now die or reform:—"there is death in the pot."

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18. THE FAMILY BIBLE.—*Anonymous.*

How painfully pleasing the fond recollection
Of youthful connexions and innocent joy,
When, blessed with parental advice and affection,
Surrounded with mercies, with peace from on high,
I still view the chair of my sire and my mother,
The seats of their offspring as ranged on each hand,
And that richest of books, which excelled every other—
That family bible that lay on the stand;
The old-fashioned bible, the dear, blessed bible,
The family bible, that lay on the stand.

That bible, the volume of God's inspiration,
At morn and at evening, could yield us delight,
And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
For mercy by day, and for safety through night,

Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
All warm from the heart of a family band,
Half-raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
Described in the bible that lay on the stand;
That richest of books, which excelled every other—
The family bible, that lay on the stand.

Ye scenes of tranquillity, long have we parted;
My hopes almost gone, and my parents no more;
In sorrow and sadness I live broken-hearted,
And wander unknown on a far-distant shore.
Yet how can I doubt a dear Savior's protection,
Forgetful of gifts from his bountiful hand!
Oh, let me, with patience, receive his correction,
And think of the bible that lay on the stand;
That richest of books, which excelled every other—
The family bible, that lay on the stand.

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19. THE PATRIOT'S ELYSIUM.—*Montgomery.*

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole:
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While, in his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;

the people; if, at length, the fr
with it the freedom itself, is to
this heavy blow fall from your
gate tyrant; leave it to a merce
—a hireling army, degraded by
instrument of enslaving its follo
pered House of Lords; a ven
vulgar minion, servant of all wor
court—some unprincipled soldie
times, combining the talents of
a captain—leave to such despe
horrid a work! But you, an Ex
yet supported by it, and doomed
and strength are gone; lift no
hand—prove to the country tha
keeping; but maintain above
institutions by well guarding
church from her worst enemies
deeds, would veil her solid fou
claim to them by your verdict
as heretofore, all the recesses
by the continual light of the day;
"be explored!"

---

49. PAINE'S AGE OF

It seems, gentlemen, this
and the person are at last arri
that have overspread the pas
believers in Christianity are
that are wise to correct their
reason; and superior reason
In running the mind along th
vout Christians, I cannot help
lived to this day, to have had
new flood of light. But the
will speak plainly and direct
Newton whose mind burst forth
upon our finite conceptions; N
and the foundation of whose
Not those visionary and arrogan
usurp its name, but philosophy
matics, which, like figures, can

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

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20. WHAT IS TIME?—*Marsden.*

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "Oh tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"
I asked the ancient venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode!"
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time!" he replied,
"I've lost it! ah the treasure!" and he died.
I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years:
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare!"
And bade us for eternity prepare.
I asked a spirit lost; but oh, the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak!
It cried, "A particle! a speck! a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"—
Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:—
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of glory, or the path of hell.
I asked old father Time himself, at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand,
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;
"*By* heavens," he cried, "I swear the mystery's o'er,
Time was," he cried, "but time shall be no more!"

21. MACBETH'S SOLILOQUY.—*Shakspeare.*

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.—
Thou marshalest me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools of the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;
And on the blade of the dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing—
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and withered murder,
Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sound and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives—
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan! for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

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22. THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.—*Campbell*

Wide o'er Bannock's heathy wold,
Scotland's deathful banners roll'd,
And spread their wings of sprinkled gold
To the purpling east.
Freedom beamed in every eye;

Devotion breathed in every sigh;
Freedom heaved their souls on high,
And steeled each hero's breast

Charging then the coursers sprang,
Sword and helmet clashing rang,
Steel-clad warriors mixing clang
Echoed round the field.
Deathful see their eyeballs glare!
See the nerves of battle bare!
Arrowy tempests cloud the air,
And glance from every shield.

Hark, the bowmen's quivering strings!
Death on grey-goose pinions springs!
Deep they dip their dappled wings,
Drunk in heroes' gore.
Lo! Edward, springing on the rear,
Plies his Caledonian spear:
Ruin marks his dread career,
And sweeps them from the shore.

See how red the streamlets flow!
See the reeling, yielding foe,
How they melt at every blow!
Yet we shall be free!
Darker yet the strife appears;
Forest dread of flaming spears!
Hark! a shout the welkin tears!
Bruce has victory!

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23. HENRY V, AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.—*Shakspeare*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews,—summon up the blood,—
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,

Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height!—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
Be copy now for men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs are made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble lustre in your eye:
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry, heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!

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24. HENRY V, ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS.—*Shakspeare*

What's he that wishes for more men from England?
My cousin Westmoreland! No, my fair cousin,
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss: and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor;
Heaven's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
In truth, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, good my lord, wish not a man from England:
Heaven's peace, I would not lose so great an honor
As one man more methinks would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Wish not one more:
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,

Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand on tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispian, Crispian, ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered!
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers!

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25. NEW-ENGLAND'S DEAD.—*McLellan.*

"The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state, from New-England to Georgia; and there they will remain for ever."—*Webster.*

New-England's dead! New-England's dead!
On every hill they lie;
On every field of strife, made red
By bloody victory.
Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New-England sword
With slaughter deeply died.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake, and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!

They left the ploughshare in the mold,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered, on the plain

And mustered in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs, come weal, come wo,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

Oh, few and weak their numbers were—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory

---

26. AMBITION.—*Neal.*

I loved to hear the war-horn cry,
And panted at the drum's deep roll;
And held my breath, when flaming high,
I saw our starry banners fly,
As challenging the haughty sky,
They went like battle o'er my soul:
For I was so ambitious then,
I burned to be the slave—of men.

I stood and saw the morning light,
A standard swaying far and free:
And loved it, like the conquering flight
Of angels, floating wide and bright,
Above the stars, above the fight,
Where nations warred for liberty;
And thought I heard the battle-cry
Of trumpets in the hollow sky.

I sailed upon the dark blue deep,
And shouted to the eaglet soaring;
And hung me from a rocky steep,
When all but spirits were asleep;
And oh! my very soul would leap
To hear the gallant water's roaring:
For every sound and shape of strife,
To me, was but the breath of life.

But, I am strangely altered now—
I love no more the bugle's voice—

The rushing wave—the plunging prow—
The mountain with its clouded brow,
The thunder when the blue skies bow,
And all the sons of God rejoice—
I love to dream of tears, and sighs,
And shadowy hair, and half-shut eyes.

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27. THE SAILOR.—*Anonymous.*

Upon the ocean's swelling tide,
Where mountain billows rave,
Behold the sailor's eye of pride
Glance o'er the angry wave:
High on the slippery bending mast
He reefs the snow-white sail,
And fears no angry threatening blast,
The lightning or the gale.

The sailor is a wanderer free,
And like the breeze will fly,
Far o'er the wide and trackless sea
With billows mounting high.
A lion-heart that feels no pain—
A soul that knows no care;
He gaily sings and toils for gain,
That others too may share.

He firmly braves the swelling sea,
To earn a scanty sum;
His soul is friendly, just and free,
As generous as the sun:—
Diffusing warmth to those in need,
From out his hard-earned store;
And when his purse is low indeed,
He gladly toils for more.

His hand is hard—his heart is soft,
And freely he bestows,
The mite received from Him above,
To cheer both friends and foes.
His life is toil—his morsels tough—
His hopes are dull and dim;
But though to us the outside's rough,
A diamond dwells within.

28. BEAUTIFUL SOLILOQUY.—*Taylor.*

Here's a beautiful earth and a wonderful sky,
And to see them, God gives us a heart and an eye;
Nor leaves us untouched by the pleasure they yield,
Like the fowls of the heaven, or the beasts of the field
The soul, though encumbered with sense and with sin,
Can range through her own mystic chambers within;
Then soar like the eagle to regions of light,
And dart wondrous thoughts on the stars of the night.
Yea more, it is gifted with vision so keen,
As to know the unknown and to see the unseen;
To glance at eternity's numberless days,
Till dazzled, confounded, and lost in the maze.
Nor will this suffice it, Oh wonderful germ,
Of infinite blessings vouchsafed to a worm!
It quickens, it rises, with boundless desires,
And heaven is the lowest to which it aspires.
Such, such is the soul though bewildered and dark,
A vital, etherial, unquenchable spark;
Thus onward and upward by nature it tends,
Then wherefore descends it? ah! whither descends;
Soon droops its light pinion, borne down by a gust,
It flutters, it flutters,—it cleaves to the dust;
Then feeds upon ashes—deceived and astray;
And fastens and clings to this perishing clay.
For robes that too proud were the lilies to wear—
For food we divide with the fowls of the air—
For joy that just sparkles and then disappears,
We drop from heaven's gate to this valley of tears.
How tranquil and blameless the pleasures it sought
While it rested within the calm region of thought!
How fraught with disgust and how sullied with wo,
Is all that detains and beguiles it below!
Oh Thou, who when silent and senseless it lay,
Didst breathe into life the inanimate clay,
Now nourish and quicken the languishing fire;
And fan to a flame that shall never expire!

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29. TO-MORROW.—*Cotton.*

To-morrow, didst thou say?
Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow!

'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and promises,
The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period nowhere to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present moment:
For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales:
And though their flight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the winged couriers of the air,
They post to heaven, and there record thy folly;
Because, though stationed on the important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.
And know, for that thou slumberest on the guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hoodwinked justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
Oh! let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

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30. ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.—*Campbell.*

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood—
The Lord before him passed;
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast;
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course,—

God was not in the blast;
Announcing danger, wreck, and death,
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath.

It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud
Came, muffling up the sun;
When, through the mountain, deep and loud
An earthquake thundered on;
The frighted eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair,—
God was not in the storm;
'Twas but the rolling of his car,
The trampling of his steeds from far.

'Twas still again, and nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame:
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came:
Down to the depth the ocean fled;
The sickening sun looked wan and dead;
Yet God filled not the flame,—
'Twas but the terror of his eye
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small
Rose sweetly on the ear,
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear:
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,—
And God himself was there;
For oh! it was a father's voice,
That bade the trembling world rejoice.

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31. BYRON.—*Pollok.*

He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And oped new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,

In other men, his, fresh as morning rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home,
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles;
He from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though
It scarce deserved his verse. With nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Appenines;
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist—the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed—
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sung
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms
His brothers—younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed.
As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed;
So he through learning and through fancy took
His flight sublime; and on the loftiest top
Of fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled, and worn,
As if he from the earth had labored up;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair,
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there, to see what lay beneath.
Great man! the nations gazed and wondered much,
And praised: and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favor of his wickedness:
And kings to do him honor took delight.
Thus full of titles, flattery, honor, fame;
Beyond desire, beyond ambition full,—
He died—he died of what? Of wretchedness.
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame; drank early, deeply drank; drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched—then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.

32. SONG OF MAC MURROUGH.—*Scott.*

Mist darkens the mountains, night darkens the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael:
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill, or the glen, if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires, if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumined with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

Oh high-minded Moray!—the exiled!—the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the standard uprear,
Wide, wide, on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when the dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall

'Tis the summons of heroes to conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath,
They call to the dirk, the claymore, the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire!
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore
Or die like your sires and endure it no more!

33. WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?—*Doane.*

What is that, mother?
The lark, my child.
The morn has just looked out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays,
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?
The dove, my son.—
And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove;
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?
The eagle, my boy
Proudly careering his course of joy,
Firm, in his own mountain vigor relying;
Breasting the dark storm; the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine;
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, mother?
The swan, my love.
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down, by himself, to die.

Death darkens his eye and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swanlike and sweet it may waft thee home.

34. WOMAN.—*Campbell.*

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known
Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its own?
Who hath not paused while beauty's pensive eye
Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh?
Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name?
There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,
Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow:
There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed,
In self-adoring pride securely mailed;—
But, triumph not, ye peace-enamored few!
Fire, nature, genius, never dwelt with you!
For you no fancy consecrates the scene
Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between:
'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet;
No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!
Who that would ask a heart to dullness wed,
The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead?
No; the wild bliss of nature needs alloy,
And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy!
And say without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun!
Till hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight charmed the silent air:
In vain the wild-bird caroled on the steep,
To hail the sun, slow-wheeling from the deep;
In vain, to soothe the solitary shade,
Aerial notes in mingling measure played;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—

Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

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35. FREEDOM.—*Cowper.*

Fair freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
The mind attains, beneath her happy reign,
The growth that nature meant she should attain:
The varied fields of science, ever new,
Opening and wider opening on her view,
She ventures onward with a prosperous force,
While no base fear impedes her in her course.
Religion, richest favor of the skies,
Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes:
No shades of superstition blot the day,
Liberty chases all that gloom away;
The soul emancipated, unoppressed,
Free to prove all things and hold fast the best,
Learns much; and to a thousand listening minds
Communicates with joy the good she finds;
Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
His manly forehead to the fiercest foe:
Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
His spirits rising as his toils increase,
Guards well what arts and industry have won,
And Freedom claims him for her firstborn son.
Slaves fight for what were better cast away—
The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway
But they that fight for freedom, undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake:
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
Oh liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
Genius is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse;
Heroic song from thy sweet touch acquires
Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires:

Place me where winter breathes his keenest air,
And I will sing, if liberty be there;
And I will sing at liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

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36. THE GRAVES OF THE PATRIOTS.—*Percival.*

Here rest the great and good—here they repose
After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And gathers them again, as winter frowns.
Theirs is no vulgar sepulchre; green sods
Are all their monument; and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute,
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demi-gods of old.
Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
Of serious liberty. No factious voice
Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the poor consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awestruck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
When first our patriots sent the invader back
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature, and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshiping nothing but our own pure hearts,

And the one universal Lord. They need
No column, pointing to the heaven they sought,
To tell us of their home. The heart itself,
Left to its own free purpose, hastens there,
And there alone reposes.

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37. INFLUENCE OF HOPE AT THE CLOSE OF LIFE.—*Campbell*

Unfading hope! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal power!
What though each spark of earthborn rapture fly!
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin!
And all the phœnix spirit burns within!
Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes!
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
It is a dread—an awful thing to die!
Mysterious worlds! untraveled by the sun,
Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes unheard by other ears—
'Tis heaven's commanding trumpet long and loud
Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud!
While nature hears with terror mingled trust,
The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
And, like the trembling Hebrew when he trod
The roaring waves, and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,
And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!
Daughter of faith, awake! arise! illume
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb!
Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chased on his night-steed by the star of day!
The strife is o'er!—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
The noon of heaven undazzled by the blaze,

On heavenly wings that waft her to the sky
Float the sweet tones of starborn melody:
Wild as the hallowed anthem sent to hail
Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
Watched on the holy towers of Zion hill.

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38. ADDRESS TO SCEPTICS.—*Campbell.*

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim,
Lights of the world and demi-gods of fame?
Is this your triumph—this your proud applause,
Children of truth, and champions of her cause?
For this hath science searched, on weary wing,
By shore and sea,—each mute and living thing?
Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep,
To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep!
Or round the cope her living chariot driven
And wheeled in triumph through the signs of heaven!
Oh! star-eyed science, hast thou wandered there,
To waft us home the message of despair!
Then bind the palm thy sage's brow to suit,
Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!
Ah me! the laureled wreath that murder rears,
Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,
Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread,
As waves the night-shade round the sceptic's head.
What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain?
I smile on death if heavenward hope remain!
But if the warring winds of nature's strife
Be all the faithless charter of my life,
If chance awaked, inexorable power!
This frail and feverish being of an hour;
Doomed o'er the world's precarious scene to sweep,
Swift as the tempest travels on the deep,
To know delight but by her parting smile,
And toil, and wish, and weep a little while;
Then melt, ye elements! that formed in vain
This troubled pulse and visionary brain!
Fade, ye wild flowers! memorials of my doom;
And sing, ye stars! that light me to the tomb.
Truth! ever lovely—since the world began,
The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,—

Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray,—
The world was sad!—the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

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Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes:
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Liberty chases all that gloom away;
The soul emancipated, unoppressed,
Free to prove all things and hold fast the best,
Learns much; and to a thousand listening minds
Communicates with joy the good she finds;
Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show
His manly forehead to the fiercest foe:
Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,
His spirits rising as his toils increase,
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A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.
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The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme;
Genius is thine, and thou art fancy's nurse;
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse;
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Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires:

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And I will sing, if liberty be there;
And I will sing at liberty's dear feet,
In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat.

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After their generous toil. A sacred band,
They take their sleep together, while the year
Comes with its early flowers to deck their graves,
And gathers them again, as winter frowns.
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Are all their monument; and yet it tells
A nobler history than pillared piles,
Or the eternal pyramids. They need
No statue nor inscription to reveal
Their greatness. It is round them; and the joy
With which their children tread the hallowed ground
That holds their venerated bones, the peace
That smiles on all they fought for, and the wealth
That clothes the land they rescued,—these, though mute,
As feeling ever is when deepest,—these
Are monuments more lasting than the fanes
Reared to the kings and demi-gods of old.
Touch not the ancient elms, that bend their shade
Over their lowly graves; beneath their boughs
There is a solemn darkness, even at noon,
Suited to such as visit at the shrine
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Called them unto the field of generous fame,
But the poor consecrated love of home.
No deeper feeling sways us, when it wakes
In all its greatness. It has told itself
To the astonished gaze of awestruck kings,
At Marathon, at Bannockburn, and here,
When first our patriots sent the invader back
Broken and cowed. Let these green elms be all
To tell us where they fought, and where they lie.
Their feelings were all nature, and they need
No art to make them known. They live in us,
While we are like them, simple, hardy, bold,
Worshiping nothing but our own pure hearts,

There was another, large of understanding,
Of memory infinite, of judgment deep:
Who knew all learning, and all science knew;
And all phenomena in heaven and earth,
Traced to their causes; traced the labyrinths
Of thought, association, passion, will;
And all the subtile, nice affinities
Of matter traced; its motions, virtues, laws;
And most familiarly and deeply talked
Of mental, moral, natural, divine.
Leaving the earth at will, he soared to heaven,
And read the glorious visions of the skies;
And to the music of the rolling spheres
Intelligently listened; and gazed far back,
Into the awful depths of Deity.
Did all that mind assisted most, could do;
And yet in misery lived, in misery died.
Because he wanted holiness of heart.
A deeper lesson this to mortals taught,
And nearer cut the branches of their pride:
That not in mental, but in moral worth,
God excellence placed; and only to the good,
To virtue, granted happiness alone.

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41. WHAT'S HALLOWED GROUND?—*Campbell.*

What's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by superstition's rod,
To bow the knee?

What's hallowed ground?—where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed,—
But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers?
No! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
The spot where love's first links were wound,
That ne'er are riven,

Is hallowed, down to earth's profound,
And up to heaven!

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap:
In dews that heavens far-distant weep
Their turf may bloom;
Or genii twine beneath the deep
Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has saved mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies, in heaven's sight,
The sword he draws:—
What can alone ennoble fight?
A noble cause?

Give that: and welcome war to brace
Her drums! and rend heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!
Peace! independence! truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground!

CASSIUS INSTIGATING BRUTUS AGAINST CÆSAR.—*Shakspeare.*

Honor is the subject of my story—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,

I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
We have both fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he
For, once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber, chafing with its shores,
Cæsar says to me,—"Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so indeed he did
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it;
With lusty sinews throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried,—"Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
Did I the tired Cæsar; and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan,
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
"Alas!" it cried—"Give me some drink, Titinius"—
As a sick girl.
Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Brutus and Cæsar!—What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together: yours is as fair a name;
Sound them: it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them: it is as heavy; conjure with 'em:
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now in the name of all the gods at once

Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he hath grown so great? Age, thou art shamed;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
The infernal devil, to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

---

43. NEW-ENGLAND.—*Percival.*

Hail to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast:
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host:
No slave is here—our unchained feet
Walk freely, as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave;—
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height.
And, fearless stemmed the invading flood,
And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
Oh! 'twas a proud, exulting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of liberty
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm unshaken rock,
On which we rest,
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed:
All, who the wreath of freedom twine,
Beneath the shadow of their vine
Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand—
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannon's loudest roar,
And storm our land:
They still shall find, our lives are given
To die for home;—and leant on heaven
Our hand.

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44. MOLOCH'S ORATION FOR WAR.—*Milton.*

My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need; or when they need; not now
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay! No,—let us rather choose,
Armed with hell-flames and fury, all at once

O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels: and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments.—But perhaps
The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat: descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low!—The ascent is easy then:—
The event is feared:—should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed.—What can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter wo;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour
Call us to penance?—More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then?—What doubt we to incense
His utmost ire! which to his height enraged,
Will either quite consume us and reduce
To nothing this essential; happier far,
Than miserable to have eternal being;
Or if our substance be indeed divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
And with perpetual inroad to alarm,
Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
Which if not victory, is yet revenge.

45. REGULUS BEFORE THE ROMAN SENATE.—*Jewsbury.*

Thou here!—and have not prison gloom,
And taunting foes, and threatened doom,
  Obscured thy courage yet?—
Oh joy for earth! thus to behold
One spirit of such glorious mold;
  One sun that cannot set,—
Though storms beat round it in their might,
And sorrow flings her blackest night.

Thy power is past, thy sword hath rust,
Thine outward honor in the dust,
  Nor chief, nor ruler thou!
The fetter's mark is on thy limb—
Thine hair is gray—thine eye is dim—
  And on thy pallid brow,
Those records of soul-strife are set,
That none may gaze on, and forget.

Thou lion chained!—thou eagle blind!
Though last I saw thee unconfined
  In grandeur and in might,—
One empire wreath thy victor crown,
Another, tremble at thy frown,—
  Less glorious far that sight,
Than thus to view thee standing now,
Chief of the stern and stricken brow!

The mighty ones of Rome are met,
Her senate sages round thee set,
  (Each worthy of a throne)
Yet mean, compared with thine, their state;
They, but dispose of others' fate,—
  Thou, patriot—of thine own;
For them, the world may guerdon be,—
Thine, thine, is immortality!

But holier things than life or power
Surround thee in this awful hour;—
  Still warrior art thou strong?
That suppliant—'tis thy wife that bends,
Those tears—they flow from faithful friends,
  Thy children round thee throng;

One word, but one, and thou may'st stay;—
Firm spirit, wilt thou turn away?

A dull deep pause—that hush of breath
Which speaks anticipated death,
One still, stern look from him,—
A look, that tells of spotless fame,
Of strength for suffering, not for shame,
Resolve, no grief must dim;—
This—and the Roman all would save,
Departs, self-martyred, for the grave!

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46. THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.—*Anonymous.*

With viscous thread, and finger fine,
The spider spun his filmy line;
The extremes with stronger cordage tied.
And wrought the web from side to side.

Beneath the casement's pendant roof,
He hung aloft the shadowy woof:—
There in the midst compressed he lies,
And patient waits the expected prize.

When, lo! on sounding pinion strong,
A bee, incautious, rushed along;
Nor of the gauzy net aware,
Till all entangled in the snare.

Enraged, he plies his buzzing wings,
His far-resounding war-song sings;
Tears all that would his course control,
And threatens ruin to the whole.

With dread, with gladness, with surprise,
The spider saw the dangerous prize;
Then rushed relentless on his foe,
Intent to give the deadly blow.

But as the spider came in view,
The bee his poisoned dagger drew;—
Back at the sight the spider ran,—
And now his crafty work began.

With lengthened arms the snares he plied,
He turned the bee from side to side;
His legs he tied, his wings he bound,
And whirled his victim round and round.

And now with cautious steps and slow,
He came to give the fatal blow;
When, frightened at the trenchant blade,
The bee one desperate effort made.

The fabric breaks—the cords give way;
His wings resume their wonted play;
Far off on gladsome plume he flies,
And drags the spider through the skies.

Shun vice's snares;—but if you're caught,
Boldly resist, and parley not:
Then, though your foe you cannot kill,
You'll lead him captive where you will.

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47. THE FIRST WANDERER.—*Jewsbury.*

Creation's heir!—the first, the last,
That knew the world his own;-
Yet stood he 'mid his kingdom vast,
A fugitive—o'erthrown!
Faded and frail his glorious form,
And changed his soul within,
Whilst fear, and sorrow, strife, and storm,
Told the dark secret—sin!

Unaided and alone on earth,
He bade the heavens give ear;—
But every star that sang his birth,
Kept silence in its sphere;
He saw, round Eden's distant steep,
Angelic legions stray;—
Alas! he knew them sent to keep
His guilty foot away.

Then, reckless, turned he to his own,
The world before him spread;—
But nature's was an altered tone,
And breathed rebuke and dread:

Fierce thunder-peal, and rocking gale,
  Answered the storm-swept sea,—
Whilst crashing forests joined the wail;
  And all said—"Cursed for thee."

This, spoke the lion's prowling roar,
  And this, the victim's cry;
This, written in defenseless gore,
  For ever met his eye:
And not alone each sterner power,
  Proclaimed just heaven's decree,—
The faded leaf, the dying flower,
  Alike said—"Cursed for thee."

Though mortal, doomed to many a length
  Of life's now narrow span,
Sons rose around in pride and strength;—
  They too proclaimed the ban.
'Twas heard, amid their hostile spears,
  Seen, in the murderer's doom;
Breathed, from the widow's silent tears,
  Felt, in the infant's tomb.

Ask not the wanderer's after-fate,
  His being, birth, or name,—
Enough that all have shared his state,
  That Man is still the same.
Still, brier and thorn his life o'ergrow,
  Still, strives his soul within;
Whilst care, and pain, and sorrow show
  The same dark secret—sin.

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48. CARACTACUS.—*Barton.*

Before proud Rome's imperial throne,
  In mind's unconquered mood,
As if the triumph were his own,
  The dauntless captive stood:
None, to have seen his freeborn air,
Had fancied him a prisoner there.

Though through the crowded streets of Rome,
  With slow and stately tread,
Far from his own loved island-home
  That day in triumph led,—

Unbowed his head, unbent his knee,
Undimmed his eye, his aspect free.

A free and fearless glance he cast
On temple, arch, and tower,
By which the long procession passed
Of Rome's victorious power;
And somewhat of a scornful smile
Upcurled his haughty lip the while.

And now he stood, with brow serene,
Where slaves might prostrate fall;
Bearing a Briton's manly mien
In Cæsar's palace-hall;
Claiming, with kindling brow and cheek,
The privilege even there to speak.

Nor could Rome's haughty lord withstand
The claim that look preferred;
But motioned, with uplifted hand,
The suppliant should be heard,—
If he, indeed, a suppliant were,
Whose glance demanded audience there.

Deep stillness fell on all the crowd,
From Claudius on his throne,
Down to the meanest slave that bowed
At his imperial tone;
Silent his fellow-captives' grief,
As fearless spoke the island chief:

"Think not, thou eagle lord of Rome,
And master of the world,
Though victory's banner o'er thy dome
In triumph now is furled,
I would address thee as thy slave,—
But as the bold should greet the brave.

"I might, perchance, could I have deigned
To hold a vassal's throne,
Even now in Britain's isle have reigned
A king, in name alone:—
Yet holding, as thy meek ally,
A monarch's mimic pageantry.

"Then through Rome's crowded streets this day,
I might have rode with thee;
Not in a captive's base array,
But fetterless and free;—
If freedom he could hope to find
Whose bondage is of heart and mind.

"But canst thou marvel that,—freeborn,
With heart and hope unquelled,
Throne, crown, and sceptre I should scorn,
By thy permission held?
Or that I should retain my right,
'Till wrested by a conqueror's might?

"Rome, with her palaces, and towers,
By us unwished, unreft,
Her homely huts, and woodland bowers,
To Britain might have left;—
Worthless to you their wealth must be,
But dear to us—for they were free!

"I might have bowed before,—but where
Had been thy triumph now?
To my resolve no yoke to bear
Thou owest thy laureled brow;
Inglorious victory had been thine,
And more inglorious bondage mine.

"Now I have spoken,—do thy will;
Be life or death my lot,—
Since Britain's throne no more I fill,
To me it matters not:
My fame is clear; but on my fate
Thy glory, or thy shame must wait."

He ceased. From all around upsprung
A murmur of applause;
For well had truth and freedom's tongue
Maintained their holy cause:
The conqueror was their captive then;
—He bade the slave be free again.

49. SPEECH OF BELIAL, DISSUADING WAR.—*Milton*

I should be much for open war, Oh peers,
As not behind in hate, if what were urged
Main reason to persuade immediate war,
Did not dissuade me more, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he who most excels in tact of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels,
Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge?—The towers of heaven are filled
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions: or with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,
Scorning surprise.—Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels, all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne,
Sit unpolluted; and the etherial mold,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair; we must exasperate
The almighty victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,—
To be no more.—Sad cure!—for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,—
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide tomb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion?—And who knows
(Let this be good) whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? How he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unawares,
To give his enemies their wish and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless?—"Wherefore cease ye then?"
Say they, who counsel war; "we are decreed,

Reserved, and destined to eternal wo:
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds! or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into seven-fold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague? what if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impending horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end?—this would be worse.
War, therefore, open and concealed, alike
My voice dissuades.

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50. DEATH AND THE DRUNKARD.—*Anonymous.*

His form was fair, his cheek was health;
His word a bond, his purse was wealth;
With wheat his field was covered o'er,
Plenty sat smiling at his door.
His wife the fount of ceaseless joy;
How laughed his daughter, played his boy;
His library, though large, was read,
Till half its contents decked his head.
At morn 'twas health, wealth, pure delight,
'Twas health, wealth, peace, and bliss at night;
I wished not to disturb his bliss—
'Tis *gone*! but all the fault was his.

The social glass I saw him seize,
The more with festive wit to please;
Daily increase his love of cheer—
Ah, little thought he I was near!
Gradual indulgence on him stole,
Frequent became the midnight bowl.
I in that bowl the headache placed,
Which, with the juice, his lips embraced
Shame next I mingled with the draught;
Indignantly he drank and laughed.

In the bowl's bottom bankruptcy
I placed—he drank with tears and glee.
Remorse did I into it pour;
He only sought the bowl the more.
I mingled next joint torturing pain;
Little the less did he refrain.
The dropsy in the cup I mixed;
Still to his mouth the cup was fixed
My emissaries thus in vain
I sent the mad wretch to restrain.

On the bowl's bottom then myself
I threw; the most abhorrent elf
Of all that mortals hate or dread;
And thus in horrid whispers said—
"Successless ministers I've sent,
Thy hastening ruin to prevent;
Their lessons nought—then here am I
Think not my threatenings to defy,
Swallow this, this, thy last 'twill be,
For with it thou must swallow me."

Haggard his eyes, upright his hair,
Remorse his lips, his cheeks despair;
With shaking hands the bowl he clasped.
My meatless limbs his carcass grasped
And bore it to the churchyard—where
Thousands, ere I would call, repair.

Death speaks—ah, reader, dost thou hear?
Hast thou no lurking cause to fear?
Has not o'er thee the sparkling bowl
Constant, commanding, sly control?
Betimes reflect, betimes beware—

Though ruddy, healthful, now, and fair,
Before slow reason lose the sway,
Reform—postponed another day,
Too soon may mix with common clay.

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51. SOLILOQUY FROM MANFRED.—*Byron.*

The spirits I have raised abandon me—
The spells which I have studied baffle me—
The remedy I recked of tortured me;
I lean no more on superhuman aid,
It hath no power upon the past, and for
The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,
It is not of my search. My mother earth!
And thou, fresh breaking day; and you, ye mountains,
Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
That openest over all, and unto all
Art a delight—thou shinest not on my heart.
And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
Behold the tall pines dwindle as to shrubs
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
I see the peril—yet do not recede;
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
There is a power upon me which withholds
And makes it my fatality to live:
If it be life to wear within myself
This barrenness of spirit, and to be
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased
To justify my deeds unto myself—
The last infirmity of evil.——Ay,
Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,
[*An eagle passes.*
Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
Well mayest thou swoop so near me—I should be
Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
Where the eye cannot follow thee; but thine
Yet pierces *downward*, onward or above

With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!
How beautiful is all this visible world!
How glorious in its action and itself!
But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
A conflict of its elements, and breathe
The breath of degradation and of pride,
Contending with low wants and lofty will
Till our mortality predominates,
And men are—what they name not to themselves,
And trust not to each other. Hark! the note,
[*The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.*
The natural music of the mountain reed—
For here the patriarchal days are not
A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
My soul would drink those echoes.—Oh, that I were
The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
A living voice, a breathing harmony,
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
With the blest tone which made me!

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52. THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE.—*Carey.*

Heard ye those loud contending waves,
That shook Cecropia's pillared state?
Saw ye the mighty from their graves
Look up and tremble at her fate?
Who shall calm the angry storm?
Who the mighty task perform,
And bid the raging tumult cease?
See the son of Hermes rise;
With syren tongue and speaking eyes,
Hush the noise and soothe to peace!

Lo! from the regions of the north,
The reddening storm of battle pours;
Rolls along the trembling earth,
Fastens on Olynthian towers.

"Where rests the sword!—where sleeps the brave?
Awake! Cecropia's ally save

From the fury of the blast;
Burst the storm on Phocis' walls;
Rise! or Greece for ever falls,
Up! or freedom breathes her last!"

The jarring states obsequious now,
View the patriot's hand on high;
Thunder gathering on his brow;
Lightning flashing from his eye!

Borne by the tide of words along,
One voice, one mind, inspire the throng:
"To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry,
"Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
Lead us to Philippi's lord,
Let us conquer him—or die!"

Ah eloquence! thou wast undone;
Wast from thy native country driven,
When tyranny eclipsed the sun,
And blotted out the stars of heaven.

When liberty from Greece withdrew,
And o'er the Adriatic flew,
To where the Tiber pours his urn,
She struck the rude Tarpeian rock;
Sparks were kindled by the shock—
Again thy fires began to burn!

Now shining forth, thou madest compliant,
The conscript fathers to thy charms;
Roused the world-bestriding giant,
Sinking fast in slavery's arms!

I see thee stand by freedom's fane,
Pouring the persuasive strain,
Giving vast conceptions birth:
Hark! I hear thy thunder's sound,
Shake the forum round and round—
Shake the pillars of the earth!

Firstborn of liberty divine!
Put on religion's bright array;
Speak! and the starless grave shall shine,
The portal of eternal day!

Rise, kindling with the orient beam;
Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme!
Unfold the garments rolled in blood!
Oh touch the soul, touch all her chords,
With all the omnipotence of words,
And point the way to heaven—to God.

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53. OTHELLO'S ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.—*Shakspeare.*

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors,
My very noble and approved good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;—
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more. Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself; yet by your patience,
I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charged withal,)
I won his daughter with.
Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have passed.
I run it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances;
Of moving accidents, by flood and field;
Of hairbreadth 'scapes in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence;—
Of battles bravely, hardly fought; of victories,
For which the conqueror mourned—so many fell!
Sometimes I told the story of a siege,
Wherein I had to combat plagues and famine;
Soldiers unpaid; fearful to fight, yet bold
In dangerous mutiny.

These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Whichever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,—
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not distinctively.
I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains, a world of sighs!
She swore, "In faith 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful;"
She wished she had not heard it;—yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man;—she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake.
She loved me for the dangers I had past;
And I loved her that she did pity them.—
This, only, is the witchcraft I have used.

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54. MOLOCH AND SATAN, BEFORE THE POWERS OF HELL.—*White.*

One there was there, whose loud defying tongue
Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
Of overboiling malice. Utterance long
His passion mocked and long he strove to tell
His laboring ire; still syllable none fell
From his pale quivering lip, but died away
For very fury; from each hollow cell
Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray.
"This comes," at length burst from the furious chief,
"This comes of dastard counsels! Here behold
The fruits of wily cunning! the relief
Which coward policy would fain unfold
To soothe the powers that warred with heaven of old.
Oh *wise! Oh potent!* Oh sagacious snare!

And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,
There stands he, spell-struck, gaping at the air,
While heaven subverts his reign and plants her standard there."
Here as recovered, Satan fixed his eye
Full on the speaker; dark as it was stern;
He wrapped his black vest round him gloomily
And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts concern.
Him Moloch marked and strove again to turn
His soul to rage. "Behold, behold," he cried,
"The lord of hell, who bade these legions spurn
Almighty rule—behold he lays aside
The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man defied."
Thus ended Moloch and his burning tongue
Hung quivering as if mad to quench its heat
In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
The famished tiger pants, when near his seat,
Pressed on the sands, he marks the traveler's feet.
Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the seat
Of the arch-fiend, all turned with one accord,
As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde:—

"Ye powers of hell, I am no coward. I proved this of old. Who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah? Who coped with Ithuriel, and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke and collected your scattered powers? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base? How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? He, who preys only on the defenseless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention! Away with the boaster who never joins in action; but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation. Let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counseled purposes determinately. In power, we have learned by that experiment which lost us heaven, that we are inferior to the thunder-bearer: in subtlety—in subtelty alone, we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

Thus shall we pierce our conqueror through the race
Which, as himself, he loves; thus, if we fall,
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace

Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call
Of vengeance rings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.
Away with coward wiles! Death's coal-black pall
Be now our standard! Be our torch, the glare
Of cities fired! our fifes, the shrieks that fill the air!"

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55 DESCRIPTION OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE IN SCOTLAND.—*Scott.*

At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass, in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear;
For life! for life! their flight they ply;
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in their rear.
Onward they drive in dreadful race
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearsman's twilight wood?
"Down, down," cried Mar, "your lances down!
Bear back both friend and foe!"
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay leveled low;
And closely shouldering side to side
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their hunters cow the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame."
Bearing before them in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan Alpine come.
Above their tide each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,

Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang,
As if a hundred anvils rang;
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan Alpine's flank—
"My banner-men advance!
I see," he cried, "their column shake;
Now gallants! for your ladies' sake,
Upon them with the lance."
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan Alpine's best are backward borne—
Where, where was Rhoderic then?
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And refluent through the pass of fear
The battle's tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon's struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn's chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle's mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne'er shall fight again.

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56. PARRHASIUS.—*Willis.*

"Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and, when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better by his example to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint."

Parrhasius stood, gazing forgetfully
Upon his canvass. There Prometheus lay,
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,

The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
Forth with its reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
Were like the winged god's breathing from his flight.

"Bring me the captive now!
My hand feels skilful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift;
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—around me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

Ha! bind him on his back!
Look! as Prometheus in my picture here—
Quick—or he faints!—stand with the cordial near!
Now—bend him to the rack!
Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

'Pity' thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
I'd rack thee, though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?

Ah! there's a deathless name!—
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me—
By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me!

Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first—
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot;
Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
Oh heavens—but I appall
Your heart, old man!—forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

Vain—vain—give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I'll paint the death-dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh, Death!
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so—he's dead."

How like a mountain devil in the heart
Rules the unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glows with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace for ever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the desert for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor and forget
The thirst of which we perish!

57. MEETING OF SATAN AND DEATH AT THE GATE OF HELL —*Milton.*

Meanwhile the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflamed of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell

Explores his solitary flight! sometimes
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at sea a fleet descried
Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the cape,
Ply stemming nightly toward the pole: so seemed
Far off the flying fiend. At last appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates: three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impaled with circling fire,
Yet unconsumed. Before the gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape;
The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast, a serpent armed
With mortal sting; about her middle round
A cry of hell-hounds, never ceasing, barked
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal. Far less abhorred than these
Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore:
Nor uglier follow the nighthag, when, called
In secret, riding through the air she comes,
Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With Lapland witches, while the laboring moon
Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
If shape it might be called that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be called that shadow seemed;
For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand; and from his seat
The monster moving, onward came as fast
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,
Admired, not feared; God and his son except,

Created thing naught valued he, nor shunned.
And with disdainful look thus first began.
"Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hellborn! not to contend with spirits of heaven!"
To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied,
"Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjured against the highest, for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in wo and pain?
And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doomed! and breathest defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to inflame thee more
Thy king and lord! Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."
So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deformed: on the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
Leveled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian, then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds

Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between

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58. THE PASSIONS.—*Collins.*

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,—
While yet, in early Greece, she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Thronged around her magic cell;
Exulting—trembling—raging—fainting,—
Possessed beyond the muse's painting:
By turns, they felt the glowing mind
Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
Filled with fury, rapt, inspired:
From the supporting myrtles round,
They snatched her instruments of sound;
And, as they oft had heard, apart,
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each—(for madness ruled the hour—)
Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed—his eyes, on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre—
And swept with hurried hand, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, Oh Hope! with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whispered promised pleasure,

And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
Still would her touch the strain prolong;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on Echo still through all her song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
And Hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo;
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien;
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to naught were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state;
Of differing themes the veering song was mixed;
And now it courted Love, now, raving, called on Hate

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale Melancholy sat retired;
And, from her wild sequestered seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul,
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound:
Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,
Or, o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,
(Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,)
In hollow murmurs—died away.

But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness—a nymph of healthiest hue—
Her bow across her shoulder flung,

Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung!—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known.
The oak-crowned sisters and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green:
Brown exercise rejoiced to hear,
And sport leaped up and seized his beechen spear.

Last came joy's ecstatic trial:—
He with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet, entrancing voice he loved the best,
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempé's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
Love framed with mirth a gay fantastic round,
(Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,)
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

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59. ALEXANDER'S FEAST.—*Dryden.*

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son.—
Aloft, in awful state,
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne.
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crowned.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave,—deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touched the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.—

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seat above—
Such is the power of mighty love!—
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world!
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound:
"A present deity!" they shout around;
"A present deity!" the vaulted roofs rebound.—
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres!

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young!
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets! beat the drums!
Flushed with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now give the hautboys breath!—he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus's blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure;
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain!

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes!
And, while he heaven and earth defied—
Changed his hand and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:
He sang Darius, great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fallen! fallen! fallen! fallen!
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood!
Deserted in his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes!
With downcast looks the joyless victor sat,
Revolving, in his altered soul,
The various turns of fate below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred strain to move;
For pity melts the soul to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still and still destroying.
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, Oh! think it worth enjoying;
Lovely Thais sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.—
The many rend the skies with loud applause,
So love was crowned; but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor—sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark! hark!—the horrid sound
Has raised up his head,
As awaked from the dead;
And, amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries—
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And, unburied, remain
Inglorious on the plain.
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold! how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods!
The princes applaud, with a furious joy!
And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey;
And, like another Helen—fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.
At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added strength to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

PATHETIC AND ENTERTAINING.

1. THE DESTRUCTION OF SENACHERIB.—*Byron.*

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever were still!

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

2. THE FIELD OF GILBOA.—*Knox.*

The sun of the morning looked forth from his throne,
And beamed on the face of the dead and the dying;
For the yell of the strife, like the thunder, had flown.
And red on Gilboa the carnage was lying.

And there lay the husband that lately was prest
To the beautiful cheek that was tearless and ruddy;
But the claws of the eagle were fixed in his breast,
And the beak of the vulture was busy and bloody.

And there lay the son of the widowed and sad,
Who yesterday went from her dwelling for ever;
Now the wolf of the hills a sweet carnival had
On the delicate limbs that had ceased not to quiver.

And there came the daughter, the delicate child,
To hold up the head that was breathless and hoary;
And there came the maiden, all frantic and wild,
To kiss the loved lips that were gasping and gory.

And there came the consort that struggled in vain
To stem the red tide of a spouse that bereft her;
And there came the mother that sunk 'mid the slain,
To weep o'er the last human stay that was left her.

Oh! bloody Gilboa, a curse ever lie
Where the king and his people were slaughtered together;
May the dew and the rain leave thy herbage to die,
Thy flocks to decay, and thy forests to wither!

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3. THE SHIELD.—*Moore.*

Oh! did you not hear a voice of death?
And did you not mark the paly form
Which rode on the silver mist of the heath,
And sung a ghostly dirge in the storm?

Was it a wailing bird of the gloom,
Which shrieks on the house of wo all night?
Or a shivering fiend that flew to a tomb,
To howl and to feed till the glance of light?

'Twas not the death-bird's cry from the wood,
Nor shivering fiend that hung in the blast,
'Twas the shade of Helderic—man of blood—
It screams for the guilt of days that are past!

See! how the red, red lightning strays,
And scares the gliding ghosts of the heath!
Now on the leafless yew it plays,
Where hangs the shield of this son of death!

That shield is blushing with murderous stains,
Long has it hung from the cold yew's spray;
It is blown by storms and washed by rains,
But neither can take the blood away!

Oft by that yew on the blasted field,
Demons dance to the red moon's light:
While the damp boughs creak, and the swinging shield
Sings to the raving spirit of night!

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4. THE CHILD'S FIRST GRIEF.—*Hemans.*

"Oh call my brother back to me,
I cannot play alone!
The summer comes with flower and bee,—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track;
I care not now to chase its flight—
Oh call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh call him back to me!"

"He would not hear my voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

The rose's brief, bright light of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go, thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook, and in the glade,
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more."

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5. THE GIPSY WANDERER.—*Anonymous.*

'Twas night, and the farmer, his fireside near,
O'er a pipe quaffed his ale, stout and old;
The hinds were in bed, when a voice struck his ear,
"Let me in, I beseech you!" just so ran the prayer—
"Let me in!—I am dying with cold."

To his servant, the farmer cried—"Sue, move thy feet,
Admit the poor wretch from the storm;
For our chimney will not lose a jot of its heat,
Although the night wanderer may there find a seat,
And beside our wood embers grow warm."

At that instant a gipsy-girl, humble in pace—
Bent before him, his pity to crave:
He, starting, exclaimed, "wicked fiend, quit this place!
A parent's curse light on the whole gipsy race!
They have bowed me almost to the grave!"

"Good sir, as our tribe passed the churchyard below,
I just paused, the tuft graves to survey:—
I fancied the spot where my mother lies low,
When suddenly came on a thick fall of snow—
And I know not a step of my way."

"This is craft!"—cried the farmer, "If I judge aright,
I suspect thy cursed gang may be near;
Thou wouldst open the doors to the ruffians of night;
Thy eyes o'er the plunder now rove with delight,
And on me with sly treachery leer!"

With a shriek—on the floor the young gipsy-girl fell;
"Help," cried Susan, "your child to uprear!
Your long stolen child!—she remembers you well,
And the terrors and joys in her bosom which swell,
Are too mighty for nature to bear!"

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6. GLENARA.—*Campbell.*

Oh! heard you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara, laments for his dear;
And her sire and her people are called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They marched all in silence—they looked to the ground.

In silence they reached over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar;
"Now here let us place the gray-stone of her cairn;—
Why speak ye no word?" said Glenara the stern.

"And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?"
So spake the rude chieftain: no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger displayed.

"I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her shroud,"
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
"And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

Oh! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween;
When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen:
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—
'Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn.—

"I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her grief,
I dreamed that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On the rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem:
Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!"

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found:
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne:
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

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7. THE SONG OF CONSTANCE.—*Scott.*

Where shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted for ever?
Where through groves deep and high,
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow,
Soft shall be his pillow.
There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There, thy rest, shalt thou take,
Parted for ever;
Never again to wake;
Never, oh never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her!
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle,
With groans of the dying,
There shall he be lying.
Her wing shall the raven flap,
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever:
Blessings shall hallow it,—
Never, oh never!

8. THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.—*Anonymous.*

Bereft of his kindred, Mohanoe had strayed
To a land among strangers, far, far from his isle;
O'erwhelming misfortune in ruins had laid
Each heart-cheering prospect that once could beguile.

One son, an affectionate darling, remained,
To soothe his afflictions, his perils to share;
But scarce had Mohanoe the foreign shore gained,
When he sunk to the grave, by the stroke of despair.

All cheerless and lone was the orphan-boy left,
No friends to protect him, or lighten his wo;
Of every dear joy was his bosom bereft,
And agonized memory hung on his brow.

'Twas night—and the orphan-boy sunk to repose;
On the tomb of his father the weary one slept:
Yet bright were the visions that round him arose,
And he smiled o'er the pillow where late he had wept.

He thought of those days, when, a stranger to care,
Through his dear native bowers he had carelessly roved;
The music of home sweetly struck on his ear—
The voices of those he so dearly had loved.

He smiled, as now near to the cottage he drew;
(For a soul-thrilling ecstasy raptured his mind)
His bosom-loved friends to encircle him flew,
And their arms, with affection, around him entwined.

A sweet song of welcome they cheerfully sung,
And joyful, he fancied he joined in the strain;
His sisters around him endearingly clung,
And kissed him with transport again and again.

"I am blest!" cried the dreamer;—"yea blest is the hour!
These lovely caresses once more do I meet;—
Kind heaven! I thank thy all-favoring power—
Thou hast made every sense of enjoyment replete."

But hark! how the thunder now bursts o'er the sky!
It breaks on the vision so dear to his view;
While the lightning's dread glare meets his terrified eye,
And calls to his mind every horror anew.

'Oh God!" he exclaimed,—"is all this but a dream?
Is memory awakened to terror and pain?
So fair was the vision, so bright did it seem,
I thought in my soul thou hadst blessed me again."

Though roused from his slumber,—again he reclines;
He sinks on the tomb where so late he reposed;
No longer in sorrow his young heart repines,
For death's icy fingers his eyelids have closed.

He rests 'neath the shade of the cypress and yew:
No sculpture attracts the lone passenger's eye;—
Yet spring a fair tribute of flowers shall renew,
Where his bones unlamented—but peacefully lie.

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9. HENRY FIRST, AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS SON.—*Hemans.*

The bark that held the prince went down,
The sweeping waves rolled on;—
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne,
Ere sorrow breaks its chain;
Still comes not death to those who mourn;—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms before his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him passed the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dashed o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round;
He heard the minstrel sing;
He saw the tourney's victor crowned
Amid the mighty ring:—

A murmur of the restless deep
Mingled with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep:—
He never smiled again!

Hearts in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly poured;
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain;
Fresh hopes were born for other years:—
He never smiled again!

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10. HENRY FIFTH AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.—*Southey.*

To Henry's tent a hermit passed;
Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence, or they begged
A blessing as they went:
The king was seated all alone,
The map before him lay;
Fresh conquests he was planning there
To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes,
The intruder to behold;
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For the holy man was old.
—"Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
Which thou hast done this land;—
Oh king! repent in time,—for know
The judgment is at hand.

"I used to see along the stream
The white sail gliding down,
That wafted food, in better times,
To yonder peaceful town.
Henry, I never now behold
The white sail sailing down;
Famine, disease, and death, and thou
Destroy that wretched town.

"I used to hear the traveler's voice,
As here he passed along;
Or maiden's, as she loitered home,
Singing her evening song.
No traveler's voice may now be heard,—
In fear he hastens by;
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succor cry.

'I used to see the youths row down,
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viol's tones
Came softened to the shore.
King Henry, many a blackened corpse
I now see floating down!—
Thou bloody man! repent in time,
And leave this leaguered town."

"I shall go on," king Henry cried,
"And conquer this good land;
Seest thou not, hermit, that the Lord
Hath given it to my hand?"
The hermit heard king Henry speak,
And angrily looked down;—
His face was gentle, and, for that,
More solemn was his frown.

"Thou conqueror king, repent in time,
Or dread the coming wo;
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shall feel the blow!"
King Henry forced a careless smile,
As the hermit went his way;
But Henry soon remembered him
Upon his dying day.

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11. THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.—*Anonymous.*

The sun had just retired; the dews of eve
Their glow-worm lustre scattered o'er the vale;
The lonely nightingale began to grieve,
Telling, with many a pause, her tenderest tale

'Twas then, where peasant footsteps marked the way,
A wounded soldier feebly moved along;
Nor aught regarded he the softening ray,
Nor the melodious bird's expressive song.

On crutches borne, his mangled limbs he drew,
Unsightly remnants of the battle's rage;
While pity, in his youthful form might view
A helpless prematurity of age.

Then, as with strange contortions, laboring slow,
He gained the summit of his native hill,
And saw the well-known prospect spread below,
The farm, the cot, the hamlet and the mill;

In spite of fortitude, one struggling sigh
Shook the firm texture of his tortured heart;
And from his hollow and dejected eye
One trembling tear hung ready to depart.

"How changed," he cried, "is the fair scene to me,
Since last across this narrow path I went!
The soaring lark felt not superior glee,
Nor any human breast more true content.

'Oh hapless day! when, at a neighboring wake,
The gaudy sergeant caught my wondering eye;
And as his tongue of war and honor spake,
I felt a wish—to conquer or to die!

"Then, while he bound the ribands on my brow,
He talk'd of captains kind, and generals good;
Said, a whole nation would my fame avow,
And bounty called the purchase of my blood.

"Yet I refused that bounty,—I disdained
To sell my service in a righteous cause;
And such, (to my dull sense it was explained)
The cause of monarchs, justice and the laws.

"The rattling drums beat loud, the fifes began,—
My king and country seem'd to ask my aid;
Through every vein the thrilling ardor ran,—
I left my humble cot, my village maid.

"Oh hapless day! torn from my Lucy's charms,
I thence was hurried to a scene of strife,
To painful marches, and the din of arms—
The wreck of reason, and the waste of life.

"In lothsome vessels now with crowds confined,—
Now led with hosts to slaughter in the field;—
Now backward driven, like leaves before the wind,
Too weak to stand, and yet ashamed to yield;

"Till oft-repeated victories inspired
With tenfold fury the indignant foe;
Who ruthless still advanced as we retired,
And laid our boasted, proudest honors low.

"Through frozen deserts then compelled to fly,
Our bravest legions moldered fast away;—
Thousands, of wounds and sickness left to die,—
While hovering ravens marked them for their prey

"Oh! be this warfare of the world accursed!—
The son now weeps not on the father's bier;
But gray-haired, (for nature is reversed)
Drops o'er his children's grave an icy tear."

He spoke;—and now by varying passions tossed,
He reached the threshold of his father's shed;
Who knew not of his fate, yet mourned him lost
Amid the number of the unnamed dead.

Soon as they heard his well-remembered voice,
A ray of rapture chased habitual care;
"Our Henry lives—we may again rejoice;"—
And Lucy sweetly blushed, for she was there.

But when he entered in such horrid guise
His mother shrieked, and dropped upon the floor;
His father looked to heaven with streaming eyes,
And his dear Lucy sunk—to rise no more!

12. ANDREW JONES.—*Wordsworth.*

"I hate that Andrew Jones; he'll breed
His children up to waste and pillage;
I wish the press-gang or the drum,
With its tantara sounds would come,
And sweep him from the village!"

I said not this, because he loves
Through the long day to swear and tipple,
But for the poor dear sake of one
To whom a foul deed he had done,
A friendless man—a traveling cripple!

For this poor crawling, helpless wretch,
Some horseman who was passing by,
A penny on the ground had thrown;
But the poor cripple was alone
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch thick the dust lay on the ground,
For it had long been droughty weather,
So with his staff, the cripple wrought
Among the dust, till he had brought
The half-pennies together.

It chanced that Andrew passed that way,
Just at the time; and there he found
The cripple at the midday heat,
Standing alone, and at his feet
He saw the penny on the ground.

He stooped and took the penny up,
And when the cripple nearer drew,
Quoth Andrew, "under half a crown
What a man finds is all his own,
And so my friend, good day to you."

And hence I said that Andrew's boys
Will all be trained to waste and pillage;
And wished the press-gang or the drum,
With its tantara sounds would come,
And sweep him from the village.

13. THE WIDOWED MOTHER.—*Wilson.*

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widowed mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmured her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth:
The sea will not give back its prey,—
And they were wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Steadfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son—
"Oh merciful heaven! when I am gone,
Thine is this earthly blossom."

While thus she sat, a sunbeam broke
Into the room:—the babe awoke,
And from his cradle smiled!
Ah me! what kindling smiles met there!
I knew not whether was more fair,
The mother or the child!

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt—
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day,
"Forgive me! that I wept!"

Sufferings there are from nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor poet's tongue
May venture to declare;
But this, as holy writ, is sure—
The griefs she bids us here endure
She can herself repair!

14. THE MOTHER AND CHILD.—*Abercrombie.*

'Twas on a cliff whose rocky base
Baffled the briny wave;
Whose cultured heights their verdant store
To many a tenant gave;

A mother, led by rustic cares,
Had wandered with her child;
Unweaned the babe, yet on the grass
He frolicked and he smiled.

With what delight the mother glowed
To mark her infant joy,
How oft would pause, amid her toil,
To view her beauteous boy.

At length, by other cares estranged,
Her thoughts the child forsook;
Careless, he wandered o'er the grass,
Nor drew his mother's look.

Cropt was each flower that caught his eye,
When wandering o'er the green;
He reached the cliff's uncertain edge
And pleased, surveyed the scene.

'Twas then, the mother from her toil
Turned, to behold her child—
The urchin gone! her cheek was flushed,
Her wandering eye was wild.

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink
Now careless peeping o'er;
He turned, and on his mother smiled,
Then sported as before.

Sunk was her voice, 'twas vain to fly,
'Twas vain the brink to brave;
Oh! nature it was thine alone
To prompt the means to save.

She tore the kerchief from her breast
And laid her bosom bare:
He saw, delighted, left the cliff
And sought the banquet there.

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15. THE ORPHAN.—*Anonymous.*

I have no mother!—for she died
When I was very young,
But her memory still, around my heart,
Like morning mists has hung.

They tell me of an angel form
That watched me while I slept,
And of a soft and gentle hand
That wiped the tears I wept.

And that same hand that held my own
When I began to walk,
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes
When first I tried to talk;—

For they say the mother's heart is pleased
When infant charms expand—
I wonder if she thinks of me
In that bright happy land:

For I know she is in heaven now—
That holy place of rest—
For she was always good to me,
And the good alone are blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow;
And the tear that fell upon my cheek—
I think I feel it now.

And I have still some little books
She learned me how to spell;
And the chiding, or the kiss she gave,
I still remember well.

And then she used to kneel with me,
And teach me how to pray,

And raise my little hands to heaven,
And tell me what to say.

Oh, mother! mother! in my heart
Thy image still shall be,
And I will hope in heaven at last
That I may meet with thee.

---

16. MOTHER, WHAT IS DEATH?—*Anonymous.*

"Mother, how still the baby lies!
I cannot hear his breath;
I cannot see his laughing eyes—
They tell me this is death.

My little work I thought to bring,
And sat down by his bed,
And pleasantly I tried to sing—
They hushed me—he is dead.

They say that he again will rise,
More beautiful than now,—
That God will bless him in the skies—
Oh, mother, tell me how!"

"Daughter, do you remember, dear,
The cold, dark thing you brought,
And laid upon the casement here,—
A withered worm, you thought?

I told you that Almighty power
Could break that withered shell,
And show you, in a future hour,
Something would please you well.

Look at the chrysalis, my love,—
An empty shell it lies:—
Now raise your wandering glance above,
To where yon insect flies!"

"Oh, yes, mamma! how very gay
Its wings of starry gold—
And see! it lightly flies away
Beyond my gentle hold!

Oh, mother, now I know full well—
If God that worm can change,
And draw it from this broken cell,
On golden wings to range,

How beautiful will brother be,
When God shall give him wings,
Above this dying world to flee,
And live with heavenly things!"

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17. CASABIANCA.—*Hemans.*

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud:—"say, father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!
And"—but the booming shots replied—
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,

And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea.

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart.

---

18. THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.—*Anonymous.*

Beyond Busaco's mountains dun,
When far had rolled the sultry sun,
And night her pall of gloom had thrown
On nature's still convexity!

High on the heath our tents were spread,
The cold turf was our cheerless bed,
And o'er the hero's dew-chilled head
The banners flapped incessantly.

The loud war-trumpet woke the morn,
The quivering drum, the pealing horn,—
From rank to rank the cry is borne,
"Arouse, for death or victory!"

The orb of day, in crimson dye,
Began to mount the morning sky;
Then, what a scene for warrior's eye
Hung on the bold declivity!

The serried bayonets glittering stood,
Like icicles, on hills of blood;
An aerial stream, a silver wood,
Reeled in the flickering canopy.

Like waves of ocean rolling fast,
Or thunder-cloud before the blast,
Massena's legions, stern and vast,
Rushed to the dreadful revelry.

The pause is o'er; the fatal shock
A thousand thousand thunders woke:
The air grows sick; the mountains rock;
Red ruin rides triumphantly.

Light boiled the war-cloud to the sky,
In phantom towers and columns high,
But dark and dense their bases lie,
Pron[illegible]on the battle's boundary.

The thistle waved her bonnet blue,
The harp her wildest war-notes threw,
The red rose gained a fresher hue,
Busaco, in thy heraldry.

Hail, gallant brothers! Wo befall
The foe that braves thy triple wall!
Thy sons, Oh wretched Portugal!
Roused at their feats of chivalry.

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19. PULASKI'S BANNER.—*Anonymous.*

The standard of count Pulaski, the noble Pole, who fell in the attack on Savannah, during the American revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

When the dying flame of day,
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That round banner, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated there;
And the nun's sweet hymn was heard the while
Sung low, in the deep mysterious aisle.

21. THE DEAD SISTER.—*Anonymous.*

"Mamma, now you must love me more,
For little sister's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
And brother too, you said.

Mamma, what made sweet sister die?
She loved me when we played;
You told me if I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid."

"'Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground:
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."

"Mamma, why can't we take her up,
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she won't be dead.

For sister'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night,
And she'll be very cold and cry,
Because there is no light."

"No, sister is not cold, my child;
For God, who saw her die,
As he looked down from heaven and smiled,
Recalled her to the sky.

And then her spirit quickly fled
To God, by whom 'twas given;
Her body in the ground is dead,
But sister lives in heaven."

"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?

Papa must go and carry some;
I'll send her all I've got:

And he must bring sweet sister home,
Mamma, now must he not?"

"No, my dear child, that cannot be;
But if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her; but she
Can never come to you.

'Let little children come to me,'
Once our good Savior said,
And in his arms she'll always be,
And God will give her bread."

---

22. ARNOLD WINKELRIED.—*Montgomery.*

"Make way for liberty!"—he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!—

It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power!
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.
It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.
But 'twas no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won:—
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,

As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.
Swift to the breach his comrades fly:
"Make way for liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;
While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty!

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23. FROM LALLA ROOKH.—*Moore.*

But see—he starts—what heard he then?
That dreadful shout!—across the glen
From the land-side it comes, and loud
Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell,
Had all in one dread howl broke out,
So loud, so terrible that shout!
"They come—the Moslems come!" he cries,
His proud soul mounting to his eyes,—
"Now spirits of the brave, who roam
Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
Are on the wing to join your choir!"
He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
To their young loves, re-climbed the steep
And gained the shrine—his chiefs stood round—
Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
Together, at that cry accurst,
Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst,
And hark!—again—again it rings;
Near and more near its echoings
Peal through the chasm—Oh! who that then
Had seen those listening warrior-men,

With their swords grasped, their eyes of flame
Turned on their chief—could doubt the shame,
The indignant shame with which they thrill
To hear those shouts and yet stand still?
He read their thoughts—they were his own—
"What! while our arms can wield these blades,
Shall we die tamely? die alone?
Without one victim to our shades,
One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
The sabre from its toil may sleep!
No—God of Iran's burning skies!
Thou scorn'st the inglorious sacrifice.
No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
Life, swords, and vengeance still are left
We'll make yon valley's reeking caves
Live in the awestruck minds of men,
Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
Tell of the Gheber's bloody glen.
Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
Our refuge still from life and chains;
But his the best, the holiest bed,
Who sinks entombed in Moslem dead!"

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24. LOCHINVAR.—*Scott.*

Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide border his steed was the best!
And save his good broadsword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none:
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So, boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then, spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)

"Oh come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine;—
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!—
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran:
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant, like young Lochinvar!

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25. THE REVELERS.—*Anonymous.*

There were sounds of mirth and joyousness
  Broke forth in the lighted hall,
And there was many a merry laugh,
  And many a merry call;

And the glass was freely passed around,
And the nectar freely quaffed;
And many a heart felt light with glee
And the joy of the thrilling draught.

A voice arose in that place of mirth,
And a glass was flourished high;
"I drink to life," said a son of earth,
"And I do not fear to die;
I have no fear—I have no fear—
Talk not of the vagrant death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

Cheer, comrades, cheer! We drink to life,
And we do not fear to die!"
Just then a rushing sound was heard,
As of spirits sweeping by;
And presently the latch flew up,
And the door flew open wide;
And a stranger strode within the hall,
With an air of martial pride.

He spoke: "I join in your revelry,
Bold sons of the bacchan rite;
And I drink the toast you have drank before,
The pledge of your dauntless knight.
Fill high—fill high—we drink to life,
And we scorn the reaper death;
For he is a grim old gentleman,
And he wars but with his breath.

He's a noble soul, that champion knight,
And he bears a martial brow;
Oh, he'll pass the gates of paradise,
To the regions of bliss below!"
This was too much for the bacchan;
Fire flashed from his angry eye;
A muttered curse, and a vengeful oath—
"Intruder, thou shalt die!"

He struck—and the stranger's guise fell off
And a phantom form stood there—
A grinning, and ghastly, and horrible thing,
With rotten and mildewed hair!

And they struggled awhile, till the stranger blew
A blast of his withering breath;
And the bacchanal fell at the phantom's feet,
And his conqueror was—death!

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26. THE BOY AND SNAKE.—*Leicester.*

Henry was every morning fed
With a full mess of milk and bread.
One day the boy his breakfast took,
And ate it by a purling brook.
His mother lets him have his way—
With free leave, Henry every day
Thither repairs, until she heard
Him talking of a fine gray bird.
This pretty bird, he said, indeed,
Came every day with him to feed,
And it loved him, and loved his milk,
And it was smooth and soft like silk.
On the next morn she follows Harry,
And carefully she sees him carry
Through the long grass his heaped-up mess—
What was her terror and distress,
When she saw the infant take
His bread and milk—close to a snake!
Upon the grass he spreads his feast,
And sits down by his frightful guest,
Who had waited for the treat;
And now they both began to eat.
Fond mother! shriek not, Oh beware
The least small noise! Oh have a care!
The least small noise that may be made,
The wily snake will be afraid—
If he hear the slightest sound,
He will inflict the envenomed wound.
—She speaks not, moves not, scarce does breathe,
As she stands the trees beneath.
No sound she utters; and she soon
Sees the child lift up his spoon,
And tap the snake upon the head,
Fearless of harm; and then he said,
As speaking to familiar mate,
"Keep on your own side, do, Gray Pate:"
The snake then to the other side,
As one rebuked, seems to glide;

And now again, advancing nigh,
Again she hears the infant cry,
Tapping the snake, "Keep further, do;
Mind, Gray Pate, what I say to you."
The danger's o'er, she sees the boy
(Oh, what a change from fear to joy!)
Rise and bid the snake "good by;"
Says he, "Our breakfast's done, and I
Will come again to-morrow day;"
Then lightly tripping, ran away.

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27. THE ORPHAN BOY.—*Thelwall.*

Alas! I am an orphan boy,
With nought on earth to cheer my heart;
No father's love, no mother's joy,
Nor kin nor kind to take my part.
My lodging is the cold, cold ground;
I eat the bread of charity;
And when the kiss of love goes round
There is no kiss, alas! for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,
A mother too I wont to prize,
With ready hand to wipe the tear,
If chanced a transient tear to rise.
But cause of tears was rarely found,
For all my heart was youthful glee;
And when the kiss of love went round,
How sweet a kiss there was for me!

But ah! there came a war they say,
What is a war, I cannot tell;
But drums and fifes did sweetly play,
And loudly rang our village-bell.
In truth it was a pretty sound
I thought, nor could I once foresee
That when the kiss of love went round,
There soon would be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took,
And sword as bright as bright could be;
And feathers, that so gaily look,
All in a shining cap had he.

Then how my little heart did bound;
Alas! I thought it fine to see;
Nor dreamt that when the kiss went round,
There soon would be no kiss for me.

At length the bell again did ring;
There was a victory, they said;
'Twas what my father said he'd bring;
But ah! it brought my father dead.
My mother shrieked; her heart was wo:
She clasped me to her trembling knee.
Oh God! that you may never know
How wild a kiss she gave to me!

But once again—but once again,
These lips a mother's kisses felt.
That once again—that once again—
The tale a heart of stone would melt—
'Twas when, upon her death-bed laid,
Oh God! Oh God! that sight to see!
"My child!—my child!" she feebly said,
And gave a parting kiss to me.

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28. THE DYING BRIGAND.—*Anonymous.*

She stood before the dying man,
And her eye grew wildly bright—
"Ye will not pause for a woman's ban,
Nor shrink from a woman's might;
And his glance is dim that made you fly,
As ye before have fled:—
Look, dastards!—how the brave can die—
Beware!—he is not dead!

By his blood you have tracked him to his lair!—
Would you bid the spirit part?—
He that durst harm one single hair
Must reach it through my heart.
I cannot weep, for my brain is dry—
Nor plead, for I know not how;
But my aim is sure, and the shaft may fly,—
And the bubbling life-blood flow!

Yet leave me, while dim life remains,
To list his parting sigh;
To kiss away those gory stains,
To close his beamless eye!
Ye will not! no—he triumphs still,
Whose foes his death-pangs dread—
His was the power—yours but the will:
Back—back—he is not dead!

His was the power that held in thrall,
Through many a glorious year,
Priests, burghers, nobles, princes, all
Slaves worship, hate, or fear.
Wrongs, insults, injuries thrust him forth
A bandit chief to dwell;
How he avenged his slighted worth,
Ye, cravens, best may tell!

His spirit lives in the mountain breath,
It flows in the mountain wave;
Rock—stream—hath done the work of death,
Yon deep ravine—the grave!—
That which hath been again may be!—
Ah! by yon fleeting sun,
Who stirs, no morning ray shall see—
His sand of life has run!"

Defiance shone in her flashing eye,
But her heart beat wild with fear;—
She starts—the bandit's last faint sigh
Breathes on her sharpened ear—
She gazes on each stiffening limb,
And the death-damp chills her brow;—
"For him I lived—I die with him!
Slaves, do your office now!"

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29. THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.—*Anonymous.*

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered thro' their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard *of more*

And there I, from a shepherd, heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear:
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous;
But, wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:—

"It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey which from afar he smells;
But, patient, watching hour on hour, upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,
When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.

I hurried out to learn the cause; but overwhelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek, and from my frenzied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care;
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing thro' the air.

Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye,—
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry;
And know, with agonizing heart, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail that innocent to save!

My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly to get free:
At intervals I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and screamed!
Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew;
A mote, upon the sun's broad face, he seemed unto my view;
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,—
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From thence, upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

I clambered up that rugged cliff,—I could not stay away,—
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay;

A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred;
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon his head."

That dreary spot is pointed out to travelers passing by,
Who often stand, and musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh.
And as I journeyed the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me whereon the infant lay.

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30. GINEVRA.—*Rogers.*

She was an only child, her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francisco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And in the lustre of her youth she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francisco.
Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting,
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francisco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger;
But, now, alas she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,
But that she was not!
Weary of his life,
Francisco flew to Venice, and embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
The father lived, and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something;
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers
Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,

When on an idle day, a day of search,
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed, and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra;
"Why not remove it from its lurking place?"
'Twas done as soon as said, but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished—save a wedding ring
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both, "Ginevra."
There then she had found a grave!
Within that chest—had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

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31. CELADON AND AMELIA.—*Thompson.*

Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchless pair;
With equal virtue formed, and equal grace;
The same, distinguished by their sex alone;
Hers the mild lusture of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.
They loved; but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time informed the heart
Of innocence and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish;
The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beamed from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self;
Supremely happy in the awakened power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they lived
The rural day, and talked the flowing heart,
Or sighed, and looked unutterable things.
So passed their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes strayed,
While, with each other blest, creative love

Still bade eternal Eden smile around.
Presaging instant fate her bosom heaved
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Towards the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In heaven, repressed her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceived
The unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumined high. "Fear not," he said,
"Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offense,
And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves
In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft
That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour
Of noon, flies harmless; and that very voice,
Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
(Mysterious heaven!) that moment to the ground,
A blackened corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover as he stood,
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless, and fixed in all the death of wo?
So, faint resemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-dissembling mourner stooping stands,
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

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32. THE FIREMAN.—*Anonymous.*

Hoarse wintry blasts a solemn requiem sung
To the departed day,
Upon whose bier
The velvet pall of midnight had been flung,
And nature mourned through one wide hemisphere.
Silence and darkness held their cheerless sway,
Save in the haunts of riotous excess,
And half the world in dreamy slumbers lay—
Lost in the maze of sweet forgetfulness.
When lo! upon the startled ear,
There broke a sound so dread and drear—

As, like a sudden peal of thunder,
Burst the bands of sleep asunder,
And filled a thousand throbbing hearts with fear.

Hark! the faithful watchman's cry
Speaks a conflagration nigh!—
See! yon glare upon the sky,
Confirms the fearful tale.
The deep-mouthed bells, with rapid tone,
Combine to make the tidings known;
Affrighted silence now has flown,
And sounds of terror freight the chilly gale!

At the first note of this discordant din,
The gallant fireman from his slumber starts;
Reckless of toil and danger, if he win
The tributary meed of grateful hearts.
From pavement rough, or frozen ground,
His engine's rattling wheels resound,
And soon before his eyes
The lurid flames, with horrid glare,
Mingled with murky vapors rise,
In wreathy folds upon the air,
And veil the frowning skies!

Sudden a shriek assails his heart—
A female shriek, so piercing wild,
As makes his very life-blood start:—
"My child! Almighty God, my child!"
He hears,
And 'gainst the tottering wall,
The ponderous ladder rears;
While blazing fragments round him fall,
And crackling sounds assail his ears.

His sinewy arm, with one rude crash,
Hurls to the earth the opposing sash;
And heedless of the startling din,—
Though smoky volumes round him roll,
The mother's shriek has pierced his soul,
See! see! he plunges in!
The admiring crowd, with hopes and fears,
In breathless expectation stands,
When lo! the daring youth appears,
Hailed by a burst of warm, ecstatic cheers,
Bearing the child triumphant in his hands!

33. BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—*Byron.*

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—That heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat.
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe! they come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

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34. THE SAILOR-BOY'S DREAM.—*Dimond.*

In slumbers of midnight, the sailor-boy lay;
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory stood sidewise, half covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise—
Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamin clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear,
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulse—all hardships seem o'er,
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"Oh God thou hast blest me—I ask for no more."

Ah! what is that flame, which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crash of the thunder, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—
In vain the lost wretch calls on Mary to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave!

Oh! sailor-boy, wo to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss—
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?

Oh! sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge:
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

On beds of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid;
Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll—
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye—
Oh! sailor-boy! sa[illegible]ace to thy soul.

35. THE NEGLECTED CHILD.—*Bayly.*

I never was a favorite—
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child.
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away to hide my tears,—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please, with all
My little store of sense;
I strove to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offense.
But when my artless efforts met
A cold, ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself,
In tears, upon her neck.

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh beauty! in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth:—
For even there, I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn,
And wished—for others wished it too—
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate,—
But in my sister's face,
There was a look of love that claimed
A smile, or an embrace.
But when I raised my lip, to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked;
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved

But soon a time of triumph came—
A time of sorrow too,—
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venomed mantle threw:—
The features once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night
I watched beside her bed,
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived!—she loved me for my care!—
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend!

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36. ELIZA.—*Darwin.*

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of honor dart,
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,—
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest,
Heard the exulting shout, "They run! they run!"
"Great God!" she cried, "he's safe! the battle's won!"
A ball now hisses through the airy tides,
(Some fury wings it, and some demon guides,)
Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear and sinks into her neck;
The red stream issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.—
"*Ah* me!" she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound.

"Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, oh, wait my love's return!—
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel, pity, shuns the walks of war!
Oh, spare ye war-hounds, spare their tender age,
On me, on me," she cried, "exhaust your rage!"
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart, and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
Eliza! echoes through the canvass walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footseps tread
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza, weltering in her blood!—
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eyes he bounds:—
"Speak low," he cries, and gives his little hand,
"Eliza sleeps upon the dew-cold sand;
Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;
Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake."
"She'll wake no more!" the hopeless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands and sighed;
Stretched on the ground awhile entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
"Oh heavens!" he cried, "my first rash vow forgive!
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!"
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast.

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37. BETH GELERT; OR, THE DEATH OF THE GRAYHOUND.—*Spencer.*

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a brach and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn.

And still he drew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer;
"Come Gelert, come—wert never last
Llewellyn's horn to hear.

Oh where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race,
So true, so brave; a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied,
When near the portal gate,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood,
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewellyn gazed with much surprise,
Unused such looks to meet,
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn past,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent,
And all around, the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child; no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild:
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But no where found the child.

"Hell-hound! my child by thee's devoured,"
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh—
What words the parent's joy can tell—
He hears his infant cry!

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But the same couch beneath
Lay a gaunt wolf all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain?
For now the truth was clear,
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

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38. MARCO BOZZARIS, THE EPAMINONDAS OF MODERN GREECE.—*Halleck.*

His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain."

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.
In dreams through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last:

He woke—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:—
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death!
Come to the mother when she feels
For the first time her firstborn's breath;—
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,

Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

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39. THE MANIAC.—*Lewis.*

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my wo!
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair;
My language shall be mild, though sad:
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad.

My tyrant husband forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! jailer, haste that fate to tell:
Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer:
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad, I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
His glimmering lamp, still, still I see—
'Tis gone! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth! no light!—
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad; no, no, not mad.

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain;
What! I,—the child of rank and wealth,—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head;
But 'tis not mad; no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;
They'll make me mad, they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child:
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I will be free! unbar the door!
I am not mad; I am not mad.

Oh! hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;
Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
Help! help!—He's gone!—Oh! fearful wo,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain,—I know, I know,
I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon;—for, lo you!—while I speak—
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends;—I feel the truth;
Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

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40. THE FATHERLESS.—*Bayly.*

"Come hither, 'tis thy father, boy!
Receive him with a kiss."
"Oh, mother, mother! do not jest
On such a theme as this.
Though I was but a little child,
How bitterly I cried,

And clung to thee in agony,
When my poor father died."

"Come, child, this is no time to weep,
Partake thy mother's joy;
The husband of my choice will prove
A parent to my boy."
"Oh, mother, mother! say not so,
I cast no blame on thee,
But yon gay stranger cannot feel
A father's love for me."

"Come, boy, 'tis for thy sake I wed—"
"No, mother, not for mine;
I do not ask in all the world,
One smile of love save thine.
Oh say, why is the widow's veil
So early thrown aside?
The hateful rumor is not true;
Thou wilt not be a bride!

Oh, mother, canst thou quite forget
How hand in hand we crept,
To my own honored father's bed,
To watch him as he slept;
And do you not remember still
His fond but feeble kiss?"
"Alas! such thoughts but little suit
A day—of joy—like this."

"Of joy! oh, mother, we must part,
This is no home for me;
I cannot bear to breathe one word
Of bitterness to thee.
My father placed my hand in thine,
And bade me love thee well,
And how I love, these tears of mine
May eloquently tell.

Thou sayest yon stranger loves thy child,
I see he strives to please;
But, mother, do not be his bride,
I ask it on my knees.
I used to listen to his voice
With pleasure, I confess;

But call him husband! and I shrink
Ashamed of his caress.

For I am of an age to prize
The being, in whom blend
The love and the solicitude
Of father and of friend;
My father planned my boyish sports
And shared each care I felt,
And taught my infant lips to pray,
As by his side I knelt.

Yet deem not mine an impious grief;
No, mother, thou wilt own
With cheerfulness I spoke of him
When we have been alone.
But bring no other father here—
No, mother, we must part;
The feeling that I'm fatherless
Weighs heavy on my heart."

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41. LAMENT FOR LA FAYETTE.—*Anonymous.*

All lonely and cold in the sepulchre slumbers
The giant of freedom—the chosen of fame!
Too high is the theme for my harp's lowly numbers;
Yet fain would I twine me a wreath for that name
Which proudly shines forth on the tablet of glory—
Unsullied by faction—untarnished by guile:
The loftliest theme for the bard's raptured story—
The name by which freemen met death with a smile.

Then arise, ye proud bards! give our hearts' mighty sadness
A voice not unworthy a theme so sublime,
For him, the bright daystar of freedom and gladness,
Whose memory will glow through the far flight of time!
He is gone, and for ever!—the pride of our nation,
That bright sun of freedom in glory hath set:
The heroes who bled for our country's salvation,
Now joy in thy presence, Oh, brave La Fayette!

Thou camest to our shore when the daystar of freedom
Was proudly dispelling dark tyranny's night:
When millions awoke to the rank she decreed them,
And the millions of despots were scattered in flight;

When the star-spangled banner waves sheen in the morning,
The heart of the freeman will bound at thy name;
Thou champion of freedom! fell tyranny scorning—
One world was too small for the blaze of thy fame!

Bright, bright is the path thou hast left of thy glory,
Amid the world's darkness, which ne'er shall decline,
For the light of thy fame on the ages before thee,
With splendor unsullied, for ever will shine:
When freedom's bright fabric lay blackened in ruin,
While bloodthirsty tyrants usurped the dread sway,
At the roots of the proud tree of liberty hewing—
All hopes for the land of thy love died away.

Thou art gone!—thy pure soul on its voyage hath started;
From its ashes the phœnix of freedom hath flown
To join the bright phalanx of heroes departed,
Who dwell in the light of a fame like thine own:
Farewell, thou last star of that bright constellation
Of heroes—whose glory can never depart—
Thy fame hath no limit of kindred or nation—
Thy name is enshrined in each patriot's heart.

With Washington's blended, for ever thy glory
Shall form the proud theme of our bard's burning lays,
While the banner of freedom shall proudly wave o'er thee,
Thou mighty departed!—thou light of our days:
Be still! my wild harp—all in vain we lament him—
His praise must be sung by some loftier lyre:
Let the soul-raptured bard use the gift heaven hath lent him,
And weave for our hero a requiem of fire!

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42. WE ARE SEVEN.—*Wordsworth.*

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said:
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,—
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"'How many?' seven in all,"—she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answered, "Seven are we,
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea:

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother,
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.
Yet you are seven, I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid,
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little maiden did reply,
"Oh master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead;
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven."

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43. ALONZO THE BRAVE.—*Lewis.*

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight,
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight,
The maid—was the fair Imogene.

"And ah!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far-distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh, hush these suspicions!" fair Imogene said,
"So hurtful to love and to me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogene be.

And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Thy ghost at my marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave."

To Palestine hastened the warrior so bold,
His love she lamented him sore;
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold!
A baron all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at fair Imogene's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain,
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest,
The revelry now was begun,
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell of the castle tolled—one!

'Twas then, with amazement, fair Imogene found
A stranger was placed by her side;
His air was terrific, he uttered no sound,
He spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around,
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armor was sable to view;
All laughter and pleasure was hushed at his sight,
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back with affright,
And the lights in the chamber burnt blue.

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,
The guests sat in silence and fear;

At length spoke the bride, while she trembled—"I pray,
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent—the stranger complies,
And his visor he slowly unclosed—
Oh, God! what a sight met fair Imogene's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogene:

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried,—
"Behold thy Alonzo the brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"

This saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While fair Imogene shrieked with dismay:
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was fair Imogene found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron, and none since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that by order sublime,
There Imogene suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with her skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

While they drink out of sculls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl, "To the health of Alonzo the brave,
And his consort, the false Imogene."

44. THE OWL.—*Anonymous.*

There sat an owl in an old oak-tree,
Whooping very merrily;
He was considering, as well he might,
Ways and means for a supper that night:
He looked about with a solemn scowl,
Yet very happy was the owl,
For in the hollow of that oak-tree,
There sat his wife, and his children three.
She was singing one to rest,
Another under her downy breast,
'Gan trying his voice to learn her song;
The third (a hungry owl was he)
Peeped slyly out of the old oak-tree,
And peered for his dad, and said "You're long;"
But he hooted for joy when he presently saw
His sire with a full-grown mouse in his claw.
Oh what a supper they had that night!
All was feasting and delight;
Who most can chatter, or cram, they strive
They were the merriest owls alive.
What then did the old owl do?
Ah! Not so gay was his next to-whoo!
It was very sadly said,
For after his children had gone to bed,
Strange wild fears perplexed his head.—
He did not sleep with his children three,
For, truly a gentleman owl was he,
Who would not on his wife intrude,
When she was nursing her infant brood;
So not to invade the nursery,
He slept outside the hollow tree.
So when he awoke at the fall of the dew,
He called his wife with a loud to-whoo;
"Awake, dear wife, it is evening gray,
And our joys live from the death of day."
He called once more, and he shuddered when
No voice replied to his again;
Yet still unwilling to believe,
That evil's raven wing was spread,
Hovering over his guiltless head,
And shutting out joy from his hollow tree,
"*Ha*—ha—they play me a trick," quoth he,

"They will not speak,—well, well, at night
They'll talk enough, I'll take a flight."
But still he went not, in, nor out,
But hopped uneasily about.
What then did the father owl?
He sat still, until below
He heard cries of pain and wo.
And saw his wife and children three,
In a young boy's captivity.
He followed them with noiseless wing,
Not a cry once uttering.
They went to a mansion tall,
He sat in a window of the hall,
Where he could see
His bewildered family;
And he heard the hall with laughter ring,
When the boy said, "Blind they'll learn to sing:"
And he heard the shriek, when the hot steel pin
Through their eyeballs was thrust in!
He felt it all! Their agony
Was echoed by his frantic cry,
His scream rose up with a mighty swell,
And wild on the boy's fierce heart it fell;
It quailed him, as he shuddering said,
"Lo! the little birds are dead."—
But the father owl!
He tore his breast in his despair,
And flew he knew not, recked not, where!
Ah! away, away went the father owl,
With his wild stare and deathly scowl.
He had got a strange wild stare,
For he thought he saw them ever there,
And he screamed as they screamed when he saw them fall
Dead on the floor of the marble hall.—
—Why is the crowd so great to-day,
And why do the people shout "huzza?"
And why is yonder felon given
Alone to feed the birds of heaven?
Had he no friend, now all is done,
To give his corse a grave?—Not one!
Night has fallen. What means that cry?
It descends from the gibbet high—
There sits on its top a lonely owl
With a staring eye, and a dismal scowl;
And he screams aloud, "Revenge is sweet!"—
His mortal foe is at his feet!

45. THE MAID OF THE INN.—*Southey.*

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express!
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
She never complains, but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom, half bare; and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary, the maniac, has been;
The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life;
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew her, would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And, smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,
They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"*A fine* night for the abbey," his comrade replied,
"*Methinks* a man's courage would now be well tried,
Who should wander the ruins about.

I myself, like a schoolboy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,
For this wind might awaken the dead."

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose," with a sneer he replied,
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid,
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she passed,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the alder-tree grows in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough—
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear—
She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now!

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head;—
She listened;—naught else could she hear.

The wind ceased, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there;
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them—a corpse did they bear!

Then Mary could feel her heart's-blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled!—
She fell—and expected to die!

"Curse the hat!" he exclaims; "Nay come on and first hide
The dead body," his comrade replies—
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around;
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For, Oh God! what cold horror thrilled through her heart,
When the name of her Richard she knew.

Where the old abbey stands, on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,
The traveler beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

COMIC AND AMUSING.

1. TO AN OLD WIG.—*Anonymous.*

Hail thou! that liest so snug in this old box;
With awe I bend before thy wood-built shrine!
Oh! 'tis not closed with glue, nor nails, nor locks,
And hence the bliss of viewing thee is mine.

Like my poor aunt, thou hast seen better days;
Well curled and powdered, once it was thy lot
Balls to frequent, and masquerades, and plays,
And panoramas, and I know not what!

Alas! what art thou now? a mere old mop!
With which our housemaid Nan, who hates a broom
Dusts all the chambers in my little shop,—
Then slyly hides thee in this lumber-room.

Such is the fate of wigs—and mortals too!
After a few more years than thine are past,
The Turk, the Christian, Pagan, and the Jew,
Must all be shut up in a box at last!

Vain man! to talk so loud, and look so big!
How small the difference 'twixt thee—and a wig!
How small, indeed!—for speak the truth I must,—
Wigs turn to dusters, and man turns to dust.

2. THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.—*Gilman.*

Mother, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.

See, how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.

Poor Tray is asleep in the noonday sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;

And pussy sits near, with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

There flies a bird to a neighboring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
And scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but mother, hear
How the humdrum grasshopper soundeth near
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

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3. THE INFANT ORATOR.—*Everett.*

You'd scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage;
And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by.
Large streams from little fountains flow;
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;
And though I now am small and young,
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue;
Yet all great learned men, like me,
Once learned to read their A, B, C.
But why may not Columbia's soil
Rear men as great as Britain's isle;
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,
Or any land beneath the sun?
May'nt Massachusetts boast as great
As any other sister state?
Or, where's the town, go far and near,
That does not find a rival here?
Or, where's the boy, but three feet high,
Who's made improvements more than I?
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind
To be the greatest of mankind;
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood;
But only great, as I am good.

4. THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS, AND GEORGE THE THIRD.—*Wolcot.*

Once in the chase, this monarch drooping,
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered, through curiosity, a cot,
Where an old crone was hanging on the pot;
The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had apple-dumplings ready for the pot;
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning asked, "What's here? what's here? what? what? what? what?"
Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand—
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple;
"'Tis monstrous, monstrous, monstrous hard," he cried;
"What makes the thing so hard?" The dame replied,
Low courtesying, "Please your majesty, the apple."
"Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"
(Turning the dumpling round) rejoined the king,
"'Tis most extraordinary now, all this is—
It beats the conjurer's capers all to pieces—
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream,—
But Goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam?"
"Sire, there's no seam," quoth she, "I never knew
That folks did apple-dumplings sew!"—
"No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin,
"Then, where, where, where, pray, got the apple in?"

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5. THE DIRECTING POST.—*Anonymous.*

In winter, once, an honest traveling wight
Pursued his road to Derby, late at night;
'Twas very cold, the wind was bleak and high,
And not a house nor living thing was nigh;
At length he came to where some four roads met,
(It rained too, and he was completely wet,)
And being doubtful which way he should take
He drew up to the finger-post to make
It out—and after much of poring, fumbling,
Some angry oaths, and a great deal of grumbling,

'Twas thus the words he traced—"To Derby—five,"
"A goodly distance yet, as I'm alive!"
But on he drove a weary length of way,
And wished his journey he'd delayed till day:
He wondered that no town appeared in view,
(The wind blew stronger, it rained faster too,)
When to his great relief he met a man:
"I say good friend, pray tell me, if you can,
How far is't hence to Derby?" "Derby, hey!
Why zur, thee be'est completely come astray;
This y'ant the road." "Why zounds the guide-post showed
'To Derby, five'—and pointed down this road!"
"Ay, dang it, that may be, for you maun know,
The post it war blown down last night, and so
This morn I put it up again, but whether
(As I can't put great A and B together)
The post is right, I'm zure I cannot zay—
The town is just five miles the other way."

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6. THE ATHEIST AND ACORN.—*Anonymous.*

"Methinks the world seems oddly made
And every thing amiss;"
A dull complaining atheist said,
As stretched he lay beneath the shade,
And instanced it in this:

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upwards cannot make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportioned grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

My better judgment would have hung
The pumpkin on the tree,
And left the acorn slightly strung,
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviler could say,
No further faults descry;
For upwards gazing, as he lay,
An acorn, loosened from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punished for that sin;
Fool! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimseys would have worked no more,
Nor skull have kept them in.

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7. THE ASS AND THE NIGHTINGALE.—*Krilov.*

An ass, a nightingale espied,
And shouted out, "Hollo! hollo! good friend!
Thou art a firstrate singer, they pretend:—
Now let me hear thee, that I may decide;
I really wish to know—the world is partial ever—
If thou hast this great gift, and art indeed so clever."
The nightingale began her heavenly lays;
Through all the regions of sweet music ranging,
Varying her song a thousand different ways;
Rising and falling, lingering, ever changing:
Full of wild rapture now—then sinking oft
To almost silence—melancholy, soft,
As distant shepherd's pipe at evening's close:
Strewing the wood with lovelier music;—there
All nature seems to listen and repose:
No zephyr dares disturb the tranquil air:—
All other voices of the grove are still,
And the charmed flocks lie down beside the rill.
The shepherd like a statue stands—afraid
His breathing may disturb the melody,
His finger pointing to the melodious tree,
Seems to say, "Listen!" to his favorite maid.
The singer ended:—and our critic bowed
His reverend head to earth, and said aloud:—
"Now that's so so;—thou really hast some merit;
Curtail thy song, and critics then might hear it.
Thy voice wants sharpness:—but if chanticleer
Would give thee a few lessons, doubtless he
Might raise thy voice and modulate thy ear;
And thou, in spite of all thy faults, mayest be

A very decent singer." The poor bird
In silent modesty the critic heard,
And winged her peaceful flight into the air,
O'er many and many a field and forest fair.
Many such critics you and I have seen:—
Heaven be our screen!

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8. THE YOUNG FLY AND THE OLD SPIDER.—*Wolcot.*

Fresh was the breath of morn—the busy breeze,
As poets tell us, whispered through the trees,
And swept the dew-clad blooms with wings so light:
Phœbus got up, and made a blazing fire,
That gilded every country-house and spire,
And smiling, put on his best looks so bright.

On this fair morn, a spider who had set,
To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,
With cautious art, upon a spangled thorn;
At length with gravely-squinting, longing eye,
Near him espied a pretty, plump, young fly,
Humming her little orisons to morn.

"Good morrow, dear Miss Fly," quoth gallant Grim—
"Good morrow, sir," replied Miss Fly to him—
"Walk in, Miss, pray, and see what I'm about:"
"I'm much obliged t'ye, sir," Miss Fly rejoined,
"My eyes are both so very good, I find,
That I can plainly see the whole without."

"Fine weather, Miss"—"Yes, very fine,"
Quoth Miss—"prodigious fine indeed!"
"But why so coy?" quoth Grim, "that you decline
To put within my bower your pretty head?"
"'Tis simply this,"
Quoth cautious Miss,
"I fear you'd like my pretty head so well,
You'd keep it for yourself, sir,—who can tell?"

"Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,
And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain"—
"*I've* a sore finger, sir, nay more, I fear
You really would not let it go again."

"Poh, poh, child, pray dismiss your idle dread:
I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head—
Well, then, with one sweet kiss of friendship meet me."
"La, sir," quoth miss, with seeming artless tongue,
"I fear our salutation would be long:
So loving, too, I fear that you would eat me."

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,
To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

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9. SPECTACLES, OR HELPS TO READ.—*Byrom.*

A certain artist, I've forgot his name,
Had got for making spectacles a fame,
Or "helps to read"—as, when they first were sold,
Was writ upon his glaring sign in gold;
And, for all uses to be had from glass,
His were allowed by readers to surpass.
There came a man into his shop one day—
"Are you the spectacle contriver, pray?"
"Yes, sir," said he, "I can in that affair
Contrive to please you, if you want a pair."
"Can you? pray do then."—So, at first, he chose
To place a youngish pair upon his nose;
And book produced, to see how they would fit:
Asked how he liked 'em?—"Like 'em—not a bit."—
"Then sir, I fancy, if you please to try,
These in my hand will better suit your eye"—
"No, but they don't"—"Well, come, sir, if you please,
Here is another sort, we'll e'en try these;
Still somewhat more they magnify the letter;
Now, sir?"—"Why now—I'm not a bit the better"—
"No! here, take these that magnify still more;
How do they fit?"—"Like all the rest before."
In short, they tried a whole assortment through,
But all in vain, for none of 'em would do.
The operator, much surprised to find
So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind:
"What sort of eyes can you have got?" said he,
"Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see:"
"Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball—
Pray, let me ask you—can you read at all?"

"No, you great blockhead; if I could, what need
Of paying you for any—'helps to read?'"
And so he left the maker in a heat,
Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

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10. THE SCHOOLBOY'S COMPLAINT.—*Anonymous.*

I love my master, and my school full well,
But cannot bear to read, to write, or spell;
I strive at each, but, ah! I strive in vain—
But still more zealous strive to shun the cane.

When, if by chance, my hands do get a stain,
Up I am sent to have them washed with cane;
Or, if an apple munch—or sidewise chance to look,
Confound the cane, I catch it—such my fatal luck.

If slate-string lose,—or pencil chance to drop,
Up I am sent—the cane will never stop;
To stir, is treason, speaking, worse than death,
There's no escape from cane while I have breath.

Oh! direful cane! I wish the burning sun
Had parched the ground, and it had brought forth none;
Had we no weapon on our England's plain,
But we must cross the ocean for a cane?

Oh! friends believe me, hear me speak my mind:
Before I know my fault, I'm seized—confined,
Dragged like a felon— plead alas! in vain,
And all I get for pity is the cruel cane.

Oh! what a sufferer, when shall I be freed?—
Is there no other art to teach mankind to read?
Oh! yes, there's Lancaster, friend of hapless youth,
Without a cane can guide mankind to truth.

I'll go to him, for he's a man of peace,
And in his school the war of cane shall cease;—
I went, and found to finish my mishap,
Instead of cane, a s[illegible]alled—strap.

Oh! wretched me! how oft I've wished in vain,
Some friend in pity would destroy the cane;
But now I wish the cane and strap together,
Sunk in the ocean, and both lost for ever.

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11. THE THREE BLACK CROWS.—*Byrom.*

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand;
"Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this,
About the crows!"—"I don't know what it is,"
Replied his friend.—"No! I'm surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat:
But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."
"Impossible!"—"Nay, but it's really true,
I had it from good hands, and so may you."
"From whose, I pray?" So having named the man
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
"Sir, did you tell"—relating the affair—
"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care
Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;
But, by the by, 'twas two black crows, not three."
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.
"Sir,"—and so forth—"Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact;
It was not two black crows, 'twas only one;
The truth of that you may depend upon.
The gentleman himself told me the case."
"Where may I find him?" "Why,—in such a place."
Away he goes, and having found him out,—
"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.
"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"
"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
And here I find at last all comes to none!

Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"
"Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall
The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

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12. THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.—*Anonymous.*

In Broad-street buildings, (on a winter night,)
Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight
  Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose,
With t'other he'd beneath his nose
  The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing
    He noted all the sales of hops,
    Ships, shops, and slops,
Gum, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, tumeric, turpentine, and tin;
  When, lo! a decent personage in black,
Entered and most politely said—
  "Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the—King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by;
  And thought it neighborly to give you notice."
Ten thousand thanks—how very few get
    In time of danger
    Such kind attentions from a stranger!
  Assuredly that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate:
He knows, too, (the unconscious elf,)
That there's no soul at home except myself.
  Indeed! replied the stranger, (looking grave,)
  Then he's a double knave:
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors:
  And see, how easily might one
    Of these domestic foes,
    Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks;
  Enter your room, as I have done,

Blow out your candles—thus—and thus,
Pocket your silver candlesticks,
And walk off—thus—
So said—so done—he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

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13. MISCONCEPTION.—*Anonymous.*

Ere night her sable curtains spread;
Ere Phœbus had retired to bed
In Thetis's lap;
Ere drowsy watchmen yet had ta'en
Their early nap,

A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,
To farmer Fitz Maurice's fold,
Did slyly creep,
Where numerous flocks were quiet laid
In the arms of sleep.

No doubt the sheep he meant to steal,
But, hapless, close behind his heel,
Was ploughman Joe,
Who just arrived in time to stop
The murderous blow.

May ill luck on ill actions wait!
The felon must to justice straight
Be dragged by force;
Where persecutors urge his guilt,
Without remorse.

With fear o'erwhelmed, the victim stands
Anticipates the dread commands
From the elbow chair,
Where justice sits in solemn state,
With brow austere.

"Rogue! what excuse hast thou for this?
For to old Gilbert Fitz Maurice,

Thou knew'st full well,
The sheep within that fold belonged—
Come, quickly tell.

Confess thy crime; 'twill naught avail
To say, the mark above the tail
Thou didst not heed;
For G. F. M., in letters large,
Thou plain mightst read."

"'Tis true, I did," the thief replies,
"But man is not at all times wise;
As I'm a glutton,
I really thought that G. F. M.
Meant—Good, Fat, Mutton!"

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14. THE WIND IN A FROLIC.—*Howit.*

The wind one morning sprung up from sleep,
Saying "Now for a frolic! now for a leap!
Now for a mad-cap galloping chase!
I'll make a commotion in every place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking with merciless squalls,
Old women's bonnets and gingerbread stalls;
There never was heard a much lustier shout,
As the apples and oranges tumbled about;
And the urchins, that stand with their thievish eyes
For ever on watch, ran off each with a prize.
Then away to the field it went blustering and humming
And the cattle all wondered whatever was coming;
It plucked by their tails the grave matronly cows,
And tossed the colts' manes all about their brows,
Till, offended at such a familiar salute,
They all turned their backs and stood silently mute.
So on it went, capering and playing its pranks,
Whistling with reeds on the broad river's banks;
Puffing the birds as they sat on the spray,
Or the traveler grave on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to bustle the bags
Of the beggar, and flutter his dirty rags.

'Twas so bold, that it feared not to play its joke
With the doctor's wig, and the gentleman's cloak.
Through the forest it roared, and cried gaily, "Now,
You sturdy old oaks, I'll make you bow!"
And it made them bow without more ado,
And cracked their great branches through and through.
Then it rushed like a monster on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with sudden alarm,
And they ran out like bees in a midsummer swarm.
There were dames with their kerchiefs tied over their caps,
To see if their poultry were free from mishaps.
The turkies they gobbled, the geese screamed aloud,
And the hens crept to roost in a terrified crowd:
There was rearing of ladders, and logs laying on,
Where the thatch from the roof threatened soon to be gone.
But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a schoolboy who panted and struggled in vain:
For it tossed him, and twirled him, then passed, and he stood
With his hat in a pool, and his shoe in the mud.

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15. SHORT ANSWERS.—*Anonymous.*

A modern philosopher, full of inflation,
Had strolled to the valley below;
And thus to himself he began an oration:
"I'll humble the priest and enlighten the nation,
I'll cover the blockheads with scorn and confusion,
And prove that religion is only delusion,
The world shall the hypocrites know."
So strong and emphatic had been his conclusion,
That echo returned it with—"Oh!"

Then he turned himself round at the strange interjection,
His wit and his courage to show:
"Who are you," said he, "that dare make a reflection,
Or treat with contempt such a noble conception?
Come forth to the champion of nature and reason;
Your folly I'll prove, and fanatical treason,
Or crush you at once with a blow!"
Then echo said nothing but—"Boh!"

"Do you think I'm a fool," said the man, in a passion,
"Or goose, to be scared by a crow?

Are the writings of deists of learning and fashion,
All made on a sudden but rubbish and trash on;
Shall Voltaire the witty, and Gibbon the mighty,
With deep David Hume, and Tom Paine the sprightly,
All fall by religion, their foe?"
Then echo made answer with—"So!"

"Impertinent babbler! who values the notion,
But those who are artful or low?
The parson who makes a good trade of devotion
And flatters the great for the sake of promotion,
Or the poor simple soul on the eve of distraction,
Who yields up his mind to be swayed by a faction,
And sinks into folly and wo?"
But echo directly said—"No!"

"'Tis enough to provoke one to cross the equator,
My knowledge far off to bestow;
Where savages dwell in a state of pure nature,
Nor trouble their heads about soul or Creator;
Where, free from the dogmas of old superstition,
Philosophy, reason, and right have admission,
And truth shall with liberty grow."
Then echo said nothing but—"Go!"

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16. LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.—*Colman.*

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen, "lodgings to let," stare him full in the face.
Some are good and let dearly; while some 'tis well known
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,—
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
But, all the night long, he felt fevered and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next! and the next!
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous, and vexed;

Week after week, till by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin "like a lady's loose gown," hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried, like a ninny,
"I've lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea."

The doctor looked wise:—"a slow fever," he said;
Prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!"

Will kicked out the doctor:—but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host—he said—"Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months ago?

Look ye, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I caught cold!"

Quoth the landlord,—"Till now, I ne'er had a dispute
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately—over my oven."

"The oven!!!"—says Will;—says the host, "Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?"—"Zounds!" cried Will in a taking,
"Who would not be crusty, with half a year's baking?"

"Will paid for his rooms:"—cried the host with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been going away half a year."
"Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel,"—Will said:
"But I'd rather not perish, while you make your bread."

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17. THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.—*Khemnitzer.*

So goes the world; if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother, friends and brothers all;
Though you are worthless—witless—never mind it;

You may have been a stable-boy—what then?
'Tis wealth, good sir, makes honorable men.
You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.
But if you're poor, heaven help you! though your sire
Had royal blood within him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too
'Tis all in vain;—the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score:—Why should it take the pains?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.
I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise:—he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. "Strange," cried I, "whence is it!"
He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried;
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some
Said by their silence—"Better stay at home."
A rich man burst the door,
As Crœsus rich, I'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit;
And as for wisdom, he had none of it;
He had what's better;—he had wealth.
What a confusion!—all stand up erect—
These crowd around to ask him of his health;
These bow in honest duty and respect;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.
"Allow me sir, the honor;"—Then a bow
Down to the earth—Is't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?
The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
"This is indeed beyond my comprehension:"
Then looking round,
One friendly face he found,
And said—"Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
To wisdom?"—"That's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other—"have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

18. PETITION OF YOUNG LADIES.—*Anonymous.*

Addressed to Dr. Moyce, late lecturer on the Philosophy of Natural History

Dear doctor let it not transpire,
How much your lectures we admire;
How at your eloquence we wonder,
When you explain the cause of thunder;
Of lightning, and electricity,
With so much plainness and simplicity;
The origin of rocks and mountains,
Of seas and rivers, lakes and fountains;
Of rain and hail, and frost and snow
And all the storms and winds that blow;
Besides a hundred wonders more,
Of which we never heard before.
But now, dear doctor, not to flatter,
There is a most important matter—
A matter which you never touch on,
A matter which our thoughts run much on,
A subject, if we right conjecture,
That well deserves a long, long lecture,
Which all the ladies would approve,—
The natural history of love!
Deny us not, dear doctor Moyce!
Oh list to our entreating voice!
Tell us why our poor tender hearts
So easily admit love's darts.
Teach us the marks of love's beginning;
What makes us think a beau so winning;
What makes us think a coxcomb witty,
A black coat wise, a red coat—pretty!
Why we believe such horrid lies,
That we are angels from the skies,
Our teeth like pearl, our cheeks like roses,
Our eyes like stars—such charming noses!
Explain our dreams, awake and sleeping,
Explain our blushing, laughing, weeping.
Teach us, dear doctor, if you can,
To humble that proud creature, man
To turn the wise ones into fools,
The proud and insolent to tools;
To make them all run, helter skelter,
Their necks—into the marriage-halter.

Then leave us to ourselves with these;
We'll turn and rule them as we please.
Dear doctor, if you grant our wishes,
We promise you—five hundred kisses;
And, rather than the affair be blundered,
We'll give you—six score to the hundred.

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19. THE ANT AND THE BUTTERFLY.—*Anonymous.*

A butterfly gay, in the month of July,
When flowerets were in their full bloom,
Was plying his wings 'neath a beautiful sky,
In search of the richest perfume.
Fatigued with its pleasures it rested awhile
On a sand-bank to bask in the sun,
Where an ant it espied, at its wearisome toil,
And the following confab begun.

"What oh, foolish thing, why dost work like a slave,
Why toil on this beautiful day;
Come ramble with me and thou pleasure shalt have,
And thy moments glide gaily away.
I toil not like thee, yet I live like a king,
And riot in garden and grove;
The sweets of the flowers I enjoy as they spring;
Where fancy directs me to rove.

Behold for thyself, too, how gay I appear,
The hues of the rainbow are mine;
How blest my condition, how pleasant my cheer,
And my looks, how much better than thine!
Now take my advice and give up thy hard toil,
And throw thy huge burden away;
Enjoyment and pleasures our hours shall beguile,
And thus we shall get through the day."

The ant, with a true philosophical eye,
Viewed the butterfly's gaudy attire;
Next paused, shrugged his shoulders, then made this reply,
"Suppose you should fall in the mire—
Methinks you would tumble and flutter about,
And wish yourself safe in my hut;
But if by good fortune you chanced to get out,
What a notable figure you'd cut!

But that's a misfortune you never may meet,
  Yet tempest and storm will arrive;
Then where are your perfumes that now are so sweet?
  They're gone, and you cannot survive.
As for me, while there's plenty, I make me a home,
  And to store it industrious am I;
I've a refuge to fly to when perils do come,
  Time's precious—I wish you good-by."

Some men like the butterfly madly pursue
  The baubles of earth while they've breath;
The wants of the future they keep not in view,
  Nor prepare for the winter of death.
But some like the ant are industrious and wise,
  Improving each hour that is given;
They lay up their treasure above the bright skies,
  And a mansion awaits them in heaven.

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20. LOGIC.—*Anonymous.*

An Eton stripling—training for the law,
A dunce at syntax, but a dab at taw,—
One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
His cap and gown and stores of learned pelf,
With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
Returned, and passed the usual how-d'ye does,
Inquiries of old friends, and college news;
"Well, Tom, the road; what saw you worth discerning?
How's all at college, Tom: what is't you're learning?"
"Learning?—Oh, logic, logic; not the shallow rules
Of Lockes and Bacons, antiquated fools!
But wits' and wranglers' logic; for d'ye see
I'll prove as clear as A, B, C,
That an eel-pie's a pigeon; to deny it,
Is to say black's not black;"—"Come let's try it?"
"Well, sir; an eel-pie is a pie of fish:" "Agreed."
"Fish-pie may be a jack-pie:"—"Well, well, proceed."
"A jack-pie is a John-pie—and 'tis done!
For every John-pie must be a pie-John." (pigeon.)
"Bravo! Bravo!" Sir Peter cries,—"Logic for ever!
This beats my grandmother,—and she was clever.
But now I think on't, 'twould be mighty hard
If merit such as thine met no reward:

To show how much I logic love, in course
I'll make thee master of a chestnut-horse."
"A horse!" quoth Tom, "blood, pedigree, and paces!
Oh, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"
Tom dreamt all night of boots and leather breeches,
Of hunting cats and leaping rails and ditches;
Rose the next morn an hour before the lark,
And dragged his uncle, fasting, to the park;
Bridle in hand, each vale he scours of course
To find out something like a chestnut-horse;
But no such animal the meadows cropt;
Till under a large tree Sir Peter stopt,
Caught at a branch and shook it, when down fell
A fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell.
"There, Tom, take that;" "Well, sir, and what beside?"
"Why, since you're booted, saddle it and ride."
"Ride! what, a chestnut, sir?" "Of course,
For I can prove that chestnut is a horse:
Not from the doubtful, fusty, musty rules
Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools;
Nor old Malebranche, blind pilot into knowledge;
But by the laws of wit and Eton college:
As you have proved, and which I don't deny,
That a pie-John's the same as a John-pie.
The matter follows, as a thing of course,
That a horse-chestnut is a chestnut-horse."

21.—THE COMET AND THE GREAT BEAR.—*Anonymous.*

Farmer Grumbo, they say, had but just come to town,
With his daughter so fair and so bright;
As the streets all the day they walked up and down,
The wondrous report met the ears of the clown,
Of the comet appearing at night.

Now the farmer much wished this famed comet to see,
But to look for it could not tell where;
So a stranger he asked, where the object could be.—
"If the night should be fine, I fancy," said he,
"'Twill be seen very near the great bear."

Now the farmer knew nothing about the great bear,
Thus as wise as before was he;—

So he says to another, "Pray can you tell where
The great bear I may see?" Says the man with a stare,
"At the tower I fancy it be."

Now thinking the tower some well-chosen spot,
From whence might be viewed such a sight,
And near it stood some public-house, or what not,
Which for its sign, too, a great bear had got,
He received the reply with delight.

So straight to the tower the old farmer goes,
And approaching the yeoman that's there,
Saith he, "Here be I, and my own daughter Rose,
We wishes to see the fine sight ere it goes,
So pray, sir, show us the great bear."

"Give me sixpence a-piece then," the old yeoman said,
The farmer and daughter both stare;
After musing awhile, the shilling is paid,
They are straight to the royal menagerie led,
And the yeoman shows Grumbo, the—bear.

Now Grumbo, astonished, the animals eyed,
And the den he approached in great fear;
Then looking about him, he eagerly cried,
"I don't see the comet!" The yeoman replied—
"Bless you, sir, we have no such beast here."

The farmer perceiving some trick he was played,
In a rage asks his money again;
To the yeoman he told what the two men had said,
But the yeoman was not at his rudeness dismayed,
And he thus did the mystery explain:—

"What the gentlemen told you," said he, "is quite true,
For lo! in your daughter, so fair,
A comet in beauty's bright sphere we may view,
And while she keeps close to a brute such as you,
She is seen very near the great bear!"

Grumbo now left the place in a rage and despair,
And returned to his lodgings once more:
Says he to his host, with a look full of care,
"Folks may think what they please of the famous great bear,
It to me proves a very great—bore!"

22. THE PAIR OF BEASTS.—*Anonymous.*

Ralph Clod, a yeoman of the west,
The sun of science ne'er had blest;
Yet fortune managed so his store,
His flocks increased, his bags ran o'er,
Resolved (though Tommy was no fool)
To send his darling son to school;
In haste to Master B—— repairs,
To show the lad, and end his cares.
He came; he bowed; and thus began—
(For Ralph was a well-spoken man!)
"Why Master B—— I understand
That larning's better far than land;
And so I've brought my boy along,
To beg you'll teach him right from wrong!
For Tom, if means are rightly follord,
Will make a most prodigious schollard!
So Master B——, as I hate arguing,
'Twere best 'forehand to strike a bargain;
Name you your terms, or high or low,
And then I'll answer yes or no."
"Sir," says the scholar, "if my skill
You'd make subservient to your will,
To guide the youth through learning's grounds
I for my labor ask ten pounds."
Amazed the astonished rustic cries,
(Fixed like the statue of surprise.)
"Ten pounds! why, what in wonder!—what!
Am I awake or not?
Why sure, my friend, you do but jest.—
Ten pounds! ádzooks! 'twill buy a beast!"
"A beast!"—the tutor cried—"'tis true!
And in the end you'll find you've two!"

23. APOLOGY FOR THE PIG.—*Southey.*

Jacob, I do not love to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind. And why despise
The sow—born grunter? He is obstinate,

Thou answerest; ugly; and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now I pray thee
Hear the pig's counsel.
Is he obstinate?
We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit and not his. He hath not learned
That pigs were made for man, born to be brawned
And baconized. As for his ugliness—
Nay, Jacob, look at him;
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse:
And what is beauty but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious; give fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify the beast. All would but mar
His pig perfection.
The last charge,—he lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With precedents right reverend and noble,
And show by sanction of authority
That 'tis a very honorable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defense.
The pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?
If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts
The o'ergorged epicure is nothing more.
And there, that breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossomed field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

---

24. HODGE AND THE VICAR.—*Anonymous.*

Hodge, a poor honest country lout,
Not overstocked with learning,
Chanced, on a summer's eve, to meet
The vicar, home returning.

"Ah! master Hodge," the vicar cried,
"What still as wise as ever?
The people in the village say
That you are wondrous clever."

"Why, master parson, as to that
I beg you'll right conceive me,
I do na brag, but yet I know
A thing or two, believe me."

"We'll try your skill," the parson cried,
"For learning what digestion:
And this you'll prove, or right or wrong,
By solving me a question:

"Noah of old three babies had,
Or grown-up children rather;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called:
Now, who was Japhet's father?"

"Rat it!" cried Hodge, and scratched his head,
"That does my wits belabor:
But howsomde'er, I'll homeward run,
And ax old Giles, my neighbor."

To Giles he went, and put the case
With circumspect intention:
"Thou fool," cried Giles, "I'll make it clear,
To thy dull comprehension.

"Three children has Tom Long, the smith,
Or cattle-doctor rather;
Tom, Dick, and Harry, they are called:
Now, who is Harry's father?"

"Adzooks! I have it," Hodge replied,
"Right well I know your lingo;
Who's Harry's father? stop—here goes—
Why Tom Long Smith, by jingo."

Away he ran to find the priest
With all his might and main,
Who with good humor instant put
The question once again:

"Noah of old three babies had,
Or grown-up children rather;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called:
Now who was Japhet's father?"

"I have it now," Hodge grinning cried,
"I'll answer like a proctor;
Who's Japhet's father? now I know;
Why Tom Long Smith, the doctor."

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25. PAPER—A CONVERSATIONAL PLEASANTRY.—*Franklin.*

Some wit of old—such wits of old there were—
Whose hints showed meaning, whose allusions care,
—By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Called clear blank paper every infant mind;
Where still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true!—
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
I—(can you pardon my presumption?)—I,
No wit, no genius, yet, for once, will try.

Various the papers, various wants produce;
The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
Men are as various; and, if right I scan,
Each sort of paper represents some man.

Pray note the fop;—half powder, and half lace!
Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place.
He's the gilt paper which apart you store,
And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoir.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
Are copy paper of inferior worth!
Less prized; more useful; for your desk decreed;
Free to all pens, and prompt at every need.

The wretch whom avarice bids to pinch and spare,
Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse brown paper; such as pedlers choose
To wrap up wares which better men will use.

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Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
Is coarse brown paper; such as pedlers choose
To wrap up wares which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast; who destroys
Health, fame, and fortune in a round of joys.
Will any paper match him? Yes, throughout:
He's a true sinking paper, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
Deems this side always right, and that stark naught:
He foams with censure; with applause he raves;
A dupe to rumors, and a tool to knaves:
He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
While such a thing as foolscap has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
Who picks a quarrel if you step awry;
Who can't a jest, a hint, a look endure!—
What is he?—What?—touch paper to be sure.

What are our poets? (take them as they fall—
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all,)
Them and their works in the same class you'll find:
They are—the mere waste paper of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet!
She's fair white paper! an unsullied sheet;
On which the happy man whom fate ordains,
May write his name, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one, I'll bring!
'Tis the great man who scorns a little thing;
Whose thought, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own;
Formed on the feelings of his heart alone.
True, genuine, royal paper is his breast:
Of all the kinds, most precious, purest, best.

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26. TOBY TOSSPOT.—*Colman.*

Alas! what pity 'tis that regularity,
Like Isaac Shove's is such a rarity,
But there are swilling wights in London town
Termed—jolly dogs,—choice spirits—alias swine,
Who pour in midnight revel, bumpers down,
Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine.

These spendthrifts, who life's pleasures thus run on,
Dozing with headaches till the afternoon,
Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
By borrowing too largely of the moon.

One of this kidney,—Toby Tosspot hight——
Was coming from the Bedford late at night:
And being Bacchi plenus,—full of wine,
Although he had a tolerable notion
Of aiming at progressive motion,
'Twasn't direct——'twas serpentine.
He worked with sinuosities, along,
Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork,
Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong—a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,
When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
And being civil beyond measure,
"Ring it!" says Toby—"Very well;
I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."
Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.

He waited full two minutes—no one came;
He waited full two minutes more;—and then,
Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame;
I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal 'woke Isaac in a fright,
Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length, he wisely to himself doth say,—calming his fears,—
"Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away;"
When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jumped into the middle of the floor;
And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,
He groped down stairs, and opened the street-door,
While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,—
And saw he was a strapper stout and tall,
Then put this question;—"Pray, sir, what d'ye want?"
Says Toby,—"I want nothing, sir, at all."

"Want nothing!—Sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow,
As if you'd jerk it off the wire."
Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—
"I pulled it, sir, at your desire."

"At mine!"—"Yes, yours; I hope I've done it well;
High time for bed, sir: I was hastening to it;
But if you write up—'Please to ring the bell,'
Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

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27. FRANK HAYMAN.—*Taylor.*

Frank Hayman dearly loved a pleasant joke,
And after long contention with the gout,
A foe that oft besieged him, sallied out
To breathe fresh air, and appetite provoke.
It chanced as he was strolling void of care,
A drunken porter passed him with a hare;
The hare was o'er his shoulder flung,
Dangling behind in piteous plight,
And as he crept in zigzag style,
Making the most of every mile,
From side to side poor pussy swung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A dog who saw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry politician,
On the lookout, was close behind—
A sly and subtle chap,
Of most sagacious smell,
Like politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to snap
At any thing that fell.

The porter staggered on, the dog kept near,
Watching each lucky moment for a bite,
Now made a spring, and then drew back in fear,
While Hayman followed, tittering at the sight.
Through many a street our tipsy porter goes,
Then 'gainst a cask in solemn thought reclined;
The watchful dog the happy moment knows,
And Hayman cheers him on not far behind.

Encouraged thus—what dog would dare refrain?
He jumped and bit, and jumped and bit, and jumped and
bit again;
Till having made a hearty meal,
He careless turned upon his heel,
And trotted at his ease away,
Nor thought of asking—"what's to pay?"

And here some sage, with moral spleen may say,
"This Hayman should have driven the dog away!
The effects of vice the blameless should not bear,
And folks that are not drunkards lose their hare."

Not so unfashionably good,
The waggish Hayman laughing stood,
Until our porter's stupor o'er,
He jogged on tottering as before,
Unconscious any body kind
Had eased him of his load behind;—
Now on the houses bent his eye,
As if his journey's end were nigh,
Then read a paper in his hand,
And made a stand.——
Hayman drew near with eager mien,
To mark the closing of the scene,
His mirth up to the brim;
The porter read the address once more,
And hicuped, "where's one Hayman's door?
I've got a hare for him!"

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28. CHRISTMAS TIMES.—*Anonymous.*

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In the hope that St. Nicholas* soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads,
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters, and threw up the sash.

* Santa Claus.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the lustre of midday to objects below.
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny rein-deer,
With a little old driver so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer! now, Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on, Dunder and Blixen!
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof;
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys was flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedler just opening his pack;
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry,
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath,
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all his stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night."

29. THE COW AND THE ASS.—*Anonymous.*

Hard by a green meadow a stream used to flow,
So clear one might see the white pebbles below;
To this cooling stream the warm cattle would stray,
To stand in the shade on a hot summer's day.

A cow, quite oppressed with the heat of the sun,
Came here to refresh as she often had done;
And standing stock still, leaning over the stream,
Was musing, perhaps, or perhaps she might dream.

But soon a brown ass of respectable look,
Came trotting up also to taste of the brook,
And to nibble a few of the daises and grass:
"How d'ye do?" said the cow, "how d'ye do?" said the ass.

"Take a seat," cried the cow, gently waving her hand,
"By no means, dear madam," said he, "while you stand;"
Then stooping to drink, with a complaisant bow,
"Ma'am, your health," said the ass,—"thank you, sir," said the cow.

When a few of these compliments more had been past,
They laid themselves down on the herbage at last,
And waiting politely as gentlemen must,
The ass held his tongue, that the cow might speak first.

Then with a deep sigh, she directly began,
"Don't you think, Mr. Ass, we are injured by man?
'Tis a subject that lays with a weight on my mind:
We certainly are much oppressed by mankind.

Now what is the reason? I see none at all,
That I always must go when Suke chooses to call:
Whatever I'm doing, 'tis certainly hard,
At once I must go to be milked in the yard.

I've no will of my own, but must do as they please,
And give them my milk to make butter and cheese;
I've often a vast mind to knock down the pail,
Or give Suke a box of the ears with my tail."

"But ma'am," said the ass, "not presuming to teach—
O dear, I beg pardon,—pray finish your speech;
I thought you had done, ma'am indeed," said the swain,
"Go on, and I'll not interrupt you again."

"Why, sir, I was only going to observe,
I'm resolved, that these tyrants no longer I'll serve;
But leave them for ever to do as they please,
And look somewhere else for their butter and cheese."

Ass waited a moment, to see if she'd done,
And then, "not presuming to teach"—he begun—
"With submission, dear madam, to your better wit,
I own I am not quite convinced by it yet.

That you're of great service to them is quite true,
But surely they are of some service to you;
'Tis their nice green meadows in which you regale,
They feed you in winter when grass and weeds fail.

'Tis under their shelter you snugly repose,
When without it, dear ma'am, you perhaps might be froze;
For my own part, I know, I receive much from man,
And for him in return, I do all that I can."

The cow upon this cast her eyes on the grass,
Not pleased at thus being reproved by an ass;
Yet, thought she, I'm determined I'll benefit by't,
For I really believe that the fellow is right.

---

30. THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.—*Anonymous.*

A Frenchman once, who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover in the night,
Near the roadside an ale-house chanced to spy:
And being rather tired as well as dry,
Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
He enters: "hallo! Garçon if you please,
Bring me a little bit of bread and cheese.
And hallo! Garçon, a pot of portar too!" he said,
"Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."
His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,

Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept—
For, on the floor, some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
Put on his cap and bade the world good-night;
But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.
Sans cérémonie, soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began;
At which they gorged themselves; then smelling round,
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found;
And while at this they regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap;
Who, half awake, cries out, "Hallo! hallo!
Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so?
Ah! 'tis one big huge rat!
Vat de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at?"
In vain our little hero sought repose;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose;
And such the pranks they kept up all the night
That he, on end antipodes upright,
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
"Hallo! Maison! Garçon, I say!
Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay!"
The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge, he scarce believes his eyes;
With eager haste, he runs it o'er,
And every time he viewed it thought it more.
"Vy zounds, and zounds!" he cries, "I sall no pay;
Vat charge ten shelangs for vat I have mangé?
A leetal sup of portar, dis vile bed,
Vare all de rats do run about my head?"
"Plague on those rats!" the landlord muttered out;
"I wish upon my word, that I could make 'em scout:
I'll pay him well that can." "Vat's dat you say?"
"I'll pay him well that can." "Attend to me, I pray:
Vil you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
If from your house I drive away de rat?"
"With all my heart," the jolly host replies,
"E'coutez donc, ami;" the Frenchman cries.
"First, den—Regardez, if you please,
Bring to dis spot a leetal bread and cheese
Eh bien! a pot of portar too;
And den invite de rats to sup vid you:

And after—no matter dey be villing—
For vat dey eat, you charge dem just ten shelang:
And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
Dey'll quit your house, and never come no more."

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31. OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.—*Anonymous.*

Dear friends, we thank you for your condescension,
In deigning thus to lend us your attention;
And hope the various pieces we recite,
(Boys though we are,) will yield you some delight.

From wisdom and from knowledge, pleasure springs,
Surpassing far the glaring pomp of kings;
All outward splendor quickly dies away,
But wisdom's honors never can decay.

Blest is the man, who treads her paths in youth,
They lead to virtue, happiness, and truth;—
Sages and patriots in these ways have trod,
Saints have walked in them till they reached their God.

The powers of eloquence can charm the soul,
Inspire the virtuous, and the bad control;
Can rouse the passions, or their rage can still,
And mold a stubborn mob to one man's will.

Such powers the great Demosthenes attained,
Who haughty Philip's conquering course restrained;
Indignant thundering at his country's shame,
Till every breast in Athens caught the flame.

Such powers were Cicero's:—with patriot might,
He dragged the lurking treason forth to light,
Which long had festered in the heart of Rome,
And saved his country from her threatened doom.

Nor to the senate or the bar confined,
The pulpit shows its influence o'er the mind;
Such glorious deeds can eloquence achieve;
Such fame, such deathless laurels, it can give.

Then say not this our weak attempt is vain,
For frequent practice will perfection gain;
The fear to speak in public it destroys,
And drives away the bashfulness of boys.

Various the pieces we to-night repeat,
And in them various excellencies meet,
Some rouse the soul—some gently soothe the ear,
"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

We would your kind indulgence then bespeak,
For awkward manner, and for utterance weak,
Our powers, indeed are feeble;—but our aim,
Is not to rival Greek or Roman fame;

Our sole ambition aims at your applause,
We are but young—let youth then plead our cause;
And if your approbation be obtained,
Our wish is answered and our end is gained.

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32. OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE.—*Anonymous.*

Our parts are perform'd and our speeches are ended,—
We are monarchs, and courtiers, and heroes no more;
To a much humbler station again we've descended,
And are now but the schoolboys you've known us before.

Farewell then our greatness—'tis gone like a dream,
'Tis gone—but remembrance will often retrace
The indulgent applause which rewarded each theme,
And the heart-cheering smiles that enlivened each face.

We thank you!—Our gratitude words cannot tell,
But deeply we feel it—to you it belongs;
With heartfelt emotion we bid you farewell,
And our feelings now thank you much more than our tongues.

We will strive to improve, since applauses thus cheer us,
That our juvenile efforts may gain your kind looks;
And we hope to convince you the next time you hear us,
That praise has but sharpen'd our relish for books.

33. THE MODERN RAKE'S PROGRESS.—*Hurdis.*

The young Tobias was his father's joy;
He trained him, as he thought, to deeds of praise;
He taught him virtue, and he taught him truth,
And sent him early to a public school.
Here, as it seemed, but he had none to blame,
Virtue forsook him, and habitual vice
Grew in her stead. He laughed at honesty,
Became a sceptic, and could raise a doubt
E'en of his father's truth. 'Twas idly done
To tell him of another world, for wits
Knew better; and the only good on earth
Was pleasure; not to follow that was sin.
"Sure He that made us, made us to enjoy;
And why," said he, "should my fond father prate
Of virtue and religion? They afford
No joys, and would abridge the scanty few
Of nature. Nature be my deity;
Her let me worship, as herself enjoins,
At the full board of plenty." Thoughtless boy!
So to a libertine he grew, a wit,
A man of honor; boastful empty names,
That dignify the villain.
His father thought
He grew in wisdom as he grew in years.
He fondly deemed he could perceive the growth
Of goodness and of learning, shooting up,
Like the young offspring of the sheltered hop,
Unusual progress in a summer's night.
He called him home, with great applause dismissed
By his glad tutors—gave him good advice—
Blessed him, and bade him prosper. With warm heart
He drew his purse-strings, and the utmost doit
Placed in the youngster's palm. "Away," he cries,
"Go to the seat of learning, boy. Be good,
Be wise, be frugal, for 'tis all I can."
"I will," said Toby, as he banged the door,
And winked, and snapped his finger. "Sir, I will."
So joyful he to Alma Mater went
A sturdy freshman. See him just arrived,
Received, matriculated, and resolved
To drown his freshness in a pipe of port.
"Quick, Mr. Vintner, twenty dozen more;

Some claret too. Here's to our friends at home.
There let them doze. Be it our nobler aim
To live;—where stands the bottle?" Then to town
Hies the gay spark, for futile purposes,
And deeds, my bashful muse disclaims to name.
From town to college, till a fresh supply
Sends him again from college up to town.
Grievous accounts
The weekly post to the vexed parent brings,
Of college impositions, heavy dues,
Demands enormous, which the wicked son
Declares he does his utmost to prevent.
So blaming, with good cause, the vast expense,
Bill after bill he sends, and pens the draft
Till the full inkhorn fails. With grateful heart
Toby receives, short leave of absence begs,
Obtains it by a lie,—gallops away,
And no one knows what charming things are done
Till the gulled boy returns without his pence,
And prates of deeds unworthy of a brute:
Vile deeds, but such as in these polished days
None blames or hides.
So Toby fares, nor heeds
Till terms are wasted, and the proud degree,
Soon purchased, comes his learned toils to crown.
He swears, and swears he knows not what, nor cares,
Becomes a perjured graduate, and thinks soon
To be a candidate for orders. Ah!
Vain was the hope. Though many a wolf as fell
Deceive the shepherd, and devour the flock,
Thou none shalt injure. On a luckless day,
Withdrawn to taste the pleasure of the town,
Heated with wine, a vehement dispute
With a detested rival, shook the roof:
He penned a challenge, sent it, fought, and fell!

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34. THE MAGPIE; OR BAD COMPANY.—*Anonymous.*

Let others, with poetic fire,
In raptures praise the tuneful choir,
The linnet, chaffinch, goldfinch, thrush,
And every warbler of the bush;
I sing the mimic magpie's fame,
In wicker cage, well fed and tame.

In Fleet-street dwelt, in days of yore,
A jolly tradesman named Tom More;
Generous and open as the day,
But passionately fond of play;
No sounds to him such sweets afford
As dice-box rattling o'er the board;
Bewitching hazard is the game
For which he forfeits health and fame.

In basket-prison hung on high,
With dappled coat and watchful eye,
A favorite magpie sees the play,
And mimics every word they say;
"Oh, how he nicks us!" Tom More cries;
"Oh, how he nicks us!" Mag replies.
Tom throws, and eyes the glittering store,
And as he throws, exclaims "Tom More!"
"Tom More!" the mimic bird replies;
The astonished gamesters lift their eyes,
And wondering stare, and look around,
As doubtful whence proceeds the sound.

This dissipated life, of course,
Soon brought poor Tom from bad to worse;
Nor prayers nor promises prevail,
To keep him from a dreary jail.

And now, between each heartfelt sigh,
Tom oft exclaims "Bad company!"
Poor Mag, who shares his master's fate,
Exclaims from out his wicker grate,
"Bad company! Bad company!"
Then views poor Tom with curious eye,—
And cheers his master's wretched hours
By this display of mimic powers;
The imprisoned bird, though much caressed,
Is still by anxious cares oppressed;
In silence mourns its cruel fate,
And oft explores his prison gate

Observe through life you'll always find
A fellow-feeling makes us kind;
So Tom resolves immediately
To give poor Mag his liberty;

Then opes his cage, and, with a sigh
Takes one fond look, and lets him fly.

Now Mag, once more with freedom blest,
Looks round to find a place of rest;
To Temple Gardens wings his way,
There perches on a neighboring spray.

The gardener now, with busy cares,
A curious seed for grass prepares:
Yet spite of all his toil and pain,
The hungry birds devour the grain.

A curious net he does prepare,
And lightly spreads the wily snare;
The feathered plunderers come in view,
And Mag soon joins the thievish crew.

The watchful gardener now stands by
With nimble hand and wary eye;
The birds begin their stolen repast,
The flying net secures them fast.

The vengeful clown, now filled with ire,
Does to a neighboring shed retire,
And, having fast secured the doors
And windows, next the net explores.

Now, in revenge for plundered seed,
Each felon he resolves shall bleed;
Then twists their little necks around,
And casts them breathless on the ground.

Mag, who with man was used to herd,
Knew something more than common bird;
He therefore watched with anxious care,
And slipped himself from out the snare,
Then, perched on nail remote from ground,
Observes how deaths are dealt around.
"Oh, how he nicks us!" Maggy cries;
The astonished gardener lifts his eyes;
With faltering voice and panting breath,
Exclaims, "Who's there?"—All still as death.
His murderous work he does resume,
And casts his eye around the room

With caution, and, at length does spy
The Magpie, perched on nail so high!
The wondering clown, from what he heard,
Believes him something more than bird;
With fear impressed, does now retreat
Towards the door with trembling feet;
Then says—"Thy name I do implore?"
The ready bird replies—"Tom More."
"Oh dear!" the frighted clown replies,
With hair erect and staring eyes!
Half opening then the hovel door,
He asks the bird one question more:
"What brought you here?"—with quick reply,
Sly Mag rejoins—"Bad company!"

Out jumps the gardener in a fright,
And runs away with all his might;
And, as he runs, impressed with dread
Exclaims, "Sure Satan's in the shed!"

The wond'rous tale a bencher hears,
And soothes the man, and quells his fears,
Gets Mag secured in wicker cage,
Once more to spend his little rage:
In Temple Hall, now hung on high,
Mag oft exclaims—"Bad company!"

PART THIRD.

DRAMATIC AND SENTIMENTAL.

SELECTION I.

THE CHAMBER OF SICKNESS. FIRST VOICE—SECOND VOICE.—*Colton.*

First Voice.

How awful the place—how gloomy—how chill!
Where the pangs of disease are lingering still,
And the life-pulse is fluttering in death.

Second Voice.

How delightful the place—how peaceful—how bright!
There, calmly, and sweetly, the taper's soft light,
Shines—an image of man's fleeting breath.

First Voice.

There the angel of death on the vitals is preying,
While beauty and loveliness fast are decaying,
And life's joys are all fading away.

Second Voice.

There the spirits of mercy round the pillow are flying,
As the angel-smile plays on the lips of the dying,
And hope—cheers the soul with her ray.

First Voice.

How the spirit is pained, e'en when loved ones are near,
Or sympathy bathes its lone couch with a tear;
Its hopes are all dead—its joy is despair.

Second Voice.

How the holiest endearments that kindred souls cherish,
Though the mortal decay and its graces all perish,
Are perfected and purified there

First Voice.

How ghastly the visage of death doth appear,
How frightful the thought of the shroud and the bier,
And the blood-crested worm how vile!

Second Voice.

How friendly the hand that faith is now lending,
How benignant her look o'er the pillow while bending,
How sweet, how assuring her smile!

First Voice.

There, in triumph, the death-knell is fitfully pealing,
While the shivering chill to the cold heart is stealing,
And the life-current warms—no—never—

Second Voice.

Hear the joy-speaking voice of some angel calling—
As the visions of heaven, on the rapt soul are falling,
And hope—is fruition for ever.

SELECTION II.

THE GREEK ORPHAN. PASPATI—EPAMINONDAS.—*Colton.*

Paspati.

Child of the brave! hear the echo of glory,
That breaks from the hills of our country now free;
And the voice of our fathers—immortal in story,
Which speaks in the lessons of heroes to thee.

Epaminondas.

The sound of the battle I heard on the mountain;
The foemen I saw,—Oh, my father was there!
I saw his red blood as it gushed like a fountain:
But what is the echo of glory!—and where?

Paspati.

'Tis the sound of the war-song we learned from our mother
The war-song of heroes who bled to be free:—
'Tis the echo we heard on the hills, with our brothers,
That speaks as the voice of the thunder to thee.

Epaminondas.

'Tis the great and good God who talks in the thunder,
Who breathes in the sweet and soft voices of spring;
He hath broken the yoke of the Turkman asunder,
And taught us his praises, in boyhood to sing.

Paspati.

Thinkest thou it was God, who our green hills defended,
And nerved to the battle the heroes who bled?
Ah! red were our fields ere the battle was ended,
Ah! white are our plains with the bones of the dead.

Epaminondas.

All bloody and pale, with his war-clothes around him,
My father I saw, in his pillared halls laid;
Cold and dead was my brother—at evening I found him,
But the God of good children ne'er made me afraid.

Paspati.

And where is thy mother, boy? lives she to bless thee?
Where is thy bower of the jessamin wild?
Thou livest in the stranger-land, strangers caress thee,
Where is the home of thy boyhood, fair child?

Epaminondas.

Oh! my mother is dead—three long summers have ended
Since her kind and last kiss on my cheek she impressed—
An orphan she left me—alone, unbefriended,
But the God of the orphan—the Greek orphan blessed,—
For here, in the stranger-land green hills are round me,—
Home, father, and mother, and brothers have found me!

SELECTION III.

THE CHURCHYARD. FIRST VOICE—SECOND VOICE.—*Karamsin.*

First Voice.

How frightful the grave! how deserted and drear!
With the howls of the storm-wind—the creaks of the bier,
And the white bones all clattering together!

Second Voice.

How peaceful the grave! its quiet how deep:
Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flowerets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss.

First Voice.

How ghastly the visage of death doth appear,
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Its zephyrs breathe calmly, and soft is its sleep,
And flowerets perfume it with ether.

First Voice.

There riots the blood-crested worm on the dead,
And the yellow skull serves the foul toad for a bed,
And snakes in its nettle-weeds hiss.

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb:
No tempests are there:—but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:
'Tis the vulture's abode:—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the rabbit at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod;—while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath
And lothsome decay fill the dwelling of death;
And trees are all barren and bare!

Second Voice.

Oh, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamin fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
He is lanched on the wreck-covered river!

Second Voice.

The traveler, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.

SELECTION IV.

STRANGER—CHILD.—*Hemans.*

Stranger.

Why wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams.

Child.

Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer-day,
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-notes of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

Child.

Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

Child.

Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow,—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.

First Voice.

How ghastly the visage of death doth appear,
How frightful the thought of the shroud and the bier,
And the blood-crested worm how vile!

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How friendly the hand that faith is now lending,
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Through the long bright hours of the summer-day,
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
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A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee;
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Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

Child.

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But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow,—
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Stranger.

Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.

Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.

Child.

Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow,—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

SELECTION V.

RAIMOND—PROCIDA.—*Hemans.*

Procida. And dost thou still refuse to share the glory
Of this our daring enterprise?
Raimond. Oh, father!
I too, have dreamt of glory, and the word
Hath to my soul been as a trumpet's voice,
Making my nature sleepless.—But the deeds
Whereby 'twas won, the high exploits, whose tale
Bids the heart burn, were of another cast
Than such as thou requirest.
Proc. Every deed
Hath sanctity, if bearing for its aim
The freedom of our country; and the sword
Alike is honored in the patriot's hand,
Searching, 'midst warrior hosts the heart which gave
Oppression birth; or flashing through the gloom
Of the still chamber, o'er its troubled couch,
At dead of night.
Rai. (*Turning away.*) There is no path but one
For noble natures.
Proc. Wouldst thou ask the man
Who to the earth hath dashed a nation's chains,
Rent as with heaven's own lightning, by what means
The glorious end was won?—Go, swell the acclaim!
Bid the deliverer, hail! and if his path
To that most bright and sovereign destiny
Hath led o'er trampled thousands, be it called
A stern necessity, and not a crime!
Rai. Father! my soul yet kindles at the thought
Of nobler lessons, in my boyhood learned

E'en from thy voice.—The high remembrances
Of other days are stirring in the heart
Where thou didst plant them; and they speak of men
Who needed no vain sophistry to gild
Acts, that would bear heaven's light.—And such be mine!
Oh, father! is it yet too late to draw
The praise and blessings of all valiant hearts
On our most righteous cause?

Proc. What wouldst thou do?

Rai. I would go forth, and rouse the indignant land
To generous combat. Why should freedom strike
Mantled with darkness?—Is there not more strength
E'en in the waving of her single arm
Than hosts can wield against her?—I would rouse
That spirit, whose fire doth press resistless on
To its proud sphere, the stormy field of fight!

Proc. Aye! and give time and warning to the foe
To gather all his might!—It is too late.
There is a work to be this eve begun,
When rings the vesper bell! and, long before
To-morrow's sun hath reached the noonday heaven,
His throne of burning glory, every sound
Of the provençal tongue within our walls,
As by one thunderstroke—you are pale, my son—
Shall be for ever silenced.

Rai. What! such sounds
As falter on the lip of infancy
In its imperfect utterance? or are breathed
By the fond mother, as she lulls her babe?
Or in sweet hymns, upon the twilight air
Poured by the timid maid?—Must all alike
Be stilled in death; and wouldst thou tell my heart
There is no crime in this?

Proc. Since thou dost feel
Such horror of our purpose, in thy power
Are means that might avert it.

Rai. Speak! oh speak!

Proc. How would those rescued thousands bless thy name
Shouldst thou betray us!

Rai. Father! I can bear—
Aye, proudly woo—the keenest questioning
Of thy soul-gifted eye; which almost seems
To claim a part of heaven's dread royalty,
The power that searches thought!

Proc. (*After a pause.*) Thou hast a brow
Clear as the day—and yet I doubt thee, Raimond!
I doubt thee!—See thou waver not—take heed!
Time lifts the veil from all things! (*Exit.*)
Rai. Oh! bitter day,
When, at the crushing of our glorious world,
We start and find men thus!—Yet be it so!
Is not my soul still powerful, in itself
To realize its dreams?—Aye, shrinking not
From the pure eye of heaven, my brow may well
Undaunted meet my father's.—But away!

SELECTION VI.

MORDENT—LENOX.—*Holcraft.*

Mordent. We are now in private.
Lenox. I am glad we are.
Mor. And now, sir, I insist on a clear and explicit answer. Where may I find Joanna?
Len. Nay, sir, where may I find Joanna?
Mor. Mr. Lenox, I will not be trifled with; where is she?
Len. Nor will I be trifled with, Mr. Mordent: I say where is she? The contrivance was your own. I know you. The moment you set your eyes on her, you began your treacherous plots to secure her affections; and, when you found I would not resign mine at your persuasion, you put them in practice, while you treacherously pretended to secure her to me. I tell you, I know you.
Mor. This will not serve, sir; it is all evasion.
Len. Ay, sir, it is evasion! cunning, cruel, base evasion! and I affirm she is in your possession.
Mor. Mr. Lenox, I am at this moment a determined and desperate man, and must be answered. Where is she?
Len. Sir, I am as determined and desperate as yourself, and I say where is she? For you alone can tell.
Mor. 'Tis false!
Len. False?
Mor. Ay, false!
Len. (*Going up to him.*) He is the falsest of the false that dares whisper such a word.
Mor. Hark ye, sir! I understand your meaning, and came purposely provided. (*Draws a pair of pistols.*) Take your choice; they are loaded.

Len. Oh! with all my heart! Come, sir!

Mor. (*Approaching sternly.*) Nigher!

Len. As nigh as you please.

Mor. (*Placing himself.*) Foot to foot!

Len. (*Both presenting.*) Muzzle to muzzle!

Mor. Why don't you fire?

Len. Why don't you unlock your pistol?

Mor. (*After unlocking it.*) There!

Len. Why do you turn it out of the line? (*Pause.*) I see your intention. Mordent, you are tired of life and want me to murder you. Hang it, man, that is not treating your friend like a friend. Kill me if you will, but don't make me your assassin.

Mor. Nay, kill me, or tell me where I may find the wretched Joanna.

Len. Fiends seize me, if I can tell you! I know not where, or what is become of her.

Mor. Your behavior tells me you are sincere; and to convince you at once that I am no less so, know—she is my daughter.

Len. Your daughter!—I'll seek the world through with you to find her. Forgive me!

Mor. Would I could forgive myself!

Len. But it seems, then, she has escaped, and is perhaps in safety.

Mor. Oh! that she were! Let us retire.

SELECTION VII.

ALBERTO—THEODORE.—*Anonymous.*

Alberto. Enter and fear not, trembler. Thou shalt live.

Theodore. Ay, that I feared.

Alb. Dost hear me, boy? I say,
That thou shalt live.

Theo. I feared so.

Alb. Wouldst thou die?

Theo. If it pleased heaven, most w
That I'm a prisoner. I shall never wal
In the sun's blessed light, or feel the to
Of the fresh air, or hear the summer bro
All idly babbling to the moon, or taste
The morning breath of flowers. The thou
Which make in our Sicilian isle more life

Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.

Child.

Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow,—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

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Procida. And dost thou still refuse to share the glory
Of this our daring enterprise?
Raimond. Oh, father!
I too, have dreamt of glory, and the word
Hath to my soul been as a trumpet's voice,
Making my nature sleepless.—But the deeds
Whereby 'twas won, the high exploits, whose tale
Bids the heart burn, were of another cast
Than such as thou requirest.
Proc. Every deed
Hath sanctity, if bearing for its aim
The freedom of our country; and the sword
Alike is honored in the patriot's hand,
Searching, 'midst warrior hosts the heart which gave
Oppression birth; or flashing through the gloom
Of the still chamber, o'er its troubled couch,
At dead of night.
Rai. (*Turning away.*) There is no path but one
For noble natures.
Proc. Wouldst thou ask the man
Who to the earth hath dashed a nation's chains,
Rent as with heaven's own lightning, by what means
The glorious end was won?—Go, swell the acclaim!
Bid the deliverer, hail! and if his path
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Oh, father! is it yet too late to draw
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Mantled with darkness?—Is there not more strength
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Alb. Dost hear me, boy? I say,
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Theo. I feared so.
Alb. Wouldst thou die?
Theo. If it pleased heaven, most willingly. I know
That I'm a prisoner. I shall never walk
In the sun's blessed light, or feel the touch
Of the fresh air, or hear the summer brook
All idly babbling to the moon, or taste
The morning breath of flowers. The thousand charms
Which make in our Sicilian isle mere life

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb:
No tempests are there:—but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:
'Tis the vulture's abode:—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the rabbit at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod;—while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath
And lothsome decay fill the dwelling of death;
And trees are all barren and bare!

Second Voice.

Oh, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamin fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
He is lanched on the wreck-covered river!

Second Voice.

The traveler, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.

SELECTION IV.

STRANGER—CHILD.—*Hemans.*

Stranger.

Why wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams.

Child.

Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer-day,
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-notes of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

Child.

Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye.

Child.

Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play.
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
Or the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well,
Or they lanch their boats where the bright streams flow,—
Stranger! kind stranger! oh! let me go.

Stranger.

Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.

Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot.

Child.

Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
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Procida. And dost thou still refuse to share the glory
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Raimond. Oh, father!
I too, have dreamt of glory, and the word
Hath to my soul been as a trumpet's voice,
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Whereby 'twas won, the high exploits, whose tale
Bids the heart burn, were of another cast
Than such as thou requirest.
Proc. Every deed
Hath sanctity, if bearing for its aim
The freedom of our country; and the sword
Alike is honored in the patriot's hand,
Searching, 'midst warrior hosts the heart which gave
Oppression birth; or flashing through the gloom
Of the still chamber, o'er its troubled couch,
At dead of night.
Rai. (*Turning away.*) There is no path but one
For noble natures.
Proc. Wouldst thou ask the man
Who to the earth hath dashed a nation's chains,
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In the sun's blessed light, or feel the touch
Of the fresh air, or hear the summer brook
All idly babbling to the moon, or taste
The morning breath of flowers. The thousand charms
Which make in our Sicilian isle mere life

A thrilling pleasantness, which send a glow
Through the poorest serf that tills the happy soil—
I am shut out from all. This is my tomb.
Uncle, be merciful! I do not ask
My throne again. Reign! Reign! I have forgot
That I was once a king. But let me bide
In some small woodland cottage, where green leaves
May wave around me, and cool breezes kiss
My brow. Keep me not in a dungeon, uncle,
Of this dark gloomy chamber. Let me dwell
In some wild forest. I'll not breathe a word
That might be dangerous. No! not to the birds,
My songsters, or the fawns, my playmates, uncle.
Thou ne'er shalt hear of me again.

Alb. Boy! boy!
Cling not about me thus.

Theo. Thou wilt have mercy;
Thy heart is softening.

All. 'Tis too late. To reign,
And he at liberty! I am a child
Myself, that, won by this child's gentleness,
I seemed to waver. Boy, thy fate is fixed!
Thyself hast said it. Thou'rt a prisoner,
And for thy whole life long; a caged bird.
Be wiser than the feathered fool that beats
His wings against the wire. Thou shalt have all
Thy heart can ask, save freedom, and that—never!
I tell thee so in love, and not in hate;
For I would root out hope and fear, and plant
Patience in thy young soul.
Rest thee content. No harm shall happen thee.

(*Exit Alberto.*)

Theo. Content! Oh mockery of grief! content!
Was't not enough to take away my crown,
To mew me up here in a living tomb,
Cut off from human ties; but my jailer
Must bid me be content! Would I were dead!
Forgive me, heaven, for my impatience!
I will take better thoughts. 'Tis but to fancy
This room a quiet hermitage, and pray
As hermits use through the long silent hours.
I shall be innocent. Sure he's a friend
That shuts me out from sin. Did he not call me
A caged bird? I've seen one prune himself,
And hop from perch to perch, and chirp and sing

Merrily! Happy fool, it had forgot
Blithe liberty! But man, though he should drag
A captive's heavy chain, even till he starts
To hear his own sad voice, cannot forget
He wants that blessed gift.

SELECTION VIII.

ATHELWOLD—EDWIN—PILGRIM.—*Mason.*

Athelwold. Banish me! No. I'll die. For why should life
Remain a lonely lodger in that breast
Which honor leaves deserted? Idle breath!
Thou canst not fill such vacancy. Begone.
This sword shall free—

Pilgrim. Oh shame to fortitude!
Shame to that manly passion, which inspires
Its vigorous warmth, when the bleak blasts of fate
Would chill the soul. Oh call fair ready virtue
Quick to thy aid, for she is ever near thee;
Is ever prompt to shed her sevenfold shield
O'er noble breasts.

Athel. And but o'er noble breasts;
Not o'er the breast which livid infamy
Indelibly hath spotted. Oh shame, shame!
Sword, rid me of the thought.

Pil. Forbear, forbear;
Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling soul, who lanches forth
Unlicensed to eternity. Think, think;
And let the thought restrain thine impious hand.
The race of man is one vast marshaled array,
Summoned to pass the spacious realms of time,
Their leader the Almighty. In that march—
Ah! who may quit his post? when high in air
The chosen archangel rides, whose right hand wields
The imperial standard of heaven's providence,
Which, dreadly sweeping through the vaulted sky,
O'ershadows all creation.

Athel. I was once—
Yes, I was once, I have his royal word for it,
A man of such tried faith, such steady honor,
As mocked all doubt and scruple.—What a change!
Now must that unstained, virgin character,
Be doomed to gross and hourly prostitution.

Proc. (*After a pause.*) Thou hast a brow
Clear as the day—and yet I doubt thee, Raimond!
I doubt thee!—See thou waver not—take heed!
Time lifts the veil from all things! (*Exit.*)
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When, at the crushing of our glorious world,
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Mor. This will not serve, sir; it is all evasion.
Len. Ay, sir, it is evasion! cunning, cruel, base evasion! and I affirm she is in your possession.
Mor. Mr. Lenox, I am at this moment a determined and desperate man, and must be answered. Where is she?
Len. Sir, I am as determined and desperate as yourself, and I say where is she? For you alone can tell.
Mor. 'Tis false!
Len. False?
Mor. Ay, false!
Len. (*Going up to him.*) He is the falsest of the false that dares whisper such a word.
Mor. Hark ye, sir! I understand your meaning, and came purposely provided. (*Draws a pair of pistols.*) Take your choice; they are loaded.

Len. Oh! with all my heart! Come, sir!
Mor. (*Approaching sternly.*) Nigher!
Len. As nigh as you please.
Mor. (*Placing himself.*) Foot to foot!
Len. (*Both presenting.*) Muzzle to muzzle!
Mor. Why don't you fire?
Len. Why don't you unlock your pistol?
Mor. (*After unlocking it.*) There!
Len. Why do you turn it out of the line? (*Pause.*) I see your intention. Mordent, you are tired of life and want me to murder you. Hang it, man, that is not treating your friend like a friend. Kill me if you will, but don't make me your assassin.
Mor. Nay, kill me, or tell me where I may find the wretched Joanna.
Len. Fiends seize me, if I can tell you! I know not where, or what is become of her.
Mor. Your behavior tells me you are sincere; and to convince you at once that I am no less so, know—she is my daughter.
Len. Your daughter!—I'll seek the world through with you to find her. Forgive me!
Mor. Would I could forgive myself!
Len. But it seems, then, she has escaped, and is perhaps in safety.
Mor. Oh! that she were! Let us retire.

SELECTION. VII.

ALBERTO—THEODORE.—*Anonymous.*

Alberto. Enter and fear not, trembler. Thou shalt live.
Theodore. Ay, that I feared.
Alb. Dost hear me, boy? I say,
That thou shalt live.
Theo. I feared so.
Alb. Wouldst thou die?
Theo. If it pleased heaven, most willingly. I know
That I'm a prisoner. I shall never walk
In the sun's blessed light, or feel the touch
Of the fresh air, or hear the summer brook
All idly babbling to the moon, or taste
The morning breath of flowers. The thousand charms
Which make in our Sicilian isle mere life

Second Voice.

How lovely, how sweet the repose of the tomb:
No tempests are there:—but the nightingales come
And sing their sweet chorus of bliss.

First Voice.

The ravens of night flap their wings o'er the grave:
'Tis the vulture's abode:—'tis the wolf's dreary cave,
Where they tear up the earth with their fangs.

Second Voice.

There the rabbit at evening disports with his love,
Or rests on the sod;—while the turtles above,
Repose on the bough that o'erhangs.

First Voice.

There darkness and dampness with poisonous breath
And lothsome decay fill the dwelling of death;
And trees are all barren and bare!

Second Voice.

Oh, soft are the breezes that play round the tomb,
And sweet with the violet's wafted perfume,
With lilies and jessamin fair.

First Voice.

The pilgrim who reaches this valley of tears,
Would fain hurry by, and with trembling and fears,
He is lanched on the wreck-covered river!

Second Voice.

The traveler, outworn with life's pilgrimage dreary,
Lays down his rude staff, like one that is weary,
And sweetly reposes for ever.

SELECTION IV.

STRANGER—CHILD.—*Hemans.*

Stranger.

Why wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams.

Merrily! Happy fool, it had forgot
Blithe liberty! But man, though he should drag
A captive's heavy chain, even till he starts
To hear his own sad voice, cannot forget
He wants that blessed gift.

SELECTION VIII.

ATHELWOLD—EDWIN—PILGRIM.—*Mason.*

Athelwold. Banish me! No. I'll die. For why should life
Remain a lonely lodger in that breast
Which honor leaves deserted? Idle breath!
Thou canst not fill such vacancy. Begone.
This sword shall free—
Pilgrim. Oh shame to fortitude!
Shame to that manly passion, which inspires
Its vigorous warmth, when the bleak blasts of fate
Would chill the soul. Oh call fair ready virtue
Quick to thy aid, for she is ever near thee;
Is ever prompt to shed her sevenfold shield
O'er noble breasts.
Athel. And but o'er noble breasts;
Not o'er the breast which livid infamy
Indelibly hath spotted. Oh shame, shame!
Sword, rid me of the thought.
Pil. Forbear, forbear;
Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling soul, who lanches forth
Unlicensed to eternity. Think, think;
And let the thought restrain thine impious hand.
The race of man is one vast marshaled army,
Summoned to pass the spacious realms of time,
Their leader the Almighty. In that march—
Ah! who may quit his post? when high in air
The chosen archangel rides, whose right hand wields
The imperial standard of heaven's providence,
Which, dreadly sweeping through the vaulted sky,
O'ershadows all creation.
Athel. I was once—
Yes, I was once, I have his royal word for it,
A man of such tried faith, such steady honor,
As mocked all doubt and scruple.—What a change!
Now must that unstained, virgin character,
Be doomed to gross and hourly prostitution

Proc. (*After a pause.*) Thou hast a brow
Clear as the day—and yet I doubt thee, Raimond!
I doubt thee!—See thou waver not—take heed!
Time lifts the veil from all things! (*Exit.*)
Rai. Oh! bitter day,
When, at the crushing of our glorious world,
We start and find men thus!—Yet be it so!
Is not my soul still powerful, in itself
To realize its dreams?—Aye, shrinking not
From the pure eye of heaven, my brow may well
Undaunted meet my father's.—But away!

SELECTION VI.

MORDENT—LENOX.—*Holcraft.*

Mordent. We are now in private.
Lenox. I am glad we are.
Mor. And now, sir, I insist on a clear and explicit answer. Where may I find Joanna?
Len. Nay, sir, where may I find Joanna?
Mor. Mr. Lenox, I will not be trifled with; where is she?
Len. Nor will I be trifled with, Mr. Mordent: I say where is she? The contrivance was your own. I know you. The moment you set your eyes on her, you began your treacherous plots to secure her affections; and, when you found I would not resign mine at your persuasion, you put them in practice, while you treacherously pretended to secure her to me. I tell you, I know you.
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Mor. Ay, false!
Len. (*Going up to him.*) He is the falsest of the false that dares whisper such a word.
Mor. Hark ye, sir! I understand your meaning, and came purposely provided. (*Draws a pair of pistols.*) Take your choice; they are loaded.

Len. Oh! with all my heart! Come, sir!
Mor. (*Approaching sternly.*) Nigher!
Len. As nigh as you please.
Mor. (*Placing himself.*) Foot to foot!
Len. (*Both presenting.*) Muzzle to muzzle!
Mor. Why don't you fire?
Len. Why don't you unlock your pistol?
Mor. (*After unlocking it.*) There!
Len. Why do you turn it out of the line? (*Pause.*) I see your intention. Mordent, you are tired of life and want me to murder you. Hang it, man, that is not treating your friend like a friend. Kill me if you will, but don't make me your assassin.
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Len. Your daughter!—I'll seek the world through with you to find her. Forgive me!
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Theodore. Ay, that I feared.
Alb. Dost hear me, boy? I say,
That thou shalt live.
Theo. I feared so.
Alb. Wouldst thou die?
Theo. If it pleased heaven, most willingly. I know
That I'm a prisoner. I shall never walk
In the sun's blessed light, or feel the touch
Of the fresh air, or hear the summer brook
All idly babbling to the moon, or taste
The morning breath of flowers. The thousand charms
Which make in our Sicilian isle mere life

A thrilling pleasantness, which send a glow
Through the poorest serf that tills the happy soil—
I am shut out from all. This is my tomb.
Uncle, be merciful! I do not ask
My throne again. Reign! Reign! I have forgot
That I was once a king. But let me bide
In some small woodland cottage, where green leaves
May wave around me, and cool breezes kiss
My brow. Keep me not in a dungeon, uncle,
Of this dark gloomy chamber. Let me dwell
In some wild forest. I'll not breathe a word
That might be dangerous. No! not to the birds,
My songsters, or the fawns, my playmates, uncle.
Thou ne'er shalt hear of me again.

Alb. Boy! boy!
Cling not about me thus.

Theo. Thou wilt have mercy;
Thy heart is softening.

Alt. 'Tis too late. To reign,
And he at liberty! I am a child
Myself, that, won by this child's gentleness,
I seemed to waver. Boy, thy fate is fixed!
Thyself hast said it. Thou'rt a prisoner,
And for thy whole life long; a caged bird.
Be wiser than the feathered fool that beats
His wings against the wire. Thou shalt have all
Thy heart can ask, save freedom, and that—never!
I tell thee so in love, and not in hate;
For I would root out hope and fear, and plant
Patience in thy young soul.
Rest thee content. No harm shall happen thee.

(*Exit Alberto.*)

Theo. Content! Oh mockery of grief! content!
Was't not enough to take away my crown,
To mew me up here in a living tomb,
Cut off from human ties; but my jailer
Must bid me be content! Would I were dead!
Forgive me, heaven, for my impatience!
I will take better thoughts. 'Tis but to fancy
This room a quiet hermitage, and pray
As hermits use through the long silent hours.
I shall be innocent. Sure he's a friend
That shuts me out from sin. Did he not call me
A caged bird? I've seen one prune himself,
And hop from perch to perch, and chirp and sing

Merrily! Happy fool, it had forgot
Blithe liberty! But man, though he should drag
A captive's heavy chain, even till he starts
To hear his own sad voice, cannot forget
He wants that blessed gift.

SELECTION VIII.

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Remain a lonely lodger in that breast
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This sword shall free—

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Shame to that manly passion, which inspires
Its vigorous warmth, when the bleak blasts of fate
Would chill the soul. Oh call fair ready virtue
Quick to thy aid, for she is ever near thee;
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O'er noble breasts.

Athel. And but o'er noble breasts;
Not o'er the breast which livid infamy
Indelibly hath spotted. Oh shame, shame!
Sword, rid me of the thought.

Pil. Forbear, forbear;
Think what a sea of deep perdition whelms
The wretch's trembling soul, who lanches forth
Unlicensed to eternity. Think, think;
And let the thought restrain thine impious hand.
The race of man is one vast marshaled army,
Summoned to pass the spacious realms of time,
Their leader the Almighty. In that march—
Ah! who may quit his post? when high in air
The chosen archangel rides, whose right hand wields
The imperial standard of heaven's providence,
Which, dreadly sweeping through the vaulted sky,
O'ershadows all creation.

Athel. I was once—
Yes, I was once, I have his royal word for it,
A man of such tried faith, such steady honor,
As mocked all doubt and scruple.—What a change!
Now must that unstained, virgin character,
Be doomed to gross and hourly prostitution.

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Clear as the day—and yet I doubt thee, Raimond!
I doubt thee!—See thou waver not—take heed!
Time lifts the veil from all things! (*Exit.*)
Rai. Oh! bitter day,
When, at the crushing of our glorious world,
We start and find men thus!—Yet be it so!
Is not my soul still powerful, in itself
To realize its dreams?—Aye, shrinking not
From the pure eye of heaven, my brow may well
Undaunted meet my father's.—But away!

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Len. Sir, I am as determined and desperate as yourself, and I say where is she? For you alone can tell.
Mor. 'Tis false!
Len. False?
Mor. Ay, false!
Len. (*Going up to him.*) He is the falsest of the false that dares whisper such a word.
Mor. Hark ye, sir! I understand your meaning, and came purposely provided. (*Draws a pair of pistols.*) Take your choice; they are loaded.

Cas. Let it be
A brief one, then.—What wouldst thou?
Fitz-Ed. Oh, my father!—
The tempest that my slighted speech foretold,
Hath it not burst upon thee!
Cas. And 'tis this—
To tell me this, that thou art here—to vaunt
Thy skill in divination?
Fitz-Ed. No.—I come
To break thy commerce with the midnight wolf—
To pluck thee from the lair where foxes litter:—
Restoring thee to all those social joys
That flow from man's communion with his kind;—
To place thee once again—
Cas. Beware—beware.—
If I thought that—thou knowest my temper—hence,
Nor urge it farther.
Fitz-Ed. Oh, I must, and thou
Must hear me, too.—Enough of constancy—
Enough of valor hath thy heart displayed.—
We are a fallen people.—To contend
With fortune now, were desperate vanity.
The sceptre hath departed from our land:—
The kingly sway—
Cas. Patience—oh, patience, heart!—
Fitz-Ed. Nay, hear me on.—Is not all lost?—and thou—
Dost thou still singly labor to oppose
The common doom?—oh, idle all.—There now
Is left thee but one way to save thyself:—
But one—and I must speak it, howsoe'er
It grates against thine ear—it jars within
Thy bosom—I must speak it—'tis submission.
Cas. Heaven!—are thy thunders idle?—and thou, earth
That yet endurest his tread!—thou wilt not part
Beneath him, and deep hide his infamy!
No—thou disdainest that such a rank pollution
Should rest within thy bosom!—This to me!—
Submission!—Breathes the recreant to confront
Caswallon with such counsel?—Yes—behold him!—
There—with the uttered wish—the hateful hope
Fresh reeking from his lips, he stands before me—
Endless disgrace!—a Cambrian, and—my son!
Fitz-Ed. Yet—yet I will be patient.
Cas. No—thou blot
On the pure 'scutcheon of thy noble fathers—

Thou shalt not plume thee in my fall, nor show me
A humbled spectacle to swell thy pride
With—"Lo! my work, and there the untamable!"—
I read thy heart's deep purpose.
Fitz-Ed. Dreadful thought!—
'Tis not within thy hate's extremest bound
To think me so immeasurably base—
Oh, these hot stinging tears!—
Away, weak heart!—
In upright conscious honesty, I stand—
And shake thy loose aspersions from my soul,
As lightly as the falcon from her wing
The dews of evening.
Cas. I will not hear thee.—Hence.
Fitz-Ed. Obdurate man, bow thy proud spirit down,
If ta'en thou diest.—Submit, and thou shalt live:—
(*Imploringly upon his knees.*) Beloved father!
By heaven's whole host, I will not see thee lost!—
(*Starting up resolvedly.*)
No—if thou scorn to yield, I'll instant hence,
And to the troops that now beset thee round,
Reveal the secret of thy lurking place.
Cas. Reveal!—betray me to—?
But no—thou art
Caswallon's son, and thus far he will trust thee.
Fitz-Ed. Oh, agony of heart!
Cas. (*Going.*) Nay, follow not.
Attempt to stay me, and a father's curse
Cling to thy soul, and hold thee lost for ever! (*Exit.*)
Fitz-Ed. Hark!—are there thunders crashing in the air?
Or what is't stirs my brain?—a father's curse!—
It fell not—'tis not that that rages here.
That misery still is spared me. He is gone!

SELECTION X.

VERNER—TELL—PIERRE—THEODORE—SARNEM—MICHAEL—SOLDIERS AND PEOPLE.—*Knowles.*

(*The people have gathered to one side, and look in the opposite direction with apprehension and trouble.*)
Verner. Now Tell observe the people.
Tell. Ha! they please me now—I like them now—their looks are just in season.

Pierre. 'Tis Sarnem.
Theodore. What is that he brings with him?
Pierre. A pole; and on the top of it a cap
That looks like Gesler's—I could pick it from
A thousand!
Theo. So could I!—My heart hath oft
Leaped at the sight of it. What comes he now
To do?
(*Sarnem enters with soldiers bearing Gesler's cap upon a pole, which he fixes into the ground; the people looking on in silence and amazement.*)
Sarnem. Ye men of Altorf!
Behold the emblem of your master's power
And dignity. This is the cap of Gesler,
Your governor; let all bow down to it
Who owe him love and loyalty. To such
As shall refuse this lawful homage, or
Accord it sullenly, he shows no grace,
But dooms them to the penalty of bondage
Till they're instructed—'tis no less their gain
Than duty, to obey their master's mandate.
Conduct the people hither, one by one,
To bow to Gesler's cap.
Tell. Have I my hearing?
Ver. Away! away!
Tell. Or sight?—They do it, Verner!
They do it! Look! Ne'er call me man again!
I'll herd with the baser animals!
Look!—Look! Have I the outline of that caitiff
Who to the servile earth doth bend the crown
His god did rear for him to heaven?
Ver. Away,
Before they mark us.
Tell. No! no!—since I've tasted,
I'll e'n feed on.
A spirit's in me likes it.
Sar. (*Striking a person.*) Bow lower, slave!
Tell. Do you feel that blow—my flesh doth tingle with it.
I would it had been I!
Ver. You tremble, William; come—you must not stay.
(*Enter Michael through the crowd.*)
Sar. Bow, slave.
Michael. For what?
Sar. Obey, and question then.

Sating the lust of slander; and my wife,
My chaste Elfrida! Oh distraction, no.
I'll fly to save her.
Edwin. Stay, my dearest master;
You rush on instant death.
Athel. I mean it, slave,
And wouldst thou hinder me?
Ed. Yes, sir, I hold
'Tis duty to my king, and love to you,
Thus to oppose your entrance.
Athel. What! thou traitor!—
Thy pardon, Edwin, I forgot myself;
Forgot, that I stood here a banished man;
And that this gate was shut against its master.
Oh earth, cold earth,
Upon whose breast I cast this load of misery,
Bear it awhile; and you, ye aged oaks,
Ye venerable fathers of this wood,
Who oft have cooled beneath your arching shades
My humble ancestors; oft seen them hie
To your spread umbrage, from yon sultry field,
Their scene of honest labor; shade, ah! shade
The last, the wretchedest of all their race.
I will not long pollute ye; for I mean
To pay beneath your consecrated gloom
A sacrifice to honor, and the ghosts
Of those progenitors, who sternly frown
On me, their base descendant.
Ed. See, thou Pilgrim,
How horror shades his brow; how fixed his eye;
Heavens! what despair.
Pil. Edwin, 'tis ever thus
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;
Remorse stings deeper and relentless conscience
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance.

SELECTION IX.

CASWALLON—FITZ-EDWARD.—*Walker.*

Caswallon. Off.—I have strength in this unwearied arm—
(*Recognizing his son.*) Ha! is it thou?
Fitz-Edward. Turn not away.—One word.—
Upon my knees I beg it.

Cas. Let it be
A brief one, then.—What wouldst thou?
Fitz-Ed. Oh, my father!—
The tempest that my slighted speech foretold,
Hath it not burst upon thee!
Cas. And 'tis this—
To tell me this, that thou art here—to vaunt
Thy skill in divination?
Fitz-Ed. No.—I come
To break thy commerce with the midnight wolf—
To pluck thee from the lair where foxes litter:—
Restoring thee to all those social joys
That flow from man's communion with his kind:—
To place thee once again—
Cas. Beware—beware.—
If I thought that—thou knowest my temper—hence,
Nor urge it farther.
Fitz-Ed. Oh, I must, and thou
Must hear me, too.—Enough of constancy—
Enough of valor hath thy heart displayed.—
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Dost thou still singly labor to oppose
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Is left thee but one way to save thyself:—
But one—and I must speak it, howsoe'er
It grates against thine ear—it jars within
Thy bosom—I must speak it—'tis submission.
Cas. Heaven!—are thy thunders idle?—and thou, earth
That yet endurest his tread!—thou wilt not part
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No—thou disdainest that such a rank pollution
Should rest within thy bosom!—This to me!—
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There—with the uttered wish—the hateful hope
Fresh reeking from his lips, he stands before me—
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Oh, these hot stinging tears!—
Away, weak heart!—
In upright conscious honesty, I stand—
And shake thy loose aspersions from my soul,
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If ta'en thou diest.—Submit, and thou shalt live:—
(*Imploringly upon his knees.*) Beloved father!
By heaven's whole host, I will not see thee lost!—
(*Starting up resolvedly.*)
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And to the troops that now beset thee round,
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Cas. Reveal!—betray me to—?
But no—thou art
Caswallon's son, and thus far he will trust thee.
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Cas. (*Going.*) Nay, follow not.
Attempt to stay me, and a father's curse
Cling to thy soul, and hold thee lost for ever! (*Exit.*)
Fitz-Ed. Hark!—are there thunders crashing in the air?
Or what is't stirs my brain?—a father's curse!—
It fell not—'tis not that that rages here.
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Theo. So could I!—My heart hath oft
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Ver. Away! away!
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I'll herd with the baser animals!
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His god did rear for him to heaven?
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Before they mark us.
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Tell. Do you feel that blow—my flesh doth tingle with it.
I would it had been I!
Ver. You tremble, William; come—you must not stay.
(*Enter Michael through the crowd.*)
Sar. Bow, slave.
Michael. For what?
Sar. Obey, and question then.

Mich. I'll question now, perhaps not then obey.
Tell. A man! a man!
Sar. 'Tis Gesler's will that all
Bow to that cap.
Mich. Were it thy lady's cap,
I'd courtesy to it.
Sar. Do you mock us, friend?
Mich. Not I. I'll bow to Gesler, if you please;
But not his cap, nor cap of any he
In christendon.
Tell. Well done!
The lion thinks as much of cowering.
Sar. Once for all bow to that cap.
Do you hear me, slave?
Mich. Slave!
Tell. A man! I'll swear a man! Don't hold me, Verner.
Sar. Villain, bow
To Gesler's cap!
Mich. No! not to Gesler's self.
Sar. Seize him. (*Soldiers come forward.*)
Tell. (*Rushing forward.*) Off, off, you base and hireling pack!
Lay not your brutal touch upon the thing
God made in his own image.
Sar. What! shrink you, cowards? Must I do
Your duty for you?
Tell. Let them stir—I've scattered
A flock of wolves did outnumber them—
For sport I did it.—Sport!—I scattered them
With but a staff, not half so thick as this.
(*Wrests Sarnem's weapon from him—Sarnem and Soldiers fly.*)
Men of Altorf,
What fear ye! See what things you fear—the show
And surfaces of men. Why stand you wondering there?
Why gaze you still with blanched cheeks upon me?
Lack you the manhood even to look on,
And see bold deeds achieved by others' hands?
Or is't that cap still holds your thralls to fear?
Be free then.—There! Thus do I trample on
The insolence of Gesler. (*Dashes down the pole.*)

SELECTION XI.

DRUID—ELIDURUS—ARVIRAGUS.—*Mason.*

Druid. Say, thou false one!
What doom befits the slave who sells his country?
Elidurus. Death—sudden death!
Druid. No! lingering piecemeal death;
And to such death thy brother and thyself
We now devote. Villain, thy deeds are known;
'Tis known, ye led the impious Romans hither
To slaughter us even on our holy altars.
Elid. That on my soul doth lie some secret grief,
These looks perforce will tell: it is not fear,
Druid, it is not fear that shakes me thus;
The great gods know it is not: ye can never:
For, what though wisdom lifts ye next those gods,
Ye cannot like to them, unlock men's breasts,
And read their inward thoughts. Ah! that ye could.
Arviragus. What hast thou done?
Elid. What, prince, I will not tell.
Druid. Wretch, there are means—
Elid. I know, and terrible means;
And 'tis both fit that you should try those means,
And I endure them; yet, I think, my patience
Will for some space baffle your torturing fury.
Druid. Be that best known when our inflicted goads
Harrow thy flesh!
Arvi. Stranger, ere this be tried,
Confess the whole of thy black perfidy;
So black, that when I look upon thy youth,
Read thy mild eye, and mark thy modest brow,
I think, indeed, thou durst not.
Elid. Such a crime
Indeed I durst not; and would rather be
The very wretch thou seest. I'll speak no more.
Druid. Brethren, 'tis so.
This youth has been deceived.
Elid. Yet, one word more.
You say, the Romans have invaded Mona.
Give me a sword, and twenty honest Britons,
And I will quell those Romans. Vain demand!
Alas! you cannot; ye are men of peace:
Religion's self forbids. Lead then to torture.

Sating the lust of slander; and my wife,
My chaste Elfrida! Oh distraction, no.
I'll fly to save her.
Edwin. Stay, my dearest master;
You rush on instant death.
Athel. I mean it, slave,
And wouldst thou hinder me?
Ed. Yes, sir, I hold
'Tis duty to my king, and love to you,
Thus to oppose your entrance.
Athel. What! thou traitor!—
Thy pardon, Edwin, I forgot myself;
Forgot, that I stood here a banished man;
And that this gate was shut against its master.
Oh earth, cold earth,
Upon whose breast I cast this load of misery,
Bear it awhile; and you, ye aged oaks,
Ye venerable fathers of this wood,
Who oft have cooled beneath your arching shades
My humble ancestors; oft seen them hie
To your spread umbrage, from yon sultry field,
Their scene of honest labor; shade, ah! shade
The last, the wretchedest of all their race.
I will not long pollute ye; for I mean
To pay beneath your consecrated gloom
A sacrifice to honor, and the ghosts
Of those progenitors, who sternly frown
On me, their base descendant.
Ed. See, thou Pilgrim,
How horror shades his brow; how fixed his eye;
Heavens! what despair.
Pil. Edwin, 'tis ever thus
With noble minds, if chance they slide to folly;
Remorse stings deeper and relentless conscience
Pours more of gall into the bitter cup
Of their severe repentance.

SELECTION IX.

CASWALLON—FITZ-EDWARD.—*Walker.*

Caswallon. Off.—I have strength in this unwearied arm—
(*Recognizing his son.*) Ha! is it thou?
Fitz-Edward. Turn not away.—One word—
Upon my knees I beg it.

Cas. Let it be
A brief one, then.—What wouldst thou?
Fitz-Ed. Oh, my father!—
The tempest that my slighted speech foretold,
Hath it not burst upon thee!
Cas. And 'tis this—
To tell me this, that thou art here—to vaunt
Thy skill in divination?
Fitz-Ed. No.—I come
To break thy commerce with the midnight wolf—
To pluck thee from the lair where foxes litter:—
Restoring thee to all those social joys
That flow from man's communion with his kind:—
To place thee once again—
Cas. Beware—beware.—
If I thought that—thou knowest my temper—hence,
Nor urge it farther.
Fitz-Ed. Oh, I must, and thou
Must hear me, too.—Enough of constancy—
Enough of valor hath thy heart displayed.—
We are a fallen people.—To contend
With fortune now, were desperate vanity.
The sceptre hath departed from our land:—
The kingly sway—
Cas. Patience—oh, patience, heart!—
Fitz-Ed. Nay, hear me on.—Is not all lost?—and thou—
Dost thou still singly labor to oppose
The common doom?—oh, idle all.—There now
Is left thee but one way to save thyself:—
But one—and I must speak it, howsoe'er
It grates against thine ear—it jars within
Thy bosom—I must speak it—'tis submission.
Cas. Heaven!—are thy thunders idle?—and thou, earth
That yet endurest his tread!—thou wilt not part
Beneath him, and deep hide his infamy!
No—thou disdainest that such a rank pollution
Should rest within thy bosom!—This to me!—
Submission!—Breathes the recreant to confront
Caswallon with such counsel?—Yes—behold him!—
There—with the uttered wish—the hateful hope
Fresh reeking from his lips, he stands before me—
Endless disgrace!—a Cambrian, and—my son!
Fitz-Ed. Yet—yet I will be patient.
Cas. No—thou blot
On the pure 'scutcheon of thy noble fathers—

Thou shalt not plume thee in my fall, nor show me
A humbled spectacle to swell thy pride
With—"Lo! my work, and there the untamable!"—
I read thy heart's deep purpose.
Fitz-Ed. Dreadful thought!—
'Tis not within thy hate's extremest bound
To think me so immeasurably base—
Oh, these hot stinging tears!—
Away, weak heart!—
In upright conscious honesty, I stand—
And shake thy loose aspersions from my soul,
As lightly as the falcon from her wing
The dews of evening.
Cas. I will not hear thee.—Hence.
Fitz-Ed. Obdurate man, bow thy proud spirit down,
If ta'en thou diest.—Submit, and thou shalt live:—
(*Imploringly upon his knees.*) Beloved father!
By heaven's whole host, I will not see thee lost!—
(*Starting up resolvedly.*)
No—if thou scorn to yield, I'll instant hence,
And to the troops that now beset thee round,
Reveal the secret of thy lurking place.
Cas. Reveal!—betray me to—?
But no—thou art
Caswallon's son, and thus far he will trust thee.
Fitz-Ed. Oh, agony of heart!
Cas. (*Going.*) Nay, follow not.
Attempt to stay me, and a father's curse
Cling to thy soul, and hold thee lost for ever! (*Exit.*)
Fitz-Ed. Hark!—are there thunders crashing in the air?
Or what is't stirs my brain?—a father's curse!—
It fell not—'tis not that that rages here.
That misery still is spared me. He is gone!

SELECTION X.

VERNER—TELL—PIERRE—THEODORE—SARNEM—MICHAEL—SOLDIERS AND PEOPLE.—*Knowles.*

(*The people have gathered to one side, and look in the opposite direction with apprehension and trouble.*)
Verner. Now Tell observe the people.
Tell. Ha! they please me now—I like them now—their looks are just in season.

Pierre. 'Tis Sarnem.
Theodore. What is that he brings with him?
Pierre. A pole; and on the top of it a cap
That looks like Gesler's—I could pick it from
A thousand!
Theo. So could I!—My heart hath oft
Leaped at the sight of it. What comes he now
To do?
(*Sarnem enters with soldiers bearing Gesler's cap upon a pole, which he fixes into the ground; the people looking on in silence and amazement.*)
Sarnem. Ye men of Altorf!
Behold the emblem of your master's power
And dignity. This is the cap of Gesler,
Your governor; let all bow down to it
Who owe him love and loyalty. To such
As shall refuse this lawful homage, or
Accord it sullenly, he shows no grace,
But dooms them to the penalty of bondage
Till they're instructed—'tis no less their gain
Than duty, to obey their master's mandate.
Conduct the people hither, one by one,
To bow to Gesler's cap.
Tell. Have I my hearing?
Ver. Away! away!
Tell. Or sight?—They do it, Verner!
They do it! Look! Ne'er call me man again!
I'll herd with the baser animals!
Look!—Look! Have I the outline of that caitiff
Who to the servile earth doth bend the crown
His god did rear for him to heaven?
Ver. Away,
Before they mark us.
Tell. No! no!—since I've tasted,
I'll e'n feed on.
A spirit's in me likes it.
Sar. (*Striking a person.*) Bow lower, slave!
Tell. Do you feel that blow—my flesh doth tingle with it.
I would it had been I!
Ver. You tremble, William; come—you must not stay.
(*Enter Michael through the crowd.*)
Sar. Bow, slave.
Michael. For what?
Sar. Obey, and question then.

His other is the moon, of milder light,
That he just now has left in Mimer's well,
There by the charmful waves to be refreshed.
Erl. And where is Mimer's well?
Hak. The sacred ocean—
That is old Mimer's deep and potent well.
That strengthens Odin's eyes. From the cool waves,
At morning duly comes the sun refreshed,
The moon again by night.
Erl. But now it hurts me—
It mounts too high.
Hak. Upon his golden throne,
The almighty father mounts, soon to survey
The whole wide earth. The central diamond
In his meridian crown, our earthly sight
May not contemplate. What man darest to meet
The unveiled aspect of the king of day?
Erl. (*Terrified.*) Hu! hu! my father—in the forest yonder—
What are those bearded, frightful men?
Hak. Fear not—
They are the statues of the gods, by men
Thus hewn in marble. They blind not with sun-gleams.
Before them we can pray with confidence,
And look upon them with untroubled firmness.
Come child—let us go nearer!
Erl. No, my father!
I am afraid—seest thou that old man there!
Him with the beard? I am afraid of him!
Hak. Child, it is Odin—wouldst thou fly from Odin?
Erl. No—no—I fear not the great king in heaven—
He is so good and beautiful, and calls
The flowers from earth's bosom, and himself shines
Like a flower on high;—but that pale sorcerer—
He grins like an assassin!
Hak. Ha!
Erl. Father,
At least let me bring my crown of flowers.
I left it there on the hedge, when first
Thou broughtest me hither to see the sun rise.
Then let us go home;
Believe me that old man there means no good!
Hak. Go bring thy wreath, and quickly come again,
A lamb for sacrifice is ever crowned. (*Exit Erling.*)
Immortal powers!
Behold the faith of Hakon in this deed.

(*Re-enter Erling.*)

Erl. Here am I, father, and here's the crown.

Hak. Yet
Ere thou goest, my child, kneel down before
Great Odin. Stretch thy hands both up to heaven,
And say, "Almighty father! hear little
Erling—as thy child receive him to thy
Paternal bosom." (*He kneels, stretching his arms out towards the sun, and says with childish innocence and simplicity,*

Erl. Oh! Great Odin, hear
Little Erling! as thy child receive him
To thy paternal bosom. (*Hakon, who stands behind, draws his dagger, and intends to stab him, but it drops out of his hand; Erling turns round quietly, takes it up, and says as he rises,*
Here it is—
Your dagger, father: 'tis so bright and sharp!
When I grow taller I will have one too,
Thee to defend against thy enemies.

Hak. Ha! what enchanter with such words assists
To move thy father's heart?

Erl. How's this, my father?
You are not angry sure! What have I done?

Hak. Come Erling! follow me behind that statue!

Erl. Behind that frightful man! Oh! no.

Hak. Yet listen!
There are red roses blooming there, not white—
But red and purple roses—'tis a pleasure
To see them shooting forth. Come then, my child!

Erl. Dear father, stay,—I am so much afraid—
I do not love red roses.

Hak. Come, I say.
Hearest thou not Heimidal's cock! He crows and crows.
Now it is time.

SELECTION XIV.

ESSEX—SOUTHAMPTON—LIEUTENANT OF THE TOWER—RALEIGH.—*Jones.*

Essex. Oh name it not! my friend shall live, he shall;
I know her royal mercy, and her goodness
Will give you back to life, to length of days,
And me to honor, loyalty, and truth.
Death is still distant far.

Southampton. In life's first spring

Our green affections grew apace and prospered;
The genial summer swelled our joyful hearts,
To meet and mix each growing fruitful wish.
We're now embarked upon that stormy flood
Where all the wise and brave are gone before us,
Ever since the birth of time, to meet eternity.
And what is death did we consider right?
Shall we astonished shrink, like frighted infants,
And start at scaffolds and their gloomy trappings?

Essex. Still I trust long years remain of friendship.
Let smiling hope drive doubt and fear away,
And death be banished far, where creeping age,
Disease and care, invite him to their dwelling.
I feel assurance rise within my breast,
That all will yet be well.

South. Count not on hope—
We never can take leave, my friend, of life,
On nobler terms. Life! what is life? A shadow!
Its date is but the immediate breath we draw;
Nor have we surety for a second gale;
Ten thousand accidents in ambush lie
For the embodied dream.
A frail and fickle tenement it is,
Which like the brittle glass that measures time,
Is often broke, ere half its sands are run.

Essex. Such cold philosophy the heart disdains,
And friendship shudders at the moral tale.
My friend, the fearful precipice is past,
And danger dare not meet us more. Fly swift
Ye better angels, waft the welcome tidings
Of pardon to my friend, of life and joy. (*Enter Lieutenant.*)

Lieutenant. I grieve to be the messenger of woe,
But must, my lords, entreat you to prepare
For instant death. Here is the royal mandate
That orders your immediate execution.

Essex. Immediate execution!—what, so sudden!
No message from the queen, or Nottingham?

Lieut. None, sir.

Essex. Deluded hopes! Oh, worse than death!
Perfidious queen, to make a mock of life!
My friend, my friend destroyed! Oh piercing thought!
Oh dismal chance—in my destruction ruined!
In my sad fall undone! Why could not mine,
My life atone for both, my blood appease?
Can you, my friend, forgive me?

South. Yes, Oh yes,
My bosom's better half, I can. With thee
I'll gladly seek the coast unknown, and leave
The lessening mark of irksome life behind.
With thee, my friend, 'tis joy to die! 'tis glory;
For who would wait the tardy stroke of time,
Or cling, like reptiles, to the verge of being,
When we can bravely leap from life at once,
And spring triumphant in a friend's embrace! (*Enter Raleigh.*)
Raleigh. To you, my lord Southampton, from the queen
A pardon comes: your life her mercy spares. (*Exit.*)
Essex. For ever blessed be that indulgent power
Which saves my friend. This weight taken off, my soul
Shall upward spring and mingle with the blessed.
South. All-ruling heavens, can this, can this be just?
Support me; hold, ye straining heart-strings, hold,
And keep my sinking frame from dissolution.
Oh 'tis too much for mortal strength to bear,
Or thought to suffer! No, I'll die with thee.
They shall not part us, Essex.
Essex. Live, Oh live,
Thou noblest, bravest, best of men and friends,
Whilst life is worth thy wish, till time and thou
Agree to part, and nature send thee to me;
Thou generous soul, farewell;—live and be happy;
And oh! may life make largely up to thee
Whatever blessings fate has thus cut off
From thy departing friend.
Lieut. My lord, my warrant
Strictly forbids to grant a moment's time.
South. Oh, must we part for ever?—Cruel fortune!
Wilt thou then tear him hence?—Severe divorce!
Let me cling round thy sacred person still,
Still clasp thee to my bosom close, and keep
Stern fate at distance.
Essex. Oh, my friend, we'll meet
Again where virtue finds a just reward,
Where factious malice never more can reach us.
Recall thy reason, be thyself once more.—
I fear it not:—This hideous monster, death,
When seen at distance, shocks sweet nature's eye;
But reason, as it draws more near, defies it—
I thank thy sorrows, but could spare them now.
I need not bid thee guard my fame from wrongs;
And oh! a dearer treasure to thy care

I trust, than either life or fame—my wife.
Her bitter sorrows pierce my soul; for her
My heart drops blood!—Oh, she will want a friend.
Then take her to thy care; do thou pour balm
On her deep-wounded spirit, and let her find
My tender helps in thee.—I must be gone,
My ever faithful, and my gallant friend.—
I pray thee leave this woman's work—farewell—
Take this last dear embrace.—Farewell for ever!
South. My bursting breast! I fain would speak, but words
Are poor—Farewell!—
But we shall meet again, embrace in one
Eternal band which never shall be loosed.

SELECTION XV.

CAIUS GRACCHUS—DRUSUS.—*Knowles.*

Drusus. Your pleasure, Caius?
C. Gracchus. Pleasure!—Livius Drusus,
Look not so sweet upon me!—I am no child
Not to know bitter, for that it is smeared
With honey! Let me rather see thee scowl
A little; and when thou dost speak, remind me
Of the rough trumpet more than the soft lute.
By Jove, I can applaud the honest caitiff
Bespeaks his craft!
Drusus. The caitiff!
C. Gracc. Ah! ho! Now
You are Livius Drusus! You were only then
The man men took him for—the easy man,
That, so the world went right, cared not who got
The praise. Who ever thought, in such
A plain and homely piece of stuff, to see
The mighty senate's tool!
Drusus. The senate's tool!
C. Gracc. Now what a deal of pains for little profit!
If you could play the juggler with me, Livius—
To such perfection practice seeming, as
To pass it on me for reality—
Make my own senses witness against myself,
That things I know impossible to be,
I see as palpable as if they were—

'Twas worth the acting; but, when I am master
Of all your mystery, and know, as well
As you do, that the prodigy's a lie,
What wanton waste of labor!—Livius Drusus,
I know you are a tool!
Drusus. Well, let me be so!
I will not quarrel with you, worthy Caius!
Call me whate'er you please.
C. Gracc. What barefaced shifting!
What real fierceness could grow tame so soon!
You turn upon me like a tiger, and
When open-mouthed I brave you, straight you play
The crouching spaniel! You'll not quarrel with me!
I want you not to quarrel, Livius Drusus,
But only to be honest to the people.
Drusus. Honest!
C. Gracc. Ay, honest!—Why do you repeat
My words, as if you feared to trust your own!
Do I play echo? Question me, and see
If I so fear to be myself. I act
The wall, which speaks not but with others' tongues.
I say you are not honest to the people.—
I say you are the senate's tool—their bait—
Their juggler—their trick-merchant.—If I wrong you,
Burst out at once in full retort upon me—
Tell me I lie, and smite me to the earth!—
I'll rise but to embrace you!
Drusus. My good Caius,
Restrain your ardent temper; it doth hurry you
Into madness.
C. Gracc. Give me but an answer, and
I'll be content.—Are you not leagued with the senate?
Drusus. Your senses leave you, Caius!
C. Gracc. Will you answer me?
Drusus. Throw off this humor!
C. Gracc. Give me an answer, Drusus!
Drusus. Madman!
C. Gracc. Are you the creature of the senate?
Drusus. Good Caius!
C. Gracc. Do you juggle with the people?
Let me but know you, man, from your own lips:
'Tis all I want to know you are a traitor.
Drusus. A traitor!
C. Gracc. Ay!
Drusus. To whom?

C. Gracc. To the poor people!
The houseless citizens that sleep at nights
Before the portals, and that starve by day
Under the noses of the senators!
Thou art their magistrate, their friend, their father.
Dost thou betray them? Hast thou sold them? Wilt thou
Juggle them out of the few friends they have left?
Drusus. If 'twill content you, Caius, I am one
Who loves alike the senate and the people.
I am the friend of both.
C. Gracc. The friend of neither—
The senate's tool!—a traitor to the people!—
A man that seems to side with neither party;
Will now bend this way, and then make it up,
By leaning a little to the other side;
With one eye, glance his pity on the crowd,
And with the other, crouch to the nobility;
Such men are the best instruments of tyranny.
The simple slave is easily avoided
By his external badge; your order wears
The infamy within!
Drusus. I'll leave you, Caius,
And hope your breast will harbor better counsels.
Grudge you the senate's kindness to the people?
'Tis well—whoe'er serves them shows love to me! (*Exit.*)
C. Gracc. Go! I have tilled a waste; and, with my sweat,
Brought hope of fruitage forth—the superficial
And heartless soil cannot sustain the shoot:
The first harsh wind that sweeps it, leaves it bare!
Fool that I was to till it! Let them go!
I loved them and I served them!—Let them go!

SELECTION XVI.

RIENZI—COLONNA—URSINI—FRANGIPANI—CAFARELLO—ANGELO—SAVELLI—THE NUNCIO—EMBASSADOR—NOBLES.—*Mitford.*

Riensi. Why, this
Is well, my lords, this full assemblage. Now
The chief of Rome stands fitly girt with names
Strong as their towers around him. Fall not off,
And we shall be impregnable. (Advancing up *the room.*)

Lord Nuncio,
I should have asked thy blessing. I have sent
Our missions to the pontiff. Count Savelli—
My lord embassador. I crave your pardon.
What news from Venice, the sea-queen? Savelli,
I have a little maiden who must know
Thy fairest daughter. Angelo, Colonna,
A double welcome! Rome lacked half her state
Wanting her princely columns.
Colonna. Sir, I come
A suitor to thee. Martin Ursini—
Rie. When last his name was on thy lips—
Well, sir,
Thy suit, thy suit! If pardon take at once
My answer—No.
Angelo. Yet, mercy—
Rie. Angelo,
Waste not thy pleadings on a desperate cause
And a resolved spirit. She awaits thee.
Haste to that fairer court. (*Exit Angelo.*)
My lord Colonna,
This is a needful justice.
Col. Noble Tribune,
It is a crime which custom—
Rie. Ay, the law
Of the strong against the weak—your law, the law
Of the sword and spear. But, gentles, ye lie now
Under the good estate. (*Crossing to the centre.*)
Savelli. He is a noble.
Rie. Therefore,
A thousand times he dies. Ye are noble, sirs,
And need a warning.
Col. Sick, almost to death.
Rie. Ye have less cause to grieve.
Frangipani. New wedded.
Rie. Ay,
Madonna Laura is a blooming dame,
And will become her weeds.
Cafarello. Remember Tribune,
He hath two uncles, cardinals. Wouldst outrage
The sacred college?
Rie. The lord cardinals,
Meek, pious, lowly men, and loving virtue,
Will render thanks to him who wipes a blot
So flagrant from their name.

Col. An Ursini!
Head of the Ursini!
Ursini. Mine only brother!
Rie. And darest talk thou to me of brothers? Thou,
Whose groom—wouldst have me break my own just laws,
To save thy brother? thine! Hast thou forgotten
When that most beautiful and blameless boy,
The prettiest piece of innocence that ever
Breathed in this sinful world, lay at thy feet,
Slain by thy pampered minion, and I knelt
Before thee for redress, whilst thou—didst never
Hear talk of retribution! This is justice,
Pure justice, not revenge! Mark well, my lords—
Pure equal justice. Martin Ursini
Had open trial, is guilty, is condemned—
And he shall die!
Col. Yet listen to us!
Rie. Lords,
If ye could range before me all the peers,
Prelates and potentates of Christendom—
The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue
For this great robber, still I should be blind,
As justice. But this very day a wife,
One infant hanging at her breast, and two
Scarce bigger, first-born twins of misery,
Clinging to the poor rags that scarcely hid
Her squalid form, grasped at my bridle-rein,
To beg her husband's life; condemned to die
For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi—
And, whilst the fiery war-horse chafed and reared,
Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,
There, 'midst the dangerous coil unmoved, she stood,
Pleading in broken words and piercing shrieks,
And hoarse low shivering sobs, the very cry
Of nature! And when I at last said no—
For I said no to her—she flung herself
And those poor innocent babes between the stones
And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them all—
Thank heaven, we saved them all! but I said no
To that sad woman, 'midst her shrieks. Ye dare not
Ask me for mercy now.
Sav. Yet he is noble!
Let him not die a felon's death.
Rie. Again,

Ye weary me. No more of this. Colonna,
Thy son loves my fair daughter. 'Tis an union,
However my young Claudia might have graced
A monarch's side, that augurs hopefully—
Bliss to the wedded pair, and peace to Rome,
And it shall be accomplished.
And now
A fair good-morrow. (*Exit all but Savelli, Colonna, and Ursini.*)
Sav. Hath stern destiny
Clothed him in this man's shape, that in a breath
He deals out death and marriage? Ursini!
Colonna! be ye stunned?
Col. I'll follow him!
Tyrant! usurper! base-born churl! to deem
That son of mine—
Urs. Submit, as I have done,
For vengeance. From our grief and shame shall spring
A second retribution.
The fatal moment
Of our disgrace is nigh. Ere evening close,
I'll seek thee at thy palace. Seem to yield,
And victory is sure.
Col. I'll take thy counsel.

SELECTION XVII.

VANOC—VALENS.—*Anonymous.*

Vanoc. Now Tribune:—
Valens. Health to Vanoc.
Van. Speak your business.
Val. I come not as a herald, but a friend;
And I rejoice that Didius chose out me
To greet a prince in my esteem the foremost.
Van. So much for words—now to your purpose, Tribune.
Val. Sent by our new lieutenant, who in Rome,
And since from me has heard of your renown,
I come to offer peace: to reconcile
Past enmities; to strike perpetual league
With Vanoc; whom our emperor invites
To terms of friendship; strictest bonds of union.
Van. We must not hold a friendship with the Roman.
Val. Why must you not?
Van. Virtue forbids it.

Val. Once
You thought our friendship was your greatest glory.
Van. I thought you honest—I have been deceived—
Would you deceive me twice? No, Tribune; no.
You sought for war—maintain it as you may.
Val. Believe me, prince, your vehemence of spirit,
Prone ever to extremes, betrays your judgment.
Would you once coolly reason on our conduct—
Van. Oh, I have scanned it thoroughly—night and day
I think it over, and I think it base:
Most infamous! let who will judge—but Romans.
Did not my wife, did not my menial servant,
Both conspire
Against my crown, against my fame, my life?
Did they not levy war and wage rebellion?
And when I did assert my right and power
As king and husband, when I would chastise
Two most abandoned wretches—who but Romans
Opposed my justice and maintained their crimes?
Val. At first the Romans did not interpose,
But grieved to see their best allies at variance.
Indeed, when you turned justice into rigor,
And even that rigor was pursued with fury,
We undertook to mediate for the queen,
And hoped to moderate—
Van. To moderate!
What would you moderate—my indignation?
The just resentment of a virtuous mind?
To mediate for the queen!—You undertook!—
Wherein concerned it you?—But as you love
To exercise your insolence! Are you
To arbitrate my wrongs?—Must I ask leave?
Must I be taught, to govern my own household?
Am I then void of reason and of justice?
When in my family offences rise,
Shall strangers, saucy intermeddlers, say,
Thus far, and thus you are allowed to punish?
When I submit to such indignities;
When I am tamed to that degree of slavery—
Make me a citizen, a senator of Rome.
To watch, to live upon the smile of Claudius;
And sell my country with my wife for bread.
Val. Prince, you insult upon this day's success.
You may provoke too far—but I am cool—
I give your answer scope.

Van. Who shall confine it?
The Romans?—let them rule their slaves; I blush,
That dazzled in my youth by ostentation,
The trappings of the men seduced my virtue!
Val. Blush rather that you are a slave to passion;
Subservient to the wildness of your will;
Which, like a whirlwind, tears up all your virtues,
And gives you not the leisure to consider.
Did not the Romans civilize you?
Van. No. They brought new customs and new vices over,
Taught us more arts than honest men require,
And gave us wants that nature never knew.
Val. We found you naked.
Van. And you found us free.
Val. Would you be temperate once, and hear me out.
Van. Speak things that honest men may hear with temper,
Speak the plain truth and varnish not your crimes.
Say that you once were virtuous—long ago
A frugal hardy people, like the Britons,
Before you grew thus elegant in vice,
And gave your luxuries the name of virtues.
The civilizers!—the disturbers, say;
The robbers, the corruptors of mankind;
Proud vagabonds!—who make the world your home,
And lord it where you have no right:
What virtue have you taught?
Val. Humanity.
Van. Oh, patience!
Val. Can you disown a truth confessed by all?
A praise, a glory known in barbarous climes?
Far as our legions march they carry knowledge,
The arts, the laws, the discipline of life.
Our conquests are indulgencies, and we
Not masters, but protectors of mankind.
Van. Prevaricating, false—most courteous tyrants;—
Romans! rare patterns of humanity!
Come you then here, thus far through waves to conquer,
To waste, to plunder, out of mere compassion?
Is it humanity that prompts you on
To ravage the whole earth, to burn, destroy?
To raise the cry of widows and of orphans?
To lead in bonds the generous free-born princes,
Who spurn, who fight against your tyranny?
Happy for us, and happy for you spoilers,
Had your humanity ne'er reached our world—

It is a virtue—(so it seems you called it,)
A Roman virtue that cost you dear:
And dearer shall it cost if Vanoc lives,
Or if we die we shall leave those behind us
Who know the worth of British liberty.
Val. I mean not to reproach your ancestors;
Untaught, uncultivated as they were;
Inhospitable, fiery, and ferocious;
Lions in spirit, cruel beyond men;
Your altars reeking oft with human blood.
Van. Hence, insulter; nor tempt me into rage;
This roof protects thy rashness; but begone.
I cannot answer for my indignation.

SELECTION XVIII.

GUSTAVUS VASA—SIVARD—ARNOLDUS—DALECARLIANS.—*Brooke.*

(*Gustavus disguised as a peasant.*)

Gustavus. Ye men of Sweden, wherefore are ye come?
See ye not yonder, how the locusts swarm,
To drink the fountains of your honor up,
And leave your hills a desert!—Wretched men!
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?
Or are ye met with song and jovial feast,
To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants?
To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,
And fawning lick the dust?—Go, go my countrymen,
Each to your several mansions, trim them out,
Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil,
To purchase bondage.—Oh, Swedes! Swedes!
Heavens! are ye men, and will ye suffer this?
There was a time, my friends, a glorious time!
When had a single man of your forefathers
Upon the frontiers met a host in arms,
His courage scarce had turned; himself had stood,
Alone had stood, the bulwark of his country.
Come, come on then. Here I take my stand!
Here on the brink, the very verge of liberty;
Although contention rise upon the clouds,
Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward,
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,
Till I, or Denmark fall,

Sivard. And who art thou,
That thus would swallow all the glory up
That should redeem the times? Behold this breast,
The sword has tilled it; and the stripes of slaves
Shall ne'er trace honor here; shall never blot
The fair inscription.—Never shall the cords
Of Danish insolence bind down these arms,
That bore my royal master from the field.
Gust. Ha! Say you, brother? Were you there—Oh grief!
Where liberty and Stenon fell together?
Siv. Yes, I was there.—A bloody field it was,
Where conquest gasped, and wanted breath to tell
Its o'er-toiled triumph. There our bleeding king,
There Stenon on this bosom made his bed,
And, rolling back his dying eyes upon me,
Soldier, he cried, if e'er it be thy lot
To see my gallant cousin, great Gustavus,
Tell him—for once, that I have fought like him,
And would like him have—
Conquered.
Gust. Oh, Danes! Danes!
You shall weep blood for this. Shall they not, brother?
Yes, we will deal our might with thrifty vengeance,
A life for every blow, and, when we fall,
There shall be weight in't; like the tottering towers,
That draw contiguous ruin.
Siv. Brave, brave man!
My soul admires thee. By my father's spirit,
I would not barter such a death as this
For immortality! Nor we alone—
Here be the trusty gleanings of that field,
Where last we fought for freedom; here's rich poverty,
Though wrapped in rags—my fifty brave companions;
Who through the force of fifteen thousand foes
Bore off their king, and saved his great remains.
Gust. Why, captain,
We could but die alone, with these we'll conquer.
My fellow-laborers too—What say ye, friends?
Shall we not strike for it?
Siv. Death! Victory or death!
All. No bonds! no bonds!
Arnoldus. Spoke like yourselves.—Ye men of Dalecarlia,
Brave men and bold! whom every future age
Shall mark for wondrous deeds, achievements won

From honor's dangerous summit, warriors all!
Say, might ye choose a chief
Speak, name the man,
Who then should meet your wish?
Siv. Forbear the theme.
Why wouldst thou seek to sink us with the weight
Of grievous recollection! Oh, Gustavus!
Could the dead awake, thou wert the man.
Gust. Didst thou know Gustavus?
Siv. Know him! Oh, heaven! what else, who else was worth
The knowledge of a soldier? That great day,
When Christiern, in his third attempt on Sweden,
Had summed his powers, and weighed the scale of fight,
On the bold brink, the very push of conquest,
Gustavus rushed, and bore the battle down;
In his full sway of prowess, like leviathan
That scoops his foaming progress on the main
And drives the shoals along—forward I sprung,
All emulous, and laboring to attend him;
Fear fled before, behind him rout grew loud,
And distant wonder gazed. At length he turned,
And having eyed me with a wondrous look
Of sweetness mixed with glory—grace inestimable!
He plucked this bracelet from his conquering arm,
And bound it here. My wrist seemed trebly nerved;
My heart spoke to him, and I did such deeds
As best might thank him. But from that blessed day
I never saw him more—yet still to this,
I bow, as to the relics of my saint:
Each morn I drop a tear on every bead,
Count all the glories of Gustavus o'er,
And think I still behold him.
Gust. Rightly thought,
For so thou dost, my soldier,
Behold your general,
Gustavus! Come once more to lead you on
To laureled victory, to fame, to freedom!
Siv. Strike me, ye powers! It is illusion all!
It cannot—It is, it is! (*Falls and embraces his knees.*)
Gust. Oh, speechless eloquence!
Rise to my arms, my friend.
Siv. Friend! say you, friend?
Oh, my heart's lord! my conqueror! my——

Gust. Approach, my fellow-soldiers, your Gustavus
Claims no precedence here.
Haste brave men!
Collect your friends, to join us on the instant;
Summon our brethren to their share of conquest,
And let loud echo, from her circling hills,
Sound freedom, till the undulation shake
The bounds of utmost Sweden.

SELECTION XIX.

DURAZZO—GARCIA—PEREZ.—*Haynes.*

Durazzo. Now Perez, give your happy master joy,
And change the title of your reverence
To suit his new condition. I am come,
Ennobled by the king, to mate with greatness.
Perez. Thank heaven, I live to call you lord; therefore,
My lord, I give you joy.
Dur. Proclaim it far,
That those who mocked my humble state may gnaw
Their lips with envy. 'Tis not that I prize
The empty title for its empty sake;
'Tis but a phrase; yet, as the world is caught
With syllables, the phrase hath value i'nt,
And I would give it swelling currency
Throughout the realm.
Per. It shall not lack my voice.
Dur. I met a noble as I came, who thought
To look me out of favor with myself,
As he was wont to do. My soul was nigh
To burst its mortal bound as I rebuked him.
Per. But yonder look, where comes
Don Garcia through the vestibule.
Dur. Depart. (*Exit Perez.*)
And let us be alone. What! would he break
On my retirement rudely thus uncalled—
No leave obtained—no question asked; but in,
As if I kept a tavern for his highness?
(*Enter Garcia.*)
Garcia. Durazzo!
Dur. Garcia!
Gar. How, my lord?

Dur. My lord
Again, or Garcia, as you choose to speak,
Addressing me.
Gar. 'Tis bold, sir,—nay, methinks
You look but slightingly upon your patron.
Dur. My patron!
Gar. I was so this morning.
Dur. True—
But see, 'tis mid-day now. Thinkest thou yon orb,
Who, on his glorious round, keeps half our earth
For ever in his beam, beholds no changes
In this diurnal planet, but the lapse
Of growing hours and seasons?—think again;
Trust me, there are more strange vicissitudes
Than one man standing by another's side,
Who never was above him, but in fortune.
Gar. I would keep down this swelling of my heart
To reason calmly with your haughtiness.
Dur. My haughtiness!
Gar. Ay, haughtiness; what else
Could breed this lofty tone? Those trappings, too,
But ill become the state of yesterday.
Dur. By your favor, sir,
'Tis sometimes prudent to adorn our limbs,
That fools, who look no deeper, thence may see
We mean to be respected.
Gar. But to change,
As you have done, in dress, in manner, word,
And action, from the lowly thing you have been,
So suddenly, as if the flash of fortune
Had set your soul and body in a flame,
Is matter more for mirth than deference.
Dur. Indeed!
Gar. The world will laugh.
Dur. Advise the world
It laugh not out too loud.
Gar. You would not make
So huge a sacrifice as all mankind
To your voracious anger.
Dur. I might chance
To know some voices in the jubilee,
And make amusement danger to the sharers.
Erewhile my pride was like an idle blade
That rusted in the scabbard; now 'tis drawn,
And flourished o'er your heads—beware of it.

Gar. Have you not crawled your way to this?
Dur. 'Twas fate
Ordained it so; but I have broke her spells,
And here stand up for my prerogative,
Enlarged, and free to act. What I have done
And suffered was necessity: what more
I do, shall be from choice, and speak the mind
Within me noble.—
So, having won my place, I will assume
Its usage, honors, titles, and respects,
And in the teeth of scorn be dignified.
Gar. Yet hear me patiently.—Your tale this morning
Hath wrought a purpose useful to the state.
Provoke not inquisition, by the spurns
You cast on others, lest yourself be found
No purer than you should, and what you've done
Be, by your rashness, undone.
Dur. Have you aught
To urge besides?
Gar. But to apply the rule.
Let no vindictive spirit against Benducar
Betray your passion to an act of rash
Revenge.—Bethink you, I have passed my word
That in due time he shall submit to you:
Bethink,—and pause.
Dur. Oh! as the insult fell
On me, I know how calmly you can bear it;
Nor have I yet forgot, how light you made
This morning of the blow; as if it were
A gnat that stung my flesh.—The hand which strikes
Down from the clouds, may execute unquestioned
The purposes of its omnipotence:—
But that whose force a mortal shoulder wields,
Strikes at its peril, and is answerable
To God and man.
Gar. I came not here to listen to this rudeness.
Dur. Nay, I've some notion of the cause that brougl you
Was it to try the terror of your frown?
Gar. Did I not raise you—make you what you are?
Dur. With the king's help.
Gar. You sneer, but it was so.
Dur. Went your intention with it, when you knew not
My object, nor my claim?
Gar. No matter now;
'Tis now enough to wonder at your fortunes.

Dur. You see in what a changeful world we live:
The beggar of to-day is rich to-morrow;
The rich man poor—despised.
Gar. I'll hear no more.
Dur. Go home, and ponder on't.

SELECTION XX.

PENRUDDOCK—HENRY.—*Cumberland.*

Penruddock. Here then was the residence of my once loved Arabella; here then she reigned and reveled; a sympathetic gloom comes over me. Woodville is in my power.

(*Enter Henry.*)

Henry. Where am I! What has happened? Why is this house so changed in its appearance?

Pen. Whom do you seek?

Henry. A father and a mother who dwelt here. If you have heard the name of Woodville and can ease my anxious mind, tell me they survive.

Pen. Be satisfied—they live.

Henry. Devoutly I return heaven thanks, and bless you for the tidings. Long absent and debarred all correspondence with my family, I came with trembling heart, uncertain of their fate, and I confess the ominous appearance of a deserted house struck me with alarm; but I may hope they have some other residence at hand. If you know where, direct me.

Pen. If I knew where, I would; but—

Henry. But what? Why do you pause?

Pen. Because I can't proceed.

Henry. Why not proceed? You know they live, can you not tell me where?

Pen. I cannot.

Henry. What is your business here?

Pen. None.

Henry. Do you not live in London?

Pen. No.

Henry. What is your name, occupation? Where do you inhabit? How comes it to pass that you know so well to answer me one question, and are dumb to all the rest?

Pen. I am not used to interrogatories, nor quite so patient as may suit with your impetuosity.

Henry. I stand corrected; I am too quick.—You will excuse the feelings of a son.

Pen. Most willingly; only I'm sorry to perceive they are so sensitive, because this world abounds in misery.

Henry. Now I am sure you know more than you yet reveal; but having said my parents are still alive, you fortify me against lesser evils. I know my father's failings, and can well suppose that his affairs have fallen into decay.

Pen. To utter ruin. Gaming has undone him.

Henry. Oh! execrable vice, fiend of the human soul, that tears the heart of parent, child, and friend! What crimes, what shame, what complicated misery hast thou brought upon us! Rash, desperate, wretched man! This house was swallowed in the general wreck?

Pen. With every thing else: Sir George Penruddock had it for a debt, as it is called, of honor.

Henry. A debt of infamy—and may the curse entailed upon such debts descend on him and all that may inherit from him!

Pen. There you outrun discretion: he is dead, and you would not extend your curse to him that now inherits.

Henry. Light where it will, I'll not revoke it. He that is fortune's minion, well deserves it.

Pen. But he that's innocent does not.

Henry. Can he be innocent, who stains his hands with ore drenched in the gamester's blood, dug from the widow's, and the orphan's hearts, with tears, and cries, and agonies unutterable? 'Tis property accurst; were it a mine as deep as to the centre, I would not touch an atom to preserve myself from starving.

Pen. You speak too strongly, sir.

Henry. So you may think: I speak as I feel. Who is the wretched heir?

Pen. Roderick Penruddock.

Henry. What! Roderick the recluse?

Pen. The same.

Henry. My father knew him well—a gloomy misanthrope, shunning and shunned by all mankind. When such a being, after long seclusion, lost to all social charities, and hardened into savage insensibility, comes forth into the world, armed with power and property, he issues like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour.

Pen. Stop your invective! Know him before you condemn him.—He stands before you.

Henry. Indeed! and I am then in company with Mr. Penruddock?

Pen. You are.

Henry. Then I must throw myself upon your mercy; I have spoken rashly, and abide by any measures you may choose to dictate.

Pen. You can hardly expect much candor in a character such as you have painted—savage, insensible, lost to all social charities, a gloomy misanthrope.

Henry. I have spoken, as men are apt to speak, upon report. If you mean only to retort the words on me as their retailer, you still leave the original authority in force; but if you can refute that, you at once vindicate your own character from aspersion, and bring me to shame for my credulity and levity.

Pen. You have quoted your own father as the authority on which you rest: very well—of him, then, in the first place, I will speak; of myself in the last. (*Puts chairs.*) Sit down. (*They sit.*) Your father and myself were intimates through all that happy age, when nature wears no mask; our boyish sports, our college studies, our traveling excursions, united us in friendship.—This may be tedious talk; and yet I study to be brief for my own sake as well as yours.

Henry. I'm all attention—pray proceed.

Pen. On our return from travel, it was my fortune to gain the affections of a lady—whom, at this distant period, I cannot name without emotions which unman and shake my foolish heart—therefore, no more of her. Your father was our mutual confident, passed and repassed between us on affairs of trust and secrecy, while I was busied in providing for our marriage settlement: I struggled against difficulties that tortured my impatience, and at length overcame them. In that interval a villain had traduced my character, poisoned her credulous mind, and by the display of a superior fortune, prevailed upon her parents to revoke their promises to me, and marry her to him. —What did this wretch deserve?

Henry. Death from your hands, and infamy from all the world.

Pen. And yet upon his credit you arraign my character:—for that wretch (*Rises*) is your own father.

Henry. I am dumb with horror.

Pen. Now can you wonder, if, when armed with power to extinguish this despoiler of my peace, this still inveterate defamer of my character, I issue, as your own words describe me, like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour?

Henry. I'll answer that hereafter; and, by the honor of a soldier, I will answer it as truth and justice shall exact of me. But a charge so strong, so serious, so heart-rending to a son, who feels himself referred to in a case so touching, demands

a strict discussion: I shall immediately seek my father, whom I have not yet seen.

Pen. If I accuse him falsely, it is not restitution of the debt he owes me, nor all that I possess besides,—no, nor my life itself, that can atone for the calumny.

SELECTION XXI.

CATILINE—AURELIUS.—*Croly.*

Aurelius. What answer's for this pile of bills, my lord?
Catiline. Who can have sent them here?
Aur. Your creditors!
As if some demon woke them all at once,
These having been crowding on me since the morn.
Here, Caius Curtius claims the prompt discharge
Of his half million sesterces; besides
The interest on your bond, ten thousand more.
Six thousand for your Tyrian canopy;
Here, for your Persian horses—your trireme:
Here, debt on debt. Will you discharge them now?
Cat. I'll think of it.
Aur. It must be now; this day!
Or, by to-morrow, we shall have no home.
Cat. 'Twill soon be all the same
Aur. We are undone!
Cat. Aurelius!
All will be well; but hear me—stay—a little:
I had intended to consult with you—
On—our departure—from—the city.
Aur. (*Indignantly and surprised.*) Rome!
Cat. Even so, Aurelius! even so; we must leave Rome.
Aur. Let me look on you; are you Catiline?
Cat. I know not what I am,—we must be gone!
Aur. Madness! let them take all?
Cat. The gods will have it so!
Aur. Seize on your house?
Cat. Seize my last sesterce! Let them have their will.
We must endure. Ay, ransack—ruin all;
Tear up my father's grave, tear out my heart.
The world is wide—Can we not dig or beg?
Can we not find on earth a den, and tomb!
Aur. Before I stir, they shall hew off my hands.

Cat. What's to be done!
Aur. Now hear me, Catiline:
This day 'tis three years since there was not in Rome,
An eye, however haughty, but would sink
When I turned on it: when I passed the streets
My chariot-wheel was hung on by a host
Of your chief senators; as if their gaze
Beheld an emperor on its golden round;
An earthly providence!
Cat. 'Twas so! 'twas so!
But it is vanished—gone.
Aur. That day shall come again; or, in its place,
One that shall be an era to the world!
Cat. What's in your thoughts!
Aur. Our high and hurried life
Has left us strangers to each other's souls:
But now we think alike. You have a sword!
Have had a famous name in the legions!
Cat. Hush!
Aur. Have the walls ears? alas! I wish they had;
And tongues too, to bear witness to my oath,
And tell it to all Rome.
Cat. Would you destroy?
Aur. Were I a thunderbolt!—
Rome's ship is rotten:
Has she not cast you out; and would you sink
With her, when she can give you no gain else
Of her fierce fellowship? Who'd seek the chain,
That linked him to his mortal enemy?
Who'd face the pestilence in his foe's house?
Who, when the prisoner drinks by chance the cup,
That was to be his death, would squeeze the dregs,
To find a drop to bear him company?
Cat. It will not come to this.
Aur. (*Haughtily.*) I'll not be dragged,
A show to all the city rabble;—robbed,—
Down to the very mantle on our backs,—
A pair of branded beggars! Doubtless Cicero—
Cat. Cursed be the ground he treads! name him no more
Aur. Doubtless, he'll see us to the city gates;
'Twill be the least respect that he can pay
To his fallen rival. With all his lictors shouting,
"Room for the noble vagrants; all caps off
For Catiline! for him that would be consul."

Cat. (*Turning away.*) Thus to be, like the scorpion, ringed with fire,
Till I sting mine own heart! (*Aside.*) There is no hope!
Aur. One hope there is, worth all the rest—Revenge!
The time is harassed, poor, and discontent;
Your spirit practised, keen, and desperate,—
The senate full of feuds—the city vext
With petty tyranny—the legions wronged—
Cat. Yet, who has stirred? Aurelius, you paint the air
With passion's pencil.
Aur. Were my will a sword!
Cat. Hear me, bold heart. The whole gross blood of Rome
Could not atone my wrongs! I'm soul-shrunk, sick,
Weary of man! And now my mind is fixed
For Libyia: there to make companionship
Rather of bear and tiger,—of the snake,—
The lion in his hunger,—than of man!
Aur. I had a father once, who would have plunged
Rome in the Tiber for an angry look!
You saw our entrance from the Gaulish war,
When Sylla fled?
Cat. My legion was in Spain.
Aur. Rome was all eyes; the ancient tottered forth;
The cripple propped his limbs beside the wall;
The dying left his bed to look—and die.
The way before us was a sea of heads;
The way behind a torrent of brown spears:
So on we rode, in fierce and funeral pomp,
Through the long, living streets.
Cat. Those triumphs are but gewgaws. All the earth,
What is it? Dust and smoke. I've done with life!
Aur. Before that eve—one hundred senators—
And fifteen hundred knights, had paid—in blood,
The price of taunts, and treachery, and rebellion!
Were my tongue thunder—I would cry, Revenge!
Cat. No more of this! Begone and leave me!
There is a whirling lightness in my brain,
That will not now bear questioning. Away!
(*Aurelius moves slowly towards the door.*)
Where are our veterans now? Look on these walls;
I cannot turn their tissues into life.
Where are our revenues—our chosen friends?
Are we not beggars? Where have beggars friends?
I see no swords and bucklers on these floors!

I shake the state! I—What have I on earth
But these two hands? Must I not dig or starve?
Come back! I had forgot. My memory dies,
I think, by the hour. Who sups with us to-night?
Let all be of the rarest,—spare no cost.
If 'tis our last;—it may be—let us sink
In sumptuous ruin, with wonderers round us!
Our funeral pile shall send up amber smokes;
We'll burn in myrrh, or—blood!

SELECTION XXII.

DOUGLAS—RABY.—*Moore.*

Douglas. Oh jealousy, thou aggregate of woes!
Were there no hell, thy torments would create one.
But yet she may be guiltless—may? she must.
How beautiful she looked! pernicious beauty!
Yet innocent as bright seemed the sweet blush
That mantled on her cheek. But not for me,
But not for me, those breathing roses blow!
And then she wept—What! can I bear her tears?
Well—let her weep—her tears are for another:
Oh, did they fall for me, to dry their streams
I'd drain the choicest blood that feeds this heart,
Nor think the drops I shed were half so precious. (*He stands in a musing posture. Enter Lord Raby.*)

Raby. Sure I mistake—am I in Raby Castle?
Impossible; that was the seat of smiles;
And cheerfulness and joy were household gods.
I used to scatter pleasures when I came,
And every servant shared his lord's delight;
But now suspicion and distrust dwell here,
And discontent maintains a sullen sway.
Where is the smile unfeigned, the jovial welcome,
Which cheered the sad, beguiled the pilgrim's pain,
And made dependency forget its bonds?
Where is the ancient, hospitable hall,
Whose vaulted roof once rung with harmless mirth,
Where every passing stranger was a guest,
And every guest a friend? I fear me much,
If once our nobles scorn their rural [illegible]
Their rural greatness, and their va[illegible]
Freedom and English grandeur [illegible]

Dou. (*Aavancing.*) My lord, you are welcome.
Raby. Sir, I trust I am;
But yet methinks I shall not feel I'm welcome
Till my Elwina bless me with her smiles;
She was not wont with lingering step to meet me,
Or greet my coming with a cold embrace;
Now, I extend my longing arms in vain:
My child, my darling, does not come to fill them.
Oh, they were happy days, when she would fly
To meet me from the camp, or from the chase,
And with her fondness overpay my toils!
How eager would her tender hands embrace
The ponderous armor from my war-worn limbs,
And pluck the helmet which opposed her kiss!
Dou. Oh, sweet delights, that never must be mine!
Raby. What do I hear?
Dou. Nothing: inquire no farther.
Raby. My lord, if you respect an old man's peace,
If e'er you doted on my much loved child,
As 'tis most sure you made me think you did,
Then, by the pangs which you may one day feel,
When you, like me, shall be a fond, fond father,
And tremble for the treasure of your age,
Tell me what this alarming silence means?
You sigh, you do not speak, nay more, you hear not;
Your laboring soul turns inward on itself,
As there were nothing but your own sad thoughts
Deserved regard. Does my child live?
Dou. She does.
Raby. To bless her father!
Dou. And to curse her husband!
Raby. Ah! have a care, my lord, I'm not so old—
Dou. Nor I so base, that I should tamely bear it;
Nor am I so inured to infamy,
That I can say, without a burning blush,
She lives to be my curse!
Raby. How's this?
Dou. I thought
The lily opening to the heaven's soft dews,
Was not so fragrant, and was not so chaste.
Raby. Has she proved otherwise? I'll not believe it.
Who has traduced my sweet, my innocent child?
Yet she's too good to escape calumnious hands.
I know that slander loves a lofty mark:
It saw her soar a flight above her fellows,

And hurled its arrow to her glorious height,
To reach her heart, and bring her to the ground.
Dou. Had the harsh tongue of slander so presumed,
My vengeance had not been of that slow sort
To need a prompter; nor shall any arm,
No, not a father's, dare dispute with mine,
The privilege to die in her defense.
None dares accuse Elwina but—
Raby. But who?
Dou. But Douglas.
Raby. (*Puts his hand to his sword.*) You?
Oh, spare my age's weakness!
You do not know what 'tis to be a father;
You do not know, or you would pity me,
The thousand tender throbs, the nameless feelings,
The dread to ask, and yet the wish to know,
When we adore and fear; but wherefore fear?
Does not the blood of Raby fill her veins?
Dou. Percy;—knowest thou that name?
Raby. How? What of Percy?
Dou. He loves Elwina, and my curses on him!
He is beloved again.
Raby. I'm on the rack!
Dou. Not the two Theban brothers bore each other
Such deep, deadly hate as I and Percy.
Raby. But tell me of my child.
Dou. (*Not minding him.*) As I and Percy!
When at the marriage rites, Oh rites accursed!
I seized her trembling hand, she started back,
Cold horror thrilled her veins, her tears flowed fast.
Fool that I was, I thought 'twas maiden fear:
Dull, doting ignorance: beneath those terrors,
Hatred for me, and love for Percy lurked.
Raby. What proof of guilt is this?
Dou. E'er since our marriage,
Our days have still been cold and joyless all;
Painful restraint, and hatred ill disguised,
Her sole return for my waste of fondness.
This very morn I told her 'twas your will
She should repair to court, with all those graces,
Which first subdued my soul, and still enslave it.
She begged to stay behind in Raby Castle,
For courts and cities had no charms for her.
Curse my blind love! I was again insnared,
And doted on the sweetness which deceived me.

Just at the hour she thought I should be absent,
For chance could ne'er have timed their guilt so well,
Arrived young Harcourt, one of Percy's knights,
Strictly enjoined to speak to none but her;
I seized the miscreant: hitherto he's silent;
But tortures soon shall force him to confess.
Raby. Percy is absent.—They have never met.
Dou. At what a feeble hold you grasp for succor!
Will it content me that her person's pure?
No, if her alien heart dotes on another,
She is unchaste, were not that other Percy.
Let vulgar spirits basely wait for proof,
She loves another—'tis enough for Douglas.
Raby. Be patient.
Dou. Be a tame convenient husband,
And meanly wait for circumstantial guilt?
No—I am nice as the first Cæsar was,
And start at bare suspicion. (*Going.*)
Raby. (*Holding him.*) Douglas, hear me:
Thou hast named a Roman husband; if she's false,
I mean to prove a Roman father.

SELECTION XXIII.

VERNER—ALBERT—TELL.—*Knowles.*

Verner. Ah! Albert! What have you there?
Albert. My bow and arrows, Verner.
Ver. When will you use them like your father, boy?
Alb. Sometime, I hope.
Ver. You brag! There's not an archer
In all Helvetia can compare with him.
Alb. But I'm his son: and when I am a man,
I may be like him. Verner, do I brag,
To think I sometime may be like my father?
If so, then is it he that teaches me;
For, ever as I wonder at his skill,
He calls me boy, and says I must do more
Ere I become a man.
Ver. May you be such
A man as he—if heaven wills, better—I'll
Not quarrel with its work; yet 'twill content me
If you are only such a man.
Alb. I'll show you
How I can shoot. (*Goes out to fix the mark.*)

Ver. Nestling as he is, he is the making of a bird
Will own no cowering wing. (*Re-enter Albert.*)
Alb. Now, Verner, look! (*Shoots.*) There's within
An inch!
Ver. Oh fy! it wants a hand. (*Exit Verner.*)
Alb. A hand's
An inch for me. I'll hit it yet. Now for it! (*While Albert continues to shoot, Tell enters and watches him some time, in silence.*)
Tell. That's scarce a miss that comes so near the mark!
Well aimed, young archer! With what ease he bends
The bow! To see those sinews, who'd believe
Such strength did lodge in them? That little arm,
His mother's palm can span, may help, anon,
To pull a sinewy tyrant from his seat,
And from their chains a prostrate people lift
To liberty. I'd be content to die,
Living to see that day! What, Albert!
Alb. Ah!
My father!
Tell. You raise the bow
Too fast. (*Albert continues shooting.*)
Bring it slowly to the eye.—You've missed.
How often have you hit the mark to-day?
Alb. Not once, yet.
Tell. You're not steady. I perceived
You wavered now. Stand firm. Let every limb
Be braced as marble, and as motionless.
Stand like the sculptor's statue, on the gate
Of Altorf, that looks life, yet neither breathes
Nor stirs. (*Albert shoots.*) That's better!
See well the mark. Rivet your eye to it!
There let it stick, fast as the arrow would,
Could you but send it there. (*Albert shoots.*)
You've missed again! How would you fare,
Suppose a wolf should cross your path, and you
Alone, with but your bow, and only time
To fix a single arrow? 'Twould not do
To miss the wolf! You said, the other day,
Were you a man, you'd not let Gesler live—
'Twas easy to say that. Suppose you, now,
Your life or his depended on that shot!—
Take care! That's Gesler!—Now for liberty!
Right to the tyrant's heart! (*Hits the mark.*) Well done my boy!
Come here. How early were you up?

Alb. Before the sun.
Tell. Ay, strive with him. He never lies abed
When it is time to rise. Be like the sun.
Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
As far as will to labor joined can make me.
Tell. Well said, my boy! Knelt you when you got up
To-day?
Alb. I did; and do so every day.
Tell. I know you do! And think you, when you kneel,
To whom you kneel?
Alb. To Him who made me, father.
Tell. And in whose name?
Alb. The name of Him who died
For me and all men, that all men and I
Should live.
Tell. That's right. Remember that, my son:
Forget all things but that—remember that!
'Tis more than friends or fortune; clothing, food;
All things on earth; yea, life itself!—It is
To live, when these are gone, where they are nought—
With God! My son, remember that!
Alb. I will.
Tell. I'm glad you value what you're taught.
That is the lesson of content, my son;
He who finds which, has all—who misses, nothing.
Alb. Content is a good thing.
Tell. A thing, the good
Alone can profit by. But go, Albert,
Reach thy cap and wallet, and thy mountain staff.
Don't keep me waiting. (*Exit Albert.*)
(*Tell paces the stage in thought. Re-enter Albert.*)
Alb. I am ready, father.
Tell. (*Taking Albert by the hand.*) Now mark me, Albert!
Dost thou fear the snow,
The ice-field, or the hail flaw? Carest thou for
The mountain-mist that settles on the peak,
When thou art upon it? Dost thou tremble at
The torrent roaring from the deep ravine,
Along whose shaking ledge thy track doth lie?
Or faintest thou at the thunder-clap, when on
The hill thou art o'ertaken by the cloud,
And it doth burst around thee? Thou must travel
All night.
Alb. I'm ready; say all night again.

Tell. The mountains are to cross, for thou must reach
Mount Faigel by the dawn.
Alb. Not sooner shall
The dawn be there than I.
Tell. Heaven speeding thee.
Alb. Heaven speeding me.
Tell. Show me thy staff. Art sure
Of the point? I think 'tis loose. No—stay! 'Twill do.
Caution is speed when danger's to be passed.
Examine well the crevice. Do not trust the snow!
'Tis well there is a moon to-night.
You're sure of the track?
Alb. Quite sure.
Tell. The buskin of
That leg's untied; stoop down and fasten it.
You know the point where you must round the cliff?
Alb. I do.
Tell. Thy belt is slack—draw it tight.
Erni is in Mount Faigel: take this dagger
And give it him; you know its caverns well.
In one of them you will find him. Farewell.
(*They embrace. Exit Albert.*)
Eaglet of my heart! When thou wast born,
The land was free! Heavens! with what pride I used
To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
And bless him that it was so. It was free—
From end to end, from cliff to lake—'twas free!
Free as the torrents are that leap our rocks.
How happy was it then! I loved
Its very storms. I have sat at midnight
In my boat, when midway o'er the lake,
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And cried in thralldom to the furious wind,
Blow on! This is the land of liberty!

SELECTION XXIV.

PRINCE ARTHUR—HUBERT—ATTENDANTS.—*Shakspeare.*

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot,
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,

And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
First Attendant. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to it.—
(*Exeunt Attendants.*)
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.
(*Enter Arthur.*)
Arthur. Good-morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be;—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I were Geoffrey's son?
No indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. (*Aside.*)
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*) How now
foolish rheum! (*Aside.*)
Turning dispiteous torture out the door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? Is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it:
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. (*Stamps.*)
(*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*)
Do as I bid you.

Arth. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of the bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough:
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angrily;

Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go stand within; let me alone with him.
First Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.
(*Exeunt Attendants.*)
Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. Oh heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; Oh, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief—
Being create for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay it perchance, will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron extends,—
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns;

Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace: no more: Adieu!—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. Oh heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

SELECTION XXV.

KING EDWARD—WARWICK—SUFFOLK.—*Franklin.*

King Edward. Good Suffolk, for awhile
I would be private; therefore, wait without;
Let me have no intruders; above all,
Keep Warwick from my sight. (*Exit Suffolk. Enter Warwick.*)
Warwick. Behold him here;
No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask
My lord of Suffolk's leave: there was a time
When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
Admission here.
K. Edw. There was a time, perhaps,
When Warwick more desired and more deserved it.
War. Never: I've been a foolish faithful slave:
All my best years, the morning of my life,
Have been devoted to your service: what
Are now the fruits? disgrace and infamy:
My spotless name, which never yet the breath
Of calumny had tainted, made the mock
For foreign fools to carp at: but 'tis fit
Who trust in princes, should be thus rewarded.
K. Edw. I thought, my lord, I had full well repaid
Your services with honors, wealth, and power
Unlimited: thy all-directing hand
Guided in secret every latent wheel
Of government, and moved the whole machine:
Warwick was all in all, and powerless Edward
Stood like a cipher in the great account.

War. Who gave that cipher worth, and seated thee
On England's throne? Thy undistinguished name
Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprung,
And moldered in oblivion, had not Warwick
Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,
And stamped it with a diadem. Thou knowest,
This wretched country, doomed, perhaps, like Rome,
To fall by its own self-destroying hand,
Tossed for so many years in the rough sea
Of civil discord, but for me had perished.
In that distressful hour I seized the helm,
Bade the rough wave subside in peace; and steered
Your shattered vessel safe into the harbor.
You may despise, perhaps, that useless aid
Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,
He who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.

K. Edw. Know too, reproach for benefits received
Pays every debt, and cancels obligation.

War. Why, that indeed is frugal honesty,
A thrifty saving knowledge; when the debt
Grows burdensome, and cannot be discharged,
A sponge will wipe out all and cost you nothing.

K. Edw. When you have counted o'er the numerous train
Of mighty gifts your bounty lavished on me,
You may remember next the injuries
Which I have done you; let me know them all,
And I will make you ample satisfaction.

War. Thou canst not; thou hast robbed me of a jewel
It is not in thy power to restore:
I was the first, shall future annals say,
That broke the sacred bonds of public trust
And mutual confidence: embassadors,
In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,
Of venal statesmen, shall recall my name
To witness that they want not an example,
And plead my guilt to sanctify their own.
Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves
That haunt your court, could none be found but Warwick,
To be the shameless herald of a lie?

K. Edw. And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach on me?
If I have broke my faith, and stained the name
Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels,
That urged me to it, and extorted from me
A cold consent to what my heart abhorred.

War. I've been abused, insulted, and betrayed;

My injured honor cries aloud for vengeance,—
Her wounds will never close!
K. Edw. These gusts of passion
Will but inflame them; if I have been right
Informed, my lord, besides the dangerous fears
Of bleeding honor, you have other wounds
As deep, though not so fatal: such, perhaps,
As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.
War. Elizabeth!
K. Edw. Nay, start not, I have cause
To wonder most; I little thought, indeed,
When Warwick told me I might learn to love,
He was himself so able to instruct me.
But I've discovered all.
War. And so have I:
Too well I know thy breach of friendship there,
Thy fruitless, base endeavors to supplant me.
K. Edw. I scorn it, sir; Elizabeth hath charms,
And I have equal right with you to admire them:
Nor see I ought so godlike in the form,
So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone should revel in the charms
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.
I knew not of your love.
War. By heaven, 'tis false!
You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
Whilst I was busied in the noble office,
Your grace thought fit to honor me withal,
To tamper with a weak unguarded woman,—
To bribe her passions high, and basely steal
A treasure which your kingdom could not purchase.
K. Edw. How know you that? but be it as it may,
I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
My claim to happiness, the privilege,
To choose the partner of my throne and bed:
It is a branch of my prerogative.
War. Prerogative! what's that? the boast of tyrants:
A borrowed jewel, glittering in the crown
With specious lustre, lent but to betray:
You had it, sir, and hold it from the people.
K. Edw. And therefore do I prize it; I would guard
Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine;
But when proud faction and her rebel crew
Insult their sovereign, trample on his laws,
And bid defiance to his power, the people,

In justice to themselves, will then defend
His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.
War. Go to your darling people then; for soon,
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid him.
K. Edw. Is it so, my lord?
Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,
And you have ruled me with a rod of iron.
But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And will be so: the king who delegates
His power to other's hands, but ill deserves
The crown he wears.
War. Look well then to your own;
It sits but loosely on your head; for, know,
The man who injured Warwick never passed
Unpunished yet.
K. Edw. Nor he who threatened Edward—
You may repent it, sir—my guards there! seize
This traitor, and convey him to the tower;
There let him learn obedience.
(*Enter guards, who seize Warwick.*)
War. Slaves, stand off:
If I must yield my sword, I'll give it him
Whom it so long has served: there's not a part
In this old faithful steel, that is not stained
With English blood in grateful Edward's cause.
Give me my chains, they are the bands of friendship,
Of a king's friendship; for his sake, awhile
I'll wear them.
K. Edw. Hence: away with him.
War. 'Tis well:
Exert your power, it may not last you long;
For know, though Edward may forget his friend,
That England will not. Now, sir, I attend you.

SELECTION XXVI.

CASWALLON—MADOR—FITZ-EDWARD.—*Walker.*

Mador. My lord, the prisoner. (*Exit Mador.*)
(*Fitz-Edward is brought in guarded.*)
Caswallon. Let me look on him—
His friendly visit shall have fitting welcome.—

Good sooth—a gallant presence! it should speak
The embassador methinks, and not the spy.
Thou comest with message from our mighty masters:
Doubtless 'tis so:—in sending thee they deemed
That lofty carriage could not but suffice
At once to fright us into good behavior.
Fair youth—thy noble pleasure?
Fitz-Edward. Scornful man—
I reck not of thy taunts,—who merits not
May well despise them; but before I tell
The purport of my presence here, resolve me—
Art thou the chief of this insurgent troop,
Or whom do I address?
Cas. Ask of thy country:—
Ask at whose uttered name in times of yore
The stoutest of her warriors shook with dread;
Whom even yet perhaps she chiefly fears.
Ask who it is that still hath stood erect
E'en in the midst of kneeling Cambria:
Who still hath scorned her conqueror—disowned—
Despised—spurned—baffled him,—and I am he!
Fitz-Ed. Is't possible?—Caswallon!
Cas. Ay, Caswallon.
What! doth it shake thee?—Is the gulf that gapes
Beneath thy tottering feet, at length revealed?
Thou art Caswallon's captive.—
Fitz-Ed. Haughty lord!
Think not that I stoop to deprecate your wrath.
My life is in your hands:—I am unarmed.
Use your advantage as you may—I reck not,
Yet—though the assertion now, I blush to think it,
May somewhat show like the device of fear,—
Yet truth demands my utterance to declare
I did not seek your hills with hostile aim—
I am not what you think me.—
Cas. No! and yet
Thou art a Saxon?—and thy coming hither
Doubtless it was—
Fitz-Ed. To serve ye—yes, to save.
For think not that your rising is unknown:
Or that the Argus hate of Mortimer
Is slumbering 'mid your councils. Wretched men!
'Twas pity for your past, your present woes
That brought me hither. Oh! it is most true
Ye *have* had wrongs—

Cas. Indeed!
Fitz-Ed. And heaven's my witness
That I have felt them to my inmost soul.
That I have ne'er forgot the ties that bind me
To my dear—my native land, nor yet—
Cas. Thy land!
Thine!—did I hear aright?—and thou art then—
Fitz-Ed. E'en like thyself, a Cambrian.
Cas. He avows it!
Hear him!—he heralds forth his own deep shame!
Pranked in the trappings of his guilt, he comes
To beard us with the boast—the very boast
Of his apostate baseness!
Fitz-Ed. Spare to chide
Till thou hast heard my story.—I have fought
Abroad beneath the banner, it is true,
Of English Edward: true, to him I owe
My name—my knighthood—all that I possess.
Since from my earliest years, while yet an infant,
Found after Deva's fight, I still have lived—
Cas. That fight!—oh name it not! (*Covering his face, and then regarding Fitz-Edward with softened looks.*)
Unhappy youth!
Art thou a sufferer too from that same fight?
Yet do not tell me. Oh, thou hast recalled
Days of despair and images of horror!—
A murdered wife and son. No more—no more.
And thou wert ravished from thy parents, youth?
So ran thy tale.
Fitz-Ed. 'Tis all I have to tell.
'Tis all I know, that in the sanctuary
Of a deserted convent, chance revealed me
Beside a dying mother.
Cas. Heavenly powers!
But this is strange—and stranger thoughts provokes.
A convent!—'Twas to such a place—The time too
Exactly suiting.—A deserted convent!—
The name;—the name?
Fitz-Ed. What can this mean?
Cas. (*With impatient eagerness.*) The name?
Fitz-Ed. I have been told—
Cas. Was it St. Cybi's?
Fitz-Ed. Ha!
You then have heard—

Cas. It was! and I am wild
With hope new risen as from the vanquished tomb!
(*Re-Enter Mador.*)
Mad. My lord, the assembled bands—
Cas. I know.—Come hither,
Dost thou observe that youth?—his shape—his mien—
Nay—look upon him: for by all my hopes
Here and hereafter, I do think that youth
To be the child of my Guideria,
My long-lost living son.
Mad. That Saxon knight,
Thy son!
Fitz-Ed. (*Aside.*) Amazement mocks my every sense!
Why should he eye me with such altered looks?—
Haply he knew my parents.—Ha!—dread chief—
If aught, as thy demeanor doth denote,
Aught of my birth thou knowest, I do beseech thee
Declare it. Have I—oh! I fear to ask—
Have I a father?—thou art silent. Speak.
Restore to me a father;—or if fate
Hath envious snatched him from these filial arms,
Restore to me a name, and I will bless thee!
Cas. Yet, yet, my heart, thou art too small to hold
A tide of bliss so copious! One word more.—
Thou namedst an expiring mother.
Fitz-Ed. Struck
By a chance arrow, as I since have heard,
While flying with myself, her infant charge,
From the victorious foe—to earth she fell:
And from her arms, that could no longer hold,
Unwilling gave me up—gave me to him
Who led that day the assailant host, and now
With sorrowing heart stood o'er her as she died.
Cas. Go on—she spoke to him.
Fitz-Ed. She fain had spoken,
But could not—could not thank him for his oath
That nought should harm me, but with trembling lips
Just breathed the name of Armyn, and expired.
Cas. The name of Armyn! I can doubt no longer
Off!—let me hold him to my bursting heart:
My own—my living son!
Fitz-Ed. Mysterious heaven!
Art thou my father!—thou art—thy looks—
These clasping hands—all—all proclaim the truth.
Oh! let me kneel—

Cas. (*Preventing him.*) No—to my bosom ever.
And am I still a father? Haste thou, Mador,
Spread wide my bliss—thou knowest to whom it will be
Most grateful. (*Exit Mador.*)
My bold Armyn, dost thou weep?
Fitz-Ed. A most degenerate softness that I blush at—
But 'tis confessed—my heart is all too weak,
Unmoved to stem this sudden surge of joy.
Cas. Alas! my son,—now as I look upon thee,
Past times live o'er again. The veiling mist
That years have shed o'er my young manhood's morn
Doth break away, and all its hopes and joys
In shining prospect stand revealed before me.
I see thee still an infant, as when last
We parted; when from off my brow I put
Its dragon-crested terrors, and impressed
A father's hasty farewell on thy cheek.
Oh! then, amid her tears, thy mother smiled.
Let from my thought what followed. I have much,
My son, to pour into thy listening ear;
But moments now are precious. Go we hence,
And on the way I will discourse with thee.
Thy fate is glorious; thou shalt uplift
To its proud state and ancient sovereignty
The trampled standard of thy country's fame!—
From the mid-eyry of her hundred hills,
Shouting triumphant o'er her tyrant foes,
Thy mother-land shall vaunt of thee for ever!
Thy hand. Caswallon welcomes his brave son
To the last sole retreat of Cambrian freedom.

SELECTION XXVII.

BOURBON—GONZALES.—*Kemble.*

Bourbon. How now?
A priest! what means this most unwelcome visit?
Gonzales. Who questions thus a son of the holy church?
Look on these walls, whose stern, time-stained brows
Frown like relentless justice on their inmates!
Listen!—that voice is echo's dull reply
Unto the rattling of your chains, my lord:—
What should a priest do here?

Bour. Ay, what, indeed!—
Unless you come to soften down these stones
With your discourse, and teach the tedious echo
A newer lesson: trust me, that is all
Your presence, father, will accomplish here.
Gon. Oh! sinful man! and is thy heart so hard,
That I might easier move thy prison stones!
Know, then, my mission—death is near at hand!
Bour. Go to! go to! I have fought battles, father,
Where death and I have met in full close contact,
And parted, knowing we should meet again;
Go prate to others about skulls and graves;
Thou never didst in heat of combat stand,
Or know what good acquaintance, soldiers have
With the pale scarecrow—death!
Gon. (*Aside.*) Ah! thinkest thou so?
Hear me, thou hard of heart!
They who go forth to battles, are led on
With sprightly trumpets and shrill clamorous clarions;
The drum doth roll its double notes along.
Echoing the horses' tramp; and the sweet fife
Runs through the yielding air in dulcet measure,
That makes the heart leap in its case of steel!
Thou shalt be knelled unto thy death by bells,
Ponderous and iron-tongued, whose sullen toll
Shall cleave thy aching brain, and on thy soul
Fall with a leaden weight: the muffled drum
Shall mutter round thy path like distant thunder;
Instead of the war-cry, the wild battle-roar,—
That swells upon the tide of victory,
And seems unto the conqueror's eager ear,
Triumphant harmony of glorious discords,
There shall be voices cry foul shame on thee!
And the infuriate populace shall clamor
To heaven for lightnings on thy rebel head!
Bour. Monks love not bells, which call them up to prayers
In the dead noon of night, when they would snore,
Rather than watch: but, father, I care not,
E'en if the ugliest sound I e'er did hear—
Thy raven voice—croak curses o'er my grave.
Gon. What! death and shame! alike you heed them not!
Then, mercy! use thy soft, persuasive arts,
And melt this stubborn spirit! Be it known
To you, my lord, the queen hath sent me hither.
Bour. Then get thee hence again, foul, pandering priest!

By heaven! I knew that cowl did cover o'er
Some filthy secret, that the day dared not
To pry into—out, thou unholy thing!
Gon. Hold, madman!
If for thy fame, if for thy warm heart's blood
Thou wilt not hear me, listen in the name of France, thy country!
Bour. I have no country,—
I am a traitor, cast from out the arms
Of my ungrateful country! I disown it!
Withered be all its glories, and its pride!
May it become the slave of foreign power!
May foreign princes grind its thankless children,
And make all those who are such fools, as yet
To spill their blood for it, or for its cause,
Dig it like dogs! and when they die, like dogs,
Rot on its surface, and make fat the soil,
Whose produce shall be seized by foreign hands!
Gon. You beat the air with idle words; no man
Doth know how deep his country's love lies grained
In his heart's core, until the hour of trial!
Fierce though you hurl your curse upon the land,
Whose monarchs cast ye from its bosom, yet
Let but one blast of war come echoing
From where the Ebro and the Duero roll,—
Let but the Pyrenees, reflect the gleam
Of twenty of Spain's lances,—and your sword
Shall leap from out its scabbard to your hand!
Bour. Ay, priest, it shall! eternal heaven, it shall,
And its far flash, shall lighten o'er the land,
The leading star of Spain's victorious host,
But flaming like some dire portentous comet,
In the eyes of France, and her proud governors!
Be merciful, my fate, nor cut me off
Ere I have wreaked my fell desire, and made
Infamy glorious, and dishonor fame!
But, if my wayward destiny hath willed
That I should here be butchered shamefully,
By the immortal soul that is man's portion,
His hope and his inheritance, I swear,
That on the day that Spain o'erflows its bounds,
And rolls the tide of war upon these plains,
My spirit on the battle's edge shall ride;
And louder than death's music and the roar
Of combat, shall my voice be heard to shout,
On—on—to victory and carnage!

Gon. Now
That day is come, ay, and that very hour;
Now shout your war-cry, now unsheath your sword!
I'll join the din, and make these tottering walls
Tremble and nod to hear our fierce defiance!
Nay, never start, and look upon my cowl.—
Off! vile denial of my manhood's pride!—
Nay, stand not gazing thus: it is Garcia,
Whom thou hast met in deadly fight full oft,
When France and Spain joined in the battle-field!
Beyond the Pyrenean boundary
That guards thy land are forty thousand men—
Impatient halt they there; their foaming steeds
Pawing the huge and rock-built barrier,
That bars their further course: they wait for thee:
For thee whom France hath injured and cast off:
For thee, whose blood it pays with shameful chains,
More shameful death; for thee, whom Charles of Spain
Summons to head his host, and lead them on
To conquest and to glory!

Bour. To revenge!
Why, how we dream! why look, Garcia; canst thou
With mumbled priestcraft file away these chains,
Or must I bear them into Spain with me,
That Charles may learn what guerdon valor wins
This side the Pyrenees?

Gon. It shall not need—
What ho! but hold—together with this garb,
Methinks I have thrown off my prudence!
(*Resumes the monk's cowl.*)

Bour. What!
Wilt thou to Spain with me in frock and cowl,
That men shall say De Bourbon is turned driveler,
And rides to war in company with monks?

Gon. Listen, the queen for her own purposes
Confided to my hand her signet-ring,
Bidding me strike your fetters off, and lead you
By secret passes to her private chamber;
But being free, so use thy freedom, that
Before the morning's dawn all search be fruitless.—
What ho! within. (*Enter Jailer.*)
Behold this signet-ring!
Strike off those chains, and get thee gone. (*Exit Jailer.*)
And now follow.—How's this—dost doubt me, Bourbon?

Bour. Ay,

First for thy habit's sake; and next, because
Thou rather, in a craven priest's disguise,
Tarriest in danger in a foreign court,
Than seekest that danger in thy country's wars.
Gon. Thou art unarmed: there is my dagger; 'tis
The only weapon that I bear, lest fate
Should play me false; take it, and use it, too,
If in the dark and lonely path I lead thee,
Thou markest me halt, or turn, or make a sign
Of treachery!—but first tell me, dost know
John Count Laval?
Bour. What! Lautrec's loving friend,
Now bound for Italy, along with him?
Gon. Then the foul fiend hath mingled in my plot,
And marred it too! my life's sole aim and purpose!
Didst thou but know what damned injuries,
What foul unknightly shame and obloquy,
His sire—whose name is wormwood to my mouth—
Did heap upon our house—didst thou but know—
No matter—get thee gone—I tarry here.
And should we never meet again, when thou
Shalt hear of the most fearful deed of daring,
Of the most horrible and bloody tale,
That ever graced a beldam's midnight legend,
Or froze her gaping listeners, think of me
And my revenge! now, Bourbon, heaven speed thee!

SELECTION XXVIII.

COL. WALSINGHAM—BARON HOHENDAHL—ALASCO.—*Shee.*

Walsingham. Nay! my good lord! you carry this too far:
Alasco leader of a band of rebels!
Impossible!
Hohendahl. I have it here in proof;
Rebellion wears his livery, and looks big
In promise of his aid: his followers
Are seen in midnight muster on our hills,
Rehearsing insurrection, and arrayed
In mimicry of war.
Wal. It cannot be!
By heaven it cannot be!—your spies deceive you.
I know the madness of the time has reached him,

And when the fit is on, like other fools,
He raves of liberty and public rights;
But he would scorn to lead the low cabals
Of vassal discontent and vulgar turbulence.
Hoh. My good old friend! your loyal nature yields
Unwilling credence to such crimes as these;
But I have marked Alasco well, and found,
Beneath the mask of specious seeming, still
The captious critic of authority;
Ready to clap sedition on the back,
And stir the very dregs and lees of life,
To foam upon its surface—but I see
The subject moves you.
Wal. Yes, it does, indeed!
His father was my friend and fellow-soldier;
A braver spirit never laid his life
Upon his country's altar. At my side
He fell—his wife and son, with his last breath,
Bequeathing to my care—a sacred trust,
Of half its duties speedily curtailed;
For grief soon bowed the widow to her grave
Sole guardian of Alasco, 'twas my pride
To form him like his father—and indeed,
So apt in honor and all worth he grew,
My wishes scarce kept pace with his advancement.
While yet a boy, I led him to the field,
And there such gallant spirit he displayed,
That e'en the steady veteran in the breach
Was startled at his daring. To be brief,—
I loved him as my son. (*Enter Alasco.*)
You were our theme, Alasco.
Alasco. A subject, sir, unworthy of discussion,
If slander have not given it a zest.
Wal. Slander, Alasco!
Alas. Ay, sir, slander's abroad,
And busy; few escape her—she can take
All shapes—and sometimes, from the blistered lips
Of galled authority, will pour her slime
On all who dare dispute the claims of pride,
Or question the high privilege of oppression.
Hoh. Your words seem pointed, sir; and splenetic.
Alas. They are honest, my lord, and you well understand them.
Wal. What means this heat, Alasco? Innocence
Can fear no slander, and suspects no foe

Alas. He's on his guard who knows his enemy,
And innocence may safely trust her shield
Against an open foe; but who's so mailed
That slander shall not reach him?—coward calumny
Stabs in the dark. (*Going.*)
Wal. Alasco!—Count Alasco!
Alas. (*Returning.*) Sir, your pleasure?
Wal. 'Tis now, methinks, some twenty years, or more,
Since that brave man, your father, and my friend,
While life scarce fluttered on his quivering lips,
Consigned your youthful fortunes to my care.
Alas. And nobly, sir, your generous spirit stands
Acquitted of that trust.
Wal. 'Tis well!—perhaps
I may assume I've been Alasco's friend.
Alas. My friend!—my father!—say, my more than father!
And let me still, with love and reverence, pay
The duty of a son.
Wal. A son of mine
Must be the soul of loyalty and honor:
A scion worthy of the stock he grafts on:
No factious mouther of imagined wrongs,
To sting and goad the maddening multitude
And set the monster loose for desolation.
Alas. Is this to me!—has slander gone so far,
As dare to taint the honor of Alasco?
Wal. How suits it with the honor of Alasco,
To plot against his country's peace, and league
With low confederates, for a lawless purpose?
Manœuvring miscreants in the form of war,
And methodizing tumult?
Alas. Have I done this?
Wal. How must it soothe thy father's hovering shade,
To hear his name, so long to glory dear,
Profaned and sullied in sedition's mouth,
The countersign of turbulence and treason?
Alas. The proud repulse that suits a charge like this,
Preferred by lips less reverenced, I forbear.
Wal. Are you not stained
With foul disloyalty—a blot indelible?
Have you not practised on the senseless rabble,
Till disaffection breeds in every breast,
And spawns rebellion?
Alas. No! by heaven, not so!
With most unworthy patience have I borne

My country's ruin—seen an ancient state
Struck down by scepters—trampled on by kings,
And fraud and rapine registered in blood,
As Europe's public law, e'en on the authority
Of thrones—this, have I seen—yes, like a slave,
A coward, have I seen what well might burst
The patriot's heart, and from its scabbard force
The feeblest sword that ever slumbered at
A courtier's side—yet have I never stirred
My country—never roused her sons to vengeance,
But rather used the sway their love allowed me,
To calm the boiling tumult of their hearts,
Which else had chafed and foamed to desperation.

Hoh. The state is much beholden to Alasco;
And we, her humble instruments, must bow,
And to his interference owe our safety.

Alas. Tyrants, proud lord, are never safe, nor should be;
The ground is mined beneath them as they tread;
Haunted by plots, cabals, conspiracies,
Their lives are long convulsions, and they shake,
Surrounded by their guards and garrisons.

Hoh. Your patriot care, sir, would redress all wrongs
That spring from harsh restraints of law and justice.
Your virtue prompts you to make war on tyrants,
And like another Brutus free your country.

Alas. Why, if there were some slanderous tool of state—
Some taunting, dull, unmannered deputy—
Some district despot prompt to play the Tarquin,—
By heaven! I well could act the Roman part,
And strike the brutal tyrant to the earth,
Although he wore the mask of Hohendahl.

Hoh. Ha! darest thou thus provoke me, insolent! (*Draws.*)

Wal. (*Advancing between them.*) Rash boy, forbear! My lord, you are too hasty.

Alas. This roof is your protection from my arm.

Wal. Methinks, young man, a friend of mine might claim
More reverence at your hands.

Alas. Thy friend! by heaven!
That sacred title might command my worship;
But cover not with such a shield, his baseness·—
His country's foe can be the friend of no man.

Wal. Alasco, this is wild and mutinous;
An outrage, marking deep and settled spleen
To just authority.

Alas. Authority!

Show me authority in honor's garb,
And I will down upon the humblest knee
That ever homage bent to sovereign sway:
But shall I reverence pride, and hate, and rapine?
No. When oppression stains the robe of state,
And power's a whip of scorpions in the hands,
Of heartless knaves, to lash the o'erburthened back
Of honest industry, the loyal blood
Will turn to bitterest gall, and the o'ercharged heart
Explode in execration.

Hoh. (*Going to the side scene.*) My servants, there,
Audacious railer! thou provokest my wrath
Beyond forbearance. (*Two of the Baron's servants enter.*)
Seize the Count Alasco—
I here proclaim him rebel to the state.

Alas. (*Drawing and putting himself on his defense.*) Slaves!
At your peril, venture on my sword!

Wal. My lord! my lord! this is my house—my castle;
You do not—cannot—mean this violation:
Beneath the sanctuary of a soldier's roof,
His direst foe is safe.

Hoh. But not his sovereign's;
You would not screen a traitor from the law!

Wal. Nor yield a victim, sir, to angry power:
He came in confidence, and shall depart
In safety.—Here my honor guards him.

Hoh. Ha!
Your loyalty, my friend, seems rather nice,
And stands upon punctilio.

Wal. Yes, the loyalty
That is not nice, in honor and good faith,
May serve the tool—the slave—the sycophant—
But does not suit the soldier.

Hoh. Colonel Walsingham,
My station must prescribe my duty here:—(*To the attendants.*)
Bear hence your prisoner, and await my orders.

Wal. (*Drawing and interposing.*) Ha! touch him, ruffians,
on your lives! By heaven!
This arm has not yet lost its vigor. Hence—
Hence, miscreants, from my presence lest my rage
Forget that you are unworthy of my sword.
(*The Baron motions his attendants to retire.*)
My lord, this is an outrage on my honor—
Alasco, like a father I have loved thee,
And hoped a worn-out soldier might have found

Fit refuge, in the winter of his age,
Beneath thy sheltering virtues; but no more:
I have now beheld thee attainted of a crime,
Which blots thy fame and honor in my sight,
Beyond the blackest hue of felon trespass.
You've heard the charge, and as you may, must answer it.
Alas. Had conscious wrong drawn down upon my head
This solemn censure from a friend like thee,
It had been death to hear it: But, thank heaven!
My soul in honor, as in duty clear,
Indignant triumphs o'er unjust reproach,
And holds her seat unshaken. For this lord—
This minion of usurped authority,
He knows I hold him less in fear than scorn,
And when, and where he dares, will answer him.

SELECTION XXIX.

SALADIN—MALEK ADHEL—ATTENDANT.—*Anonymous.*

Attendant. A stranger craves admittance to your highness.
Saladin. Whence comes he?
Atten. That I know not—
Enveloped in a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden, but his step,
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim—if that I dared pronounce it,—
Sal. Whom?
Atten. Thy royal brother.
Sal. Bring him instantly. (*Exit Attendant.*)
Now with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger—he shall die.
(*Enter Attendant, and Malek Adhel.*)
Sal. Leave us together. (*Exit Attendant.*) (*Aside.*) I should know that form.
Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty.
(*Aloud.*) Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.
Malek Adhel. Behold it, then!
Sal. I see a traitor's visage.

Mal. Ad. A brother's.
Sal. No—
Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.
Mal. Ad. Oh, patience, heaven! Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.
Sal. And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?
Oh, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness, and love,
For ever banished. Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love,
The smiles of friendship—and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void—
His brother has betrayed him!
Mal. Ad. Thou art softened;
I am thy brother then; but late thou saidst—
My tongue can never utter the base title.
Sal. Was it traitor? True—
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes.
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate.
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow,
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
For ever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel.
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mohammed, these hands
Should crush these aching eyeballs, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate!—Oh monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee, for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read,—
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
Oh, what a wretch art thou! Oh! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?
Mal. Ad. Go on, go on;
'Tis but a little while to hear thee, Saladin,
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence at least.
Sal. That were an end

Fit refuge, in the winter of his age,
Beneath thy sheltering virtues; but no more:
I have now beheld thee attainted of a crime,
Which blots thy fame and honor in my sight,
Beyond the blackest hue of felon trespass.
You've heard the charge, and as you may, must answer it.
Alas. Had conscious wrong drawn down upon my head
This solemn censure from a friend like thee,
It had been death to hear it: But, thank heaven!
My soul in honor, as in duty clear,
Indignant triumphs o'er unjust reproach,
And holds her seat unshaken. For this lord—
This minion of usurped authority,
He knows I hold him less in fear than scorn,
And when, and where he dares, will answer him.

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For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
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By every tie bound to support, forsakes me?
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Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love,
The smiles of friendship—and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void—
His brother has betrayed him!
Mal. Ad. Thou art softened;
I am thy brother then; but late thou saidst—
My tongue can never utter the base title.
Sal. Was it traitor? True—
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes.
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate.
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow,
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
For ever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel.
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mo[illegible]med, th
Should crush these aching eyeball[illegible]
Fall from them at thy fate!—Oh [illegible]
The brute that tears the infant f[illegible]
Is excellent to thee, for in his fo[illegible]
The impulse of his nature may [illegible]
But thou, so beautiful, so proud,
Oh, what a wretch art thou! O[illegible]
In all the various tongues of man
To match thy infamy?
Mal. Ad. Go on, go on;
'Tis but a little while to hear thee, S[illegible]
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart w[illegible]
Its penitence at least.
Sal. That were an end

Fit refuge, in the winter of his age,
Beneath thy sheltering virtues; but no more:
I have now beheld thee attainted of a crime,
Which blots thy fame and honor in my sight,
Beyond the blackest hue of felon trespass.
You've heard the charge, and as you may, must answer it.
Alas. Had conscious wrong drawn down upon my head
This solemn censure from a friend like thee,
It had been death to hear it: But, thank heaven!
My soul in honor, as in duty clear,
Indignant triumphs o'er unjust reproach,
And holds her seat unshaken. For this lord—
This minion of usurped authority,
He knows I hold him less in fear than scorn,
And when, and where he dares, will answer him.

SELECTION XXIX.

SALADIN—MALEK ADHEL—ATTENDANT.—*Anonymous.*

Attendant. A stranger craves admittance to your highness.
Saladin. Whence comes he?
Atten. That I know not—
Enveloped in a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden, but his step,
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim—if that I dared pronounce it,—
Sal. Whom?
Atten. Thy royal brother.
Sal. Bring him instantly. (*Exit Attendant.*)
Now with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger—he shall die.
(*Enter Attendant, and Malek Adhel.*)
Sal. Leave us together. (*Exit Attendant.*) (*Aside.*) I should know that form.
Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty.
(*Aloud.*) Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.
Malek Adhel. Behold it, then!
Sal. I see a traitor's visage.

Mal. Ad. A brother's.
Sal. No—
Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.
Mal. Ad. Oh, patience, heaven! Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.
Sal. And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?
Oh, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness, and love,
For ever banished. Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love,
The smiles of friendship—and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void—
His brother has betrayed him!
Mal. Ad. Thou art softened;
I am thy brother then; but late thou saidst—
My tongue can never utter the base title.
Sal. Was it traitor? True—
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes.
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate.
Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow,
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
For ever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel.
Thinkest thou I'm softened? By Mohammed, these hands
Should crush these aching eyeballs, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate!—Oh monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee, for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read,—
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
Oh, what a wretch art thou! Oh! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?
Mal. Ad. Go on, go on;
'Tis but a little while to hear thee, Saladin,
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence at least.
Sal. That were an end

Fit refuge, in the winter of his age,
Beneath thy sheltering virtues; but no more:
I have now beheld thee attainted of a crime,
Which blots thy fame and honor in my sight,
Beyond the blackest hue of felon trespass.
You've heard the charge, and as you may, must answer it.
Alas. Had conscious wrong drawn down upon my head
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Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty.
(*Aloud.*) Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,
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By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?
Oh, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness, and love,
For ever banished. Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie bound to support, forsakes me?
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Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love,
The smiles of friendship—and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
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I am thy brother then; but late thou saidst—
My tongue can never utter the base title.
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For ever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel.
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Should crush these aching eyeballs, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate!—Oh monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee, for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read,—
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
Oh, what a wretch art thou! Oh! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?
Mal. Ad. Go on, go on;
'Tis but a little while to hear thee, Saladin,
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence at least.
Sal. That were an end

Too noble for a traitor; the bowstring is
A more appropriate finish—thou shalt die!
Mal. Ad. And death were welcome at another's mandate!
What, what have I to live for? Be it so,
If that in all thy armies can be found
An executing hand.
Sal. Oh, doubt it not!
They're eager for the office. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.
Mal. Ad. Defer not then their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer—Oh, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing—
Let me die speedily.
Sal. This very hour!
(*Aside.*) For oh! the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
In all the brother's weakness; yet such guilt,
Such vile ingratitude, it calls for vengeance,
And vengeance it shall have! What ho! who waits there?

(*Enter Attendant.*)

Atten. Did your highness call?
Sal. Assemble quickly
My forces in the court!—tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom-traitor:
And bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience from his followers. (*Exit Attendant.*)
Mal. Ad. Now, Saladin,
The word is given—I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother—I am not
About to crave a miserable life—
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burthen to me: think not, either,
The justice of thy sentence I would question:
But one request now trembles on my tongue,
One wish still clinging round the heart, which soon
Not even that shall torture—will it then,
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death,

The last request which e'er was his to utter,
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?
Sal. Speak then; but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for much indulgence here.
Mal. Ad. I have not!
Yet will I ask for it. We part for ever;
This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence:
None sees, none hears, save that omniscient power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such.—When in the face
Of forces once my own, I'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoistened; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling; then,
Unmoved behold this stiff and blackened corse.
But now I ask—nay, turn not, Saladin—
I ask one single pressure of thy hand,
From that stern eye one solitary tear—
Oh, torturing recollection! one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kindness.
Still silent? Brother!—friend—beloved companion
Of all my youthful sports—are they forgotten?
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, Oh heaven!
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies—nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherished memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life—
Yet, yet thou wilt—Oh, turn thee Saladin!
Look on my face, thou canst not spurn me then;
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him—
Sal. (*Seizing his hand.*) Brother! brother!—
Mal. Ad. (*Breaking away.*) Now call thy followers.
Death has not now
A single pang in store. Proceed! I'm ready.
Sal. Oh, art thou ready to forgive, my brother,—
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing 'mid a splendid throng
Of glorious qualities—
Mal. Ad. Oh stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life—I only wished
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, emperor, the loss of Cesarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel

Thy soldiers too, demand that he who lost
What cost them many a weary hour to gain,
Should expiate his offenses with his life.
Lo, even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality.—I go—
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glory. (*Going.*)
Sal. Thou shalt not. (*Enter Attendant.*)
Atten. My lord, the troops assembled by your order
Tumultuous throng the courts—the prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer—
The mutes have fled—the very guards rebel—
Nor think I in this city's spacious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.
Mal. Ad. Oh, faithful friends! (*To Atten.*) Thine shalt.
Atten. Mine?—Never!—
The other first shall lop it from the body.
Sal. They teach the emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it—tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.
Atten. Oh joyful news!
I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek
Unused to such a visitor. (*Exit.*)
Sal. These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature
Hardened, and rendered callous—these, who claim
No kindred with thee—who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips—
Oh, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction. While I,
I, who cannot in all my memory
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter;
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
When death seemed certain, only uttered—"Brother!"
And seen that form like lightning rush between
Saladin and his foes—and that brave breast
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
Intended for my own—I could forget
That 'twas to thee I owed the very breath

Which sentenced thee to perish. Oh, 'tis shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me.
Mal. Ad. By these tears I can—
Oh, brother! from this very hour, a new,
A glorious life commences—I am all thine.
Again the day of gladness or of anguish
Shall Malek Adhel share, and oft again
May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
Henceforth, Saladin,
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine for ever.

SELECTION XXX.

ISIDORE—ORDONIO.—*Coleridge.*

(*A dark cavern. Isidore alone; an extinguished torch in his hand.*)
Isidore. Faith, 'twas a moving message—very moving!
"His life in danger,—no place safe but this.
'Twas now his turn to talk of gratitude."
And yet—but no! there can't be such a villain.
It cannot be!
Thanks to that little crevice,
Which lets the moonlight in! I'll go and sit by it,
To peep at a tree, or see a he-goat's beard,
Or hear a cow or two breathe loud in their sleep;
Any thing but this crash of water-drops!
These dull abortive sounds, that fret the silence
With puny thwartings, and mock opposition!
So beats the deathwatch to the sick man's ear. (*He goes out of sight opposite to the moonlight, and returns in an ecstacy of fear.*)
A hellish pit! the very same I dreamed of!
I was just in—and those damned fingers of ice
Which clutched my hair up!—ha! what's that? it moved.
(*Isidore stands staring at another recess in the cavern; in the meantime Ordonio enters with a torch and halloos to Isidore.*)
Isid. I swear that I saw something moving there!
The moonshine came and went like a flash of lightning—
I swear I saw it move.
Ordonio. (*Goes into the recess, then returns, and with great scorn.*) A jutting clay-stone
Drops on the long lank weed that grows beneath:
And the weed nods and drips.

Isid. (*Forcing a laugh faintly.*) A jest to laugh at!
It was not that which scared me, good my lord.
Ord. What scared you, then?
Isid. You see that little rift?
But first permit me! (*Lights his torch at Ordonio's.*)
A lighted torch in the hand,
Is no unpleasant object here—one's breath
Floats round the flame, and makes as many colors,
As the thin clouds that travel near the moon.
You see that crevice there?
My torch extinguished by these water-drops,
And marking that the moonlight came from thence,
I stept into it, meaning to sit there;
But scarcely had I measured twenty paces—
My body bending forward, yea, o'erbalanced
Almost beyond recoil, on the dim brink
Of a huge chasm I stept. The shadowy moonshine
Filling the void, so counterfeited substance,
That my foot hung aslant adown the edge.
Was it my own fear?
Fear too hath its instincts!
And yet such dens as these are wildly told of,
And there are beings that live, yet not for the eye.
An arm of frost above and from behind me,
Plucked up and snatched me backward. Merciful heaven!
You smile! alas, even smiles look ghastly here!
My lord, I pray you, go yourself and view it.
Ord. It must have shot some pleasant feelings through you
Isid. If every atom of a dead man's flesh
Should creep, each one with a particular life,
Yet all as cold as ever—'twas just so!
Or had it drizzled needled points of frost
Upon a feverish head made suddenly bald—
Ord. Why, Isidore,
I blush for thy cowardice. It might have startled,
I grant you, even a brave man for a moment—
But such a panic—
Isid. When a boy, my lord,
I could have sat whole hours beside that chasm,
Pushed in huge stones and heard them strike and dash
Against its horrid sides: then hung my head
Low down, and listened till the heavy fragments
Sank with faint crash in that still groaning well,
Which never thirsty pilgrim blessed, which never
A *living* thing came near—unless, perchance,

Some blind worm battens on the ropy mold
Close at its edge.
Ord. Art thou more coward now?
Isid. Call him, that fears his fellow-man, a coward!
I fear not man—but this inhuman cavern,
It were too bad a prison-house for goblins.
Besides, you'll smile my lord, but true it is,
My last night's sleep was very sorely haunted,
By what passed between us in the morning.
Oh sleep of horrors! now run down and stared at
By forms so hideous that they mock remembrance—
Now seeing nothing and imagining nothing,
But only being afraid—stifled with fear!
While every goodly or familiar form
Had a strange power of breathing terror round me!
I saw you in a thousand fearful shapes;
And, I entreat your lordship to believe me,
In my last dream—
Ord. Well?
Isid. I was in the act
Of falling down that chasm, when Alhadre
Waked me: she heard my heart beat.
Ord. Strange enough!
Had you been here before?
Isid. Never, my lord!
But mine eyes do not see it now more clearly,
Than in my dream I saw—that very chasm.
Ord. (*Stands lost in thought.*) I know not why it should be!
yet, it is—
Isid. What is, my lord?
Ord. Abhorrent from our nature,
To kill a man.—
Isid. Except in self-defense.
Ord. Why that's my case! and yet the soul recoils at it.—
'Tis so with me, at least. But you, perhaps,
Have sterner feelings.
Isid. Something troubles you.
How shall I serve you? By the life you gave me,
By all that makes that life a value to me;
My wife, my babes, my honor, I swear to you,
Name it, and I will toil to do the thing,
If it be innocent! But this, my lord,
Is not a place where you could perpetrate,
No, nor propose, a wicked thing! The darkness,
When ten strides off we know 'tis cheerful moonlight,

Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart
It must be innocent.
Ord. Thyself be judge.
One of our family knew this place well.
Isid. Who!—when!—my lord?
Ord. What boots it who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.
(*They hang up their torches.*)
He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.
Isid. He! he despised?—thou'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard, however: no surprise. (*Aside.*)
What, he was mad?
Ord. All men seemed mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.
Isid. Of himself he speaks. (*Aside.*)
Alas! poor wretch!
Madmen are mostly proud.
Ord. He walked alone,
And phantom thoughts unsought for, troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep.
The man who heard him—
Why didst thou look round?
Isid. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?
Ord. With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well, it was done! (*Very wildly.*)
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?
Isid. I would, my lord, you were by my fireside;
I'd listen to you with an eager eye.

Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.—
Ord. Where was I?
Isid. He of whom you tell the tale—
Ord. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!
But that same over-ready agent—he—
Isid. Ah! what of him, my lord?
Ord. He proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor,
And they between them hatched a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdes? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it.— (*Ordonio grasps his sword, and turns off from Isidore; then after a pause returns.*)
Our links burn dimly.
Isid. A dark tale darkly finished! nay, my lord,
Tell what he did.
Ord. That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern
And here he killed the traitor.
Isid. No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous;
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!
Ord. Thou wouldst not then have come, if—
Isid. Oh yes, my lord!
I would have met him armed, and scared the coward. (*Isidore throws off his robe—shows himself armed, and draws his sword.*)
Ord. Now this is excellent and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back; drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance
Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,
And claims that life my pity robbed her of.
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.
Isid. And all my little ones fatherless?
Die thou first. (*They fight; Ordonio disarms Isidore, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. Isidore hurries into the recess*

with his torch; Ordonio follows him; a loud cry of "traitor! monster!" is heard from the cavern, and in a moment Ordonio returns alone.)

Ord. I have hurled him down the chasm! treason for treason.
He dreamt of it! Henceforward let him sleep—
A dreamless sleep, from which no wife can wake him.
His dream too, is made out.

SELECTION XXXI.

VIRGINIUS—DENTATUS—ICILIUS—APPIUS—TITUS—SERVIUS—LUCIUS—CITIZENS.—*Knowles.*

Virginius. Good day, Icilius.
Icilius. Worthy Virginius! 'tis an evil day
For Rome! Our new decemvirs
Are any thing but friends to justice and
Their country.
Vir. You, Icilius, had a hand
In their election. You applied to me
To aid you with my vote, in the Comitia;
I told you then, and tell you now again,
I am not pleased when a patrician bends
His head to a plebeian's girdle! Mark me!
I'd rather he should stand aloof, and wear
His shoulder high—especially the nephew
Of Caius Claudius.
Icil. I would have pledged my life—
Vir. 'Twas a high gage, and men have staked it higher,
On grounds as poor as yours—their honor, boy!
Icilius, I have heard it all—your plans—
The understanding 'twixt the heads of the people—
Of whom, Icilius, you are reckoned one, and
Worthily—and Appius Claudius—all—
'Twas every jot disclosed to me.
Icil. By whom?
Vir. Siccius Dentatus.
Icil. He disclosed it to you?
Siccius Dentatus is a crabbed man!
Vir. Siccius Dentatus is an honest man!
There's not a worthier in Rome! How now?
Has he deceived me? Do you call him liar?
My friend! my comrade! honest Siccius,
That has fought in six score battles?

Icil. Good Virginius,
Siccius Dentatus is my friend—the friend
Of every honest man in Rome—a brave man—
A most brave man. Except yourself, Virginius,
I do not know a man I prize above
Siccius Dentatus—yet he's a crabbed man.
Vir. Yes, yes; he is a crabbed man.
Icil. A man
Who loves too much to wear a jealous eye.
Vir. No, not a whit!—where there is double dealing.
You are the best judge of your own concerns;
Yet, if it please you to communicate
With me upon this subject, come and see me.
I told you, boy, I favored not this stealing
And winding into place. What he deserves,
An honest man dares challenge 'gainst the world—
But come and see me.—Appius Claudius chosen
Decemvir! (*A shout.*)
Icil. See, good Virginius, Appius comes!
The people still throng after him with shouts,
Unwilling to believe their Jupiter
Has marked them for his thunder. Will you stay,
And see the homage that they render him?
Vir. Not I! Stay you; and, as you made him, hail him;
And shout, and wave your hand, and cry, long live
Our first and last decemvir, Appius Claudius!
For he is first and last, and every one!
Rome owes you much, Icilius—Fare you well—
I shall be glad to see you at my house. (*Exeunt.*)
(*Enter Appius, Dentatus, Lucius, Titus, Servius, Marcus, and citizens shouting.*)
Titus. Long live our first decemvir!
Long live Appius Claudius!
Most noble Appius! Appius and the decemvirate for ever!
(*Citizens shout.*)
Appius. My countrymen, and fellow-citizens,
We will deserve your favor.
Tit. You have deserved it,
And will deserve it.
App. For that end we named
Ourself decemvir.
Tit. You could not have named a better man.
Dentatus. For his own purpose. (*Aside.*)
App. Be assured, we hold
Our power but for your good. Your gift it was,

Collects the guilt, and crowds it round the heart
It must be innocent.
Ord. Thyself be judge.
One of our family knew this place well.
Isid. Who!—when!—my lord?
Ord. What boots it who or when?
Hang up thy torch—I'll tell his tale to thee.
(*They hang up their torches.*)
He was a man different from other men,
And he despised them, yet revered himself.
Isid. He! he despised?—thou'rt speaking of thyself!
I am on my guard, however: no surprise. (*Aside.*)
What, he was mad?
Ord. All men seemed mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into a human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion.
Isid. Of himself he speaks. (*Aside.*)
Alas! poor wretch!
Madmen are mostly proud.
Ord. He walked alone,
And phantom thoughts unsought for, troubled him.
Something within would still be shadowing out
All possibilities; and with these shadows
His mind held dalliance. Once, as so it happened,
A fancy crossed him wilder than the rest:
To this in moody murmur and low voice
He yielded utterance, as some talk in sleep.
The man who heard him—
Why didst thou look round?
Isid. I have a prattler three years old, my lord!
In truth he is my darling. As I went
From forth my door, he made a moan in sleep—
But I am talking idly—pray proceed!
And what did this man?
Ord. With his human hand
He gave a substance and reality
To that wild fancy of a possible thing.—
Well, it was done! (*Very wildly.*)
Why babblest thou of guilt?
The deed was done, and it passed fairly off.
And he whose tale I tell thee—dost thou listen?
Isid. I would, my lord, you were by my fireside;
I'd listen to you with an eager eye.

Though you began this cloudy tale at midnight.
But I do listen—pray proceed, my lord.—
Ord. Where was I?
Isid. He of whom you tell the tale—
Ord. Surveying all things with a quiet scorn,
Tamed himself down to living purposes,
The occupations and the semblances
Of ordinary men—and such he seemed!
But that same over-ready agent—he—
Isid. Ah! what of him, my lord?
Ord. He proved a traitor,
Betrayed the mystery to a brother traitor,
And they between them hatched a damned plot
To hunt him down to infamy and death.
What did the Valdes? I am proud of the name
Since he dared do it.— (*Ordonio grasps his sword, and turns off from Isidore; then after a pause returns.*)
Our links burn dimly.
Isid. A dark tale darkly finished! nay, my lord,
Tell what he did.
Ord. That which his wisdom prompted—
He made the traitor meet him in this cavern
And here he killed the traitor.
Isid. No! the fool!
He had not wit enough to be a traitor.
Poor thick-eyed beetle! not to have foreseen
That he who gulled thee with a whimpered lie
To murder his own brother, would not scruple
To murder thee, if e'er his guilt grew jealous;
And he could steal upon thee in the dark!
Ord. Thou wouldst not then have come, if—
Isid. Oh yes, my lord!
I would have met him armed, and scared the coward. (*Isidore throws off his robe—shows himself armed, and draws his sword.*)
Ord. Now this is excellent and warms the blood!
My heart was drawing back; drawing me back
With weak and womanish scruples. Now my vengeance
Beckons me onwards with a warrior's mien,
And claims that life my pity robbed her of.
Now will I kill thee, thankless slave, and count it
Among my comfortable thoughts hereafter.
Isid. And all my little ones fatherless?
Die thou first. (*They fight; Ordonio disarms Isidore, and in disarming him throws his sword up that recess opposite to which they were standing. Isidore hurries into the recess*

Den. And she'll see worse, unless I fail in my reckoning. —But how is thy daughter—the fair Virginia? I was just wishing for a daughter.

Vir. A plague, you mean.

Den. I am sure you should not say so.

Vir. Well—had you a daughter, what would you do with her!

Den. Do with her? I'd give her to Icilius. I should have been just now torn to pieces, but for his good offices. The gentle citizens, that are driven about by the decemvir's lictors like a herd of tame oxen, and with most beast-like docility, only low applauses to them in return, would have done me the kindness to knock my brains out; but the noble Icilius bearded them singly, and railed them into temper. Had I a daughter worthy of such a husband, he should have such a wife, and a patrician's dower along with her.

Vir. Dentatus, Icilius is a young man whom I honor, but he has had, as thou knowest, a principal hand in helping us to our decemvirs. It may be that he is what I would gladly think him; but I must see him clearly—clearly, Dentatus. Ah! (*Looking off.*) Here comes the youth—'tis well!

(*Enter Icilius.*)

Vir. Boy, Icilius!
Thou seest this hand? It is a Roman's, boy;
'Tis sworn to liberty—It is the friend
Of honor—Dost thou think so?

Icil. Do I think
Virginius owns that hand?

Vir. Then you'll believe
It has an oath deadly to tyranny,
And is the foe of falsehood! by the gods,
Knew it the lurking-place of treason, though
It were a brother's heart, 'twould drag the caitiff
Forth. Darest thou take that hand?

Icil. I dare, Virginius.

Vir. Then take it! is it weak in thy embrace?
Returns it not thy gripe? Thou wilt not hold
Faster by it, than it will hold by thee!
I overheard thee say, thou wast resolved
To win my friendship quite. Thou canst not win
What thou hast won already!—
And hark you, sir,
At your convenient time, appoint a day
Your friends and kinsmen may confer with me—
There is a bargain I would strike with you.
Come on, I say; come on. Your hand, Dentatus.

SELECTION XXXII.

PROCIDA—MONTALBA—GUIDO—SICILIANS.—*Hemans.*

Procida. Welcome! my noble friends, we meet in joy!
Now may we bear ourselves erect, resuming
The kingly port of freemen! Who shall dare,
After this proof of slavery's dread recoil,
To weave us chains again?—Ye have done well.
Montalba. We have done well. There needs no choral song,
No shouting multitudes to blazon forth
Our stern exploits. The silence of our foes
Doth vouch enough, and they are laid to rest
Deep as the sword could make it. Yet our task
Is still but half achieved. Determined hearts,
And deeds to startle earth, are yet required,
To make the mighty sacrifice complete.
Knowest thou that we have traitors in our councils?
Proc. I know some voice in secret must have warned
De Couci. And if there be such things
As may to death add sharpness, yet delay
The pang which gives release; if there be power
In execration, to call down the fires
Of yon avenging heaven, whose rapid shafts
But for such guilt were aimless; be they heaped
Upon the traitor's head—Scorn make his name
Her mark for ever!
Mont. In our passionate blindness,
We send forth curses, whose deep stings recoil
Oft on ourselves.
Proc. Whatever fate hath of ruin
Fall on his house!—What! to resign again
That freedom for whose sake our souls have now
Engrained themselves in blood!—Why, who is he
That hath devised this treachery?
Who should be so vile?—
Alberti?—In his eye is that which ever
Shrinks from encountering mine?—But no! his race
Is of our noblest!—Urbino?—Conti?—No!
They are too deeply pledged.—There is one name more!
I cannot utter it! Speak your thoughts.
Montalba! Guido!—Who should this man be?
Mont. Why what Sicilian youth unsheathed, last night,
His sword to aid our foes, and turned its edge

Against his country's chiefs?—He that did this,
May well be deemed for guiltier treason ripe.
Proc. And who is he?
Mont. Nay, ask thy son.
Proc. My son!
What should he know of such a recreant heart?
Speak, Guido! Thou art his friend!
Guido. I would not wear
The brand of such a name!
Who but he
Could warn De Couci, or devise the guilt
These scrolls reveal? (*Showing papers.*) Hath not the traitor still
Sought, with his fair and specious eloquence,
To win us from our purpose? All things seem
Leagued to unmask him.
Proc. There was one
Who mourned for being childless!—Let him now
Feast o'er his children's graves, and I will join
The revelry!
Mont. (*Aside.*) You shall be childless too!
Proc. Was it you, Montalba?—Now rejoice! I say.
There is no name so near you that its stains
Should call the fevered and indignant blood
To your dark cheek!—But I will dash to earth
The weight that presses on my heart, and then
Be glad as thou art.
Mont. What means this, my lord?
Who hath seen gladness on Montalba's mien?
Proc. Why, should not all be glad who have no sons
To tarnish their bright name?
Mont. I am not used
To bear with mockery.
Proc. Friend! By yon high heaven,
I mock thee not!—'tis a proud fate, to live
Alone and unallied.
Oh! I could laugh to think
Of the joy that riots in baronial halls,
When the word comes—"A son is born!"—A son!
They should say thus—"He that shall knit your brow
To furrows, not of years; and bid your eye
Quail its proud glance; to tell the earth its shame,—
Is born, and so, rejoice!"—Then might we feast,
And know the cause:—Were it not excellent?
Mont. This is all idle. There are deeds to do;
Arouse thee, Procida!

Proc. Why, am I not
Calm as immortal justice?—She can strike,
And yet be passionless—and thus will I.
I know thy meaning.—Deeds to do!—'tis well.
They shall be done ere thought on.—Go ye forth;
There is a youth who calls himself my son,
His name is—Raimond—in his eye is light
That shows like truth—but be ye not deceived!
Bear him in chains before us. We will sit
To-day in judgment, and the skies shall see
The strength which girds our nature.—Will not this
Be glorious, brave Montalba?—Linger not,
Ye tardy messengers! for there are things
Which ask the speed of storms. (*Exeunt all but Montalba.*)

Mont. Now this is well!
I hate this Procida; for he hath won
In all our councils that ascendancy
And mastery over bold hearts, which should have been
Mine by a thousand claims.—Had he the strength
Of wrongs like mine?—No! for that name—his country—
He strikes—my vengeance hath a deeper fount:
But there's dark joy in this!—and fate hath barred
My soul from every other.

SCENE 2.—*Hall of a Public building.—Procida, Montalba, Guido and others, seated as on a tribunal.*

Procida. The morn lowered darkly, but the sun hath now,
With fierce and angry splendor, through the clouds
Burst forth, as if impatient to behold
This, our high triumph.—Lead the prisoner in.
(*Raimond is brought in fettered and guarded.*)
Why, what a bright and fearless brow is here!
Is this man guilty?—look on him, Montalba!

Montalba. Be firm. Should justice falter at a look?

Proc. No, thou sayest well. Her eyes are filleted,
Or should be so. Thou that dost call thyself—
But no! I will not breathe a traitor's name—
Speak! thou art arraigned of treason.

Raimond. I arraign
You, before whom I stand, of darker guilt,
In the bright face of heaven; and your own hearts
Give echo to the charge. Your very looks
Have taken the stamp of crime, and seem to shrink
With a perturbed and haggard wildness, back
From the too-searching light.—Why, what hath wrought

This change on noble brows? There is a voice,
With a deep answer, rising from the blood
Your hands have coldly shed! Ye are of those
From whom just men recoil, with curdling veins,
All thrilled by life's abhorrent consciousness,
And sensitive feeling of a murderer's presence.
Away! come down from your tribunal seat,
Put off your robes of state, and let your mien
Be pale and humbled; for ye bear about you
That which repugnant earth doth sicken at,
More than the pestilence.—That I should live
To see my father shrink!

Proc. Montalba, speak!
There's something chokes my voice—but fear me not.

Mont. If we must plead to vindicate our acts,
Be it when thou hast made thine own look clear!
Most eloquent youth! What answer canst thou make
To this our charge of treason?

Rai. I will plead
That cause before a mightier judgment-throne,
Where mercy is not guilt. But here, I feel
Too buoyantly the glory and the joy
Of my free spirit's whiteness: for even now
The embodied hideousness of crime doth seem
Before me glaring out.—Why, I saw thee,
Thy foot upon an aged warrior's breast,
Trampling out nature's last convulsive heavings.
And thou—thy sword—Oh, valiant chief!—is yet
Red from the noble stroke which pierced, at once,
A mother and the babe, whose little life
Was from her bosom drawn!—Immortal deeds
For bards to hymn!

Guido. (*Aside.*) I look upon his mien,
And waver.—Can it be?—My boyish heart
Deemed him so noble once! Away, weak thoughts!
Why should I shrink, as if the guilt were mine,
From his proud glance?

Proc. Oh, thou dissembler!—thou,
So skilled to clothe with virtue's generous flush
The hollow cheek of cold hypocrisy,
That, with thy guilt made manifest, I can scarce
Believe thee guilty!—look on me, and say
Whose was the secret warning voice, that saved
De Couci, with his bands, to join our foes,
And forge new fetters for the indignant land?

Whose was this treachery? (*Shows him papers.*)
Who hath done this,
But thou, a tyrant's friend?
Rai. Who hath done this?
Father!—if I may call thee by that name—
Look, with thy piercing eye, on those whose smiles
Were masks that hid their daggers. There, perchance,
May lurk what loves not light too strong. For me,
I know but this—there needs no deep research
To prove the truth—that murderers may be traitors,
Even to each other.
Proc. (*To Montalba.*) His unaltering cheek
Still vividly doth hold its natural hue,
And his eye quails not!—Is this innocence?
Mont. No! 'tis the unshrinking hardihood of crime.
Thou bearest a gallant mien!—But where is she
Whom thou hast bartered fame and life to save,
The fair provençal maid?—What! knowest thou not
That this alone were guilt, to death allied?
Was it not our law, that he who spared a foe,—
And is she not of that detested race?—
Should henceforth be among us as a foe?
Where hast thou borne her?—Speak!
Rai. That heaven, whose eye
Burns up thy soul with its far-searching glance,
Is with her; she is safe.
Proc. And by that word
Thy doom is sealed.—Oh God! that I had died
Before this bitter hour, in the full strength
And glory of my heart!
Rai. The pang is over,
And I have but to die.
Mont. Now, Procida,
Comes thy great task. Wake! summon to thine aid
All thy deep soul's commanding energies;
For thou, a chief among us, must pronounce—
The sentence of thy son. It rests with thee.
Pro. Ha! ha!—Men's hearts should be of softer mold
Than in the elder time. Fathers could doom
Their children then with an unfaltering voice,
And we must tremble thus! Is it not said,
That nature grows degenerate, earth being now
So full of days?
Mont. Rouse up thy mighty heart.

Proc. Ay, thou sayest right. There yet are souls which tower
As landmarks to mankind.—Well, what's the task?
There is a man to be condemned, you say?
Is he then guilty?
All. Thus we deem of him
With one accord.
Proc. And hath he nought to plead?
Rai. Nought but a soul unstained.
Proc. Why, that is little.
Stains on the soul are but as conscience deems them,
And conscience may be seared.—But, for this sentence!
Was it not the penalty imposed on man,
Even from creation's dawn, that he must die?
It was: thus making guilt a sacrifice
Unto eternal justice; and we but
Obey heaven's mandate when we cast dark souls
To the elements from amongst us.—Be it so!
Such be his doom!—I have said. Ay, now my heart
Is girt with adamant, whose cold weight doth press
Its gaspings down. Off! let me breathe in freedom!
Mountains are on my breast! (*He sinks back.*)
Mont. Guards, bear the prisoner
Back to his dungeon.
Rai. Father! oh, look up!
Thou art my father still!
Guido. Oh! Raimond, Raimond!
If it should be that I have wronged thee, say
Thou dost forgive me.
Rai. Friend of my young days,
So may all-pitying heaven! (*Raimond is led out.*)
Proc. Whose voice was that?
Where is he?—gone?—now I breathe once more
In the free air of heaven. Let us away.

HUMOROUS AND DIVERTING.

SELECTION I.

HOT COCKLES. HENRY—CHARLES.—*Anonymous.*

Charles. Brother, all our friends have left us, and yet I am still in a playing humor. What game shall we choose?

Henry. There are only two of us, and I am afraid we should not be much diverted.

Char. Let us play at something, however.

Hen. But at what?

Char. At blindman's-buff, for instance.

Hen. That is a game that would never end. It would not be as if there were a dozen, of which number some are generally off their guard; but where there are only two, I should not find it difficult to shun you, or you me; and then when we had caught each other, we should know for certain who it was.

Char. That is true, indeed. Well, then, what think you of hot cockles?

Hen. That would be the same, you know. We could not possibly guess wrong.

Char. Perhaps we might. However, let us try.

Hen. With all my heart, if it please you. Look here, if you like it, I will be Hot Cockles first.

Char. Do, brother. Put your right hand on the bottom of this chair. Now stoop down and lay your face close upon it, that you may not see. (*He does so.*) That is well;—and now your left hand on your back. Well master—but I hope your eyes are shut. (*Carefully looking round to see.*)

Hen. Yes yes; do not be afraid.

Char. Well, master, what have you to sell?

Hen. Hot cockles! hot!

Char. (*Slapping him with his left hand.*) Who struck?

Hen. (*Getting up.*) Why, you, you little goose!

Char. Yes, yes; but with which hand?

Hen. The—the right.

Char. No, it was the left. Now you are the goose

SELECTION II.

HOW TO TELL BAD NEWS. MR. H.—STEWARD.—*Anonymous*

Mr. H. Ha! Steward, how are you my old boy? How do things go on at home?

Steward. Bad enough, your honor; the magpie's dead.

Mr. H. Poor mag! so he's gone. How came he to die?

Stew. Over-ate himself, sir.

Mr. H. Did he, faith? a greedy dog; why, what did he get he liked so well?

Stew. Horse-flesh, sir; he died of eating horse-flesh.

Mr. H. How came he to get so much horse-flesh?

Stew. All your father's horses, sir.

Mr. H. What! are they dead, too?

Stew. Ay, sir; they died of over-work.

Mr. H. And why were they over-worked, pray?

Stew. To carry water, sir.

Mr. H. To carry water! and what were they carrying water for?

Stew. Sure sir, to put out the fire.

Mr. H. Fire! what fire?

Stew. Oh, sir, your father's house is burned down to the ground.

Mr. H. My father's house burned down! and how came it set on fire?

Stew. I think, sir, it must have been the torches.

Mr. H. Torches! what torches?

Stew. At your mother's funeral.

Mr. H. My mother dead!

Stew. Ah, poor lady, she never looked up after it.

Mr. H. After what?

Stew. The loss of your father.

Mr. H. My father gone too?

Stew. Yes, poor gentleman, he took to his bed as soon as he heard of it.

Mr. H. Heard of what?

Stew. The bad news, sir, and please your honor.

Mr. H. What! more miseries! more bad news?

Stew. Yes sir, your bank has failed, and your credit is lost, and you are not worth a shilling in the world. I made bold, sir, to come to wait on you about it, for I thought you would like to hear the news.

SELECTION III.

LOVEGOLD—JAMES.—*Fielding.*

Lovegold. Where have you been? I have wanted you above an hour.

James. Whom do you want, sir,—your coachman or your cook? for I am both one and t'other.

Love. I want my cook.

James. I thought, indeed, it was not your coachman; for you have had no great occasion for him since your last pair of horses were starved; but your cook, sir, shall wait upon you in an instant. (*Puts off his coachman's great-coat and appears as a cook.*) Now, sir, I am ready for your commands.

Love. I am engaged this evening to give a supper.

James. A supper, sir! I have not heard the word this half year; a dinner, indeed, now and then; but for a supper, I'm almost afraid, for want of practice, my hand is out.

Love. Leave off your saucy jesting, and see that you provide a good supper.

James. That may be done with a good deal of money, sir.

Love. Is the mischief in you? Always money! Can you say nothing else but money, money, money? My children, my servants, my relations, can pronounce nothing but money.

James. Well, sir; but how many will there be at table?

Love. About eight or ten; but I will have a supper dressed but for eight; for if there be enough for eight, there is enough for ten.

James. Suppose, sir, at one end, a handsome soup; at the other, a fine Westphalia ham and chickens; on one side, a fillet of veal; on the other, a turkey, or rather a bustard, which may be had for about a guinea—

Love. Zounds! is the fellow providing an entertainment for my lord-mayor and the court of aldermen?

James. Then a ragout—

Love. I'll have no ragout. Would you burst the good people, you dog?

James. Then pray, sir, say what you will have?

Love. Why, see and provide something to cloy their stomachs: let there be two good dishes of soup—maigre; a large suet-pudding; some dainty fat pork-pie, very fat; a fine small lean breast of mutton, and a large dish with two artichokes. There; that's plenty and variety.

James. Oh, dear—

Love. Plenty and variety.

James. But, sir, you must have some poultry.

Love. No; I'll have none.

James. Indeed sir, you should.

Love. Well, then,—kill the old hen, for she has done laying.

James. Mercy! sir, how the folks will talk of it; indeed, people say enough of you already.

Love. Eh! why what do the people say, pray?

James. Ah, sir, if I could be assured you would not be angry.

Love. Not at all; for I'm always glad to hear what the world says of me.

James. Why, sir, since you will have it then, they make a jest of you every where; nay, of your servants, on your account. One says, you pick a quarrel with them quarterly, in order to find an excuse to pay them no wages.

Love. Poh! poh!

James. Another says, you were taken one night stealing your own oats from your own horses.

Love. That must be a lie; for I never allow them any.

James. In a word, you are the by-word every where; and you are never mentioned, but by the names of covetous, stingy, scraping, old—

Love. Get along, you impudent villain!

James. Nay, sir, you said you wouldn't be angry.

Love. Get out, you dog! you—

SELECTION IV.

ALDERMAN SMUGGLER—SIR HARRY WILDAIR—JOHN.—*Anonymous.*

Sir Harry. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your most devoted and humble servant.

Alderman Smuggler. My best friend, Sir Harry, you're welcome to England.

Sir H. I'll assure you, sir, there's not a man in the king's dominions I am gladder to meet, dear, dear Mr. Alderman. (*Bowing very low.*)

Ald. S. Oh! my good sir, you travelers have the kindest, the most obliging ways with you.

Sir H. There is a business, Mr. Alderman, fallen out, which you may oblige me infinitely by—I am very sorry that I'm forced to be troublesome; but necessity, Mr. Alderman—

Ald. S. Ay, sir, as you say, necessity—But upon my word, dear sir, I am very short of money at present, but—

Sir H. That's not the matter, sir; I'm above an obligation that way; but the business is, I'm reduced to an indispensable necessity of being obliged to you for a beating. Here, take this cane.

Ald. S. A beating, Sir Harry! ha, ha, ha! I beat a knight baronet! An alderman turned cudgel-player! ha, ha, ha!

Sir H. Upon my word, sir, you must beat me, or I'll beat you; take your choice.

Ald. S. Psha! psha! you jest.

Sir H. Nay, 'tis sure as fate; so my dear, dear Mr. Alderman, I hope you'll pardon my curiosity. (*Strikes him.*)

Ald. S. Curiosity! Deuce take your curiosity, sir. What d'ye mean?

Sir H. Nothing at all. I'm but in jest, good sir.

Ald. S. Oh! I can take any thing in jest; but a man might imagine, by the smartness of the stroke, that you were in downright earnest.

Sir H. Not in the least, sir; (*Strikes him.*) not in the least, indeed, dear sir.

Ald. S. Pray, good sir, no more of your jests; for they are the bluntest jests that I ever knew.

Sir H. (*Strikes him.*) I heartily beg your pardon, with all my heart, sir.

Ald. S. Pardon, sir! well sir, that is satisfaction enough from a gentleman: but seriously now, Sir Harry, if you pass any more of your jests upon me, I shall grow angry.

Sir H. I humbly beg your permission to break one or two more. (*Srikes him.*)

Ald. S. Oh! oh! sir, you'll certainly break my bones. Are you mad, sir? John! John! murder, felony, manslaughter, murder! (*Runs about.*)

Sir H. Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons; but I am absolutely compelled to it, upon my honor, sir; nothing can be more averse to my inclination, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging friend, the alderman. (*Striking him all the time.*) (*Enter John.*)

John. Oh! goodness! Sir Harry's murdering the poor old man.

Ald. S. Oh! John, oh! John, I have been beaten in jest, till I am almost murdered in good earnest.

John. Oh! for charity's sake, Sir Harry, [illegible] you are doing—forbear sir, or I'll rai[illegible]

(*Aside.*) Though, to tell the truth, the old rogue richly deserves it, and for my part I enjoy the joke. (*Sir H. takes snuff.*)

Ald. S. Now, sir, I will have amends, sir, before I leave the place, sir; how durst you use me thus?

Sir H. Sir?

Ald. S. Sir, I say that I will have satisfaction.

Sir H. Oh! sir, with all my heart. (*Throws snuff in his eyes.*)

Ald. S. Oh! murder, blindness, fire! oh! John, John! get me some water! water, fire, water! (*Exit with John.*)

Sir H. How pleasant is resenting an injury without passion! 'tis the beauty of revenge.

Let statesmen plot, and under business groan,
And, settling public quiet, lose their own;
I make the most of life,—no hour misspend,
Pleasure's the mean, and pleasure is my end.
No spleen, no trouble, shall my time destroy;
Life's but a span, I'll every inch enjoy.

SELECTION V.

IRISH COURTESY. STRANGER—O'CALLAGHAN.—*Sedley.*

Stranger. I have lost my way, good friend; can you assist me in finding it?

O'Callaghan. Assist you in finding it, sir? ay, by my faith and troth, and that I will, if it was to the world's end and further too.

Str. I wish to return by the shortest route to the Black Rock.

O'Cal. Indade, and you will, so plase your honor's honor—and O'Callaghan's own self shall show you the way, and then you can't miss it, you know.

Str. I would not give you so much trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. It is never a trouble, so plase your honor, for an Irishman to do his duty. (*Bowing.*)

Str. Whither do you travel, friend?

O'Cal. To Dublin, so plase your honor—sure all the world knows that Judy O'Flannaghan will be married to-morrow, God willing, to Pat Ryan; and Pat, you know, is my own foster-brother,—because why, we had but one nurse betwane us, and that was my own mother—but she died one day, the Lord rest her swate soul! and left me an orphan, for my father married again, and his new wife was the devil's own child, and did nothing but bate me from morning till night—Och, why did I not die before I was born to see that day, for, by St. Patrick, the woman's heart was as cold as a hailstone.

Str. But what reason could she have for treating you so unmercifully, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O'Cal. Ah, your honor, and sure enough there are always rasons as plenty as pratees for being hardhearted. And I was no bigger than a dumpling at the time, so I could not help myself, and my father did not care to help me, and so I hopped the twig, and parted old Nick's darling; och, may the devil find her wherever she goes.—But here I am alive and lapeing, and going to see Pat married; and faith, to do him justice, he's as honest a lad as any within ten miles of us, and no disparagement neither,—and I love Pat, and I love all his family, ay, by my shoul do I, every mother's skin of them—and by the same token, I have traveled many a long mile to be present at his wedding.

Str. Your miles in Ireland are much longer than ours, I believe.

O'Cal. Indade, and you may belave that, your honor, because why, St. Patrick measured them in his coach, you know. Och, by the powers!—the time has been—but, 'tis no matter, not a single copper at all at all now belongs to the family—but as I was saying, the day has been, ay, by my troth and the night too, when the O'Callaghans, good luck to them, held their heads up as high as the best; and though I have not a rod of land belonging to me, but what I hire, I love my country, and would halve my last pratee with every poor creature that has none.

Str. Pray how does the bride appear, Mr. O'Callaghan?

O'Cal. Och, by my shoul, your honor, she's a nate article—and then she will be rigged out as gay as a lark and as fine as a peacock; because why, she has a great lady for her godmother, long life and success to her, who has given Judy two milch cows, and five pounds in hard money—and Pat has taken as dacent apartments as any in Dublin—a nate comely parlor as you'd wish to see, just six fate under ground, with a nice beautiful ladder to go down—and all so complate and gentale, and comfortable as a body may say—

Str. Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. Faith, and you may say that, your honor. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Comfort is comfort, says I to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we are all sated so cleverly around a great big turf fire, as merry as grigs, with the dear little grunters snoring so swately in the corner, defying wind and weather, with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to slape upon—

Str. A good conscience makes a soft pillow.

O'Cal. Och, jewel, sure it is not the best beds that make the best slapers; for there's Kathleen and myself can slape like

two great big tops, and our bed is none of the softest—because why, we slape on the ground, and have no bed at all at all.

Str. It is a pity, my honest fellow, that you should ever want one. There—(*Giving him a guinea.*)—Good by, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O'Cal. I'll drink your honor's health, that I will—and may God and the blessed Virgin bless you and yours, as long as grass grows and water runs.

SELECTION VI.

ROBIN—SNACKS—SERVANT.—*Allingham.*

(*A table with decanters and glasses.*)

Robin. Well, Snacks, this is very good stuff, I don't know as ever I drank any before; what do you call this, Snacks?

Snacks. Red port wine; an it please your lordship.

Rob. Yes, red port wine pleases his lordship.—I wonder where this comes from.—Oh! from the Red Sea, I suppose.

Snacks. No, my lord; there's plenty of spirits there, but not wine, I believe.

Rob. Well, one more thing full; only one, because you know, now I am a lord, I must not make a beast of myself;—that's not like a nobleman, you know.

Snacks. Your lordship must do as your lordship pleases.

Rob. Must I? then give us t'other sup.

Snacks. I think his lordship is getting rather forward.—I'll bring my daughter upon the carpet presently. (*Aside.*)

(*Enter Servant.*)

Serv. Please you, master Snacks, here's John the carter says he's so lame he can't walk, and he hopes you'll let him have the pony, to-morrow, to ride by the wagon.

Snacks. Can't walk, can't he?—lame is he?

Serv. Yes, sir.

Snacks. And what does he mean by being lame at this busy time?—tell him he must walk; it's my will.

Rob. (*Aside to Servant.*) You, sir, bring me John's whip, will you?—(*Exit Servant.*)—That's right, Snacks; the lazy fellow, what business has he to be lame!

Snacks. Oh, please your lordship, it's as much as I can do to keep these fellows in order.

Rob. Oh, they are sad dogs—not walk, indeed! I never heard of such impudence.

Snacks. Oh, shameful, shameful! if I were behind him, I'd make him walk.

(*Enter Servant with a whip which he gives to Robin.*)

Rob. Come, Snacks, dance me a hornpipe.

Snacks. What?

Rob. A hornpipe.

Snacks. A hornpipe!—I can't dance, my lord.

Rob. Come, none of your nonsense; I know you can dance; why, you was made for dancing—there's a leg and foot.—Come, begin!

Snacks. Here's no music.

Rob. Isn't there? then I'll soon make some.—Look ye, here's my fiddlestick; how d'ye like it?—Come, Snacks, you must dance; it's my will.

Snacks. Indeed I'm not able.

Rob. Not able! Oh, shameful, shameful! Come, come, you must dance; it's my will. (*Whips him.*)

Snacks. Must I?—Then here goes.—(*Hops about.*)

Rob. What, do you call that dancing fit for a lord? Come quicker, quicker.—(*Whips Snacks round the stage, who roars out.*)—There, that will do; now go and order John the carter the pony—will you?

Snacks. What a cunning dog it is!—he's up to me now, but I think I shall be down upon him by and by. (*Aside, exit.*)

Rob. Ha, ha, ha! how he hopped about and hallooed—but I'll work him a little more yet. (*Re-enter Snacks.*) Well, Snacks, what d'ye think of your dancing-master?

Snacks. I hope your lordship won't give me any more lessons at present; for, to say the truth, I don't much like the accompaniment.

Rob. You must have a lesson every day, or you'll forget the step.

Snacks. No;—your lordship has taken care that I shan't forget it for some time.

Rob. I can't think where Dolly is; I told her to come to me

Snacks. My daughter's very beautiful.

Rob. Why, you talk a great deal about your daughter, and I'll have a peep at her. I wish Dolly would come.

Snacks. Oh, don't think of her.

Rob. Not think of her! why, pray?

Snacks. Oh, she's too low for your lordship.

Rob. Take care, Snacks, or I shall make you dance another hornpipe. Too low! why what was I just now? If I though

riches would make me such a rascal as to use the poor girl ill, —a fig for 'em all; I'd give 'em up, and be plain Robin, honest Robin, again.

SELECTION VII.

MORDENT—CHEVERIL.—*Holcroft.*

Cheveril. Grumble no more, guardy! Have done with prognosticating evil. 'Tis all in vain: your gloomy reign is ended: I am of age!—

Mordent. To play the fool.

Chev. I'm free! I'm alive! I'm beginning to exist!—

Mor. Like a wretch at the stake, when the flames first reach him!

Chev. The whole world is before me; its pleasures are spread out, and I long to fall on. The golden apples of delight hang inviting me to pluck, eat, and—

Mor. Be poisoned.

Chev. Ha, ha, ha!

Mor. As your guardian, I—

Chev. Hang guardianship! I have been guarded too long. Years out of number have I been fed with lean Latin, crabbed Greek, and an abominable olio of the four faculties: served up with the jargon of Aristotle, the quirks of Thomas Aquinas, and the quibbles and quodlibets of Doctor Duns Scotus—

Mor. Take warning—

Chev. Fined for Horace; horsed for Homer; and plucked because I could not parrot over their premises and predicates, majors and minors, antecedents and consequents. My brain was a broker's shop; the little good furniture it contained all hid by lumber.

Mor. Let me tell you, young sir—

Chev. Not now: your day is done. I am my own man! I breathe! I am abroad! I am on the wing to visit the regions of fruition and Paradise; to banquet with the gods, and sip ambrosia from the lips of Venus and Hebe, the loves, and the graces!

Mor. You are a lunatic!

Chev. No; I am just come to my senses—for I am just come to my estate. High health, high spirits, eight thousand a year, and one-and-twenty.

Mor. Youth! riches! poor idiot! Health, too! What is man but a walking hospital? You, boy! you, little as you suspect it, include within yourself a whole pharmacopæia of malady and mischief!

Chev. Zounds! he'll persuade me presently I am Pandora's box!

Mor. So you are.

Chev. Why, guardy, you are mad!

Mor. True, or I should take the shortest way to get rid of misery, and instantly go hang myself.

Chev. What a picture!

Mor. Equal it in accuracy if you can.

Chev. Why, I am but a young artist; however, I can dash my brush at the canvas as daringly as you have done. So, what think you of mirth, songs, and smiles; youth, beauty, and kisses; friendship, liberty, and love; with a large capacious soul of benevolence, that can soothe the afflicted, succor the poor, heal the sick, instruct the ignorant, honor the wise, reform the bad, adore the good, and hug genius and virtue to the heart?

Mor. Every feature a lie!

Chev. Excuse me! but I say the likeness is, at least, as good as yours: and I am sure the coloring is infinitely more delightful.—But guardy, I want money.

Mor. What, to purchase destruction wholesale?

Chev. I have five hundred good, wicked, spirited, famous projects on hand. You have seventeen thousand pounds of mine, hard cash: I want it—

Mor. Seventeen thousand plagues!

Chev. Every farthing.

Mor. Your money, sir, is locked up in mortgages.

Chev. Locked up? Oh, fun and frolic! I'll unlock it. I'll send honest Grime to ye; he carries a master key.

Mor. Have you no regard to my convenience?

Chev. I'll pay the premium; and if you want security, you may have mine. I must have money. The world must hear of me. I'll be a patron, and a subscriber, and a collector, and an amateur, and a connoisseur, and a dilettante! I'll hunt, I'll race, I'll dice! I'll grub, plant, plan, and improve! I'll buy a stud, fell a forest, build a palace, and pull down a church! (*Exit.*)

Mor. Mr. Cheveril—He is flown! Why, ay, with spirits equally wild, wanton, and ignorant of evil, I began my career. I have now lived long enough to discover that universal nature is universal agony.

SELECTION VIII.

COLONEL ARDEN—RISSOLLE.—*Anonymous.*

Colonel Arden was preparing to take a splendid house in London, and had ordered his servant to look out for a firstrate cook for his new establishment. When Rissolle was introduced, the colonel was puzzled to find out what could be his particular profession. He saw a remarkably gentlemanly-looking man, his well-tied neckcloth, his well-trimmed whiskers, his white kid gloves, his glossy hat, his massive gold chain, to which was suspended a repeater, all pronouncing the man of ton; and when the servant announced the ring-fingered gentleman before him as willing to dress a dinner on trial, for the purpose of displaying his skill, he was thunderstruck.

Colonel. Do I mistake? I really beg pardon—it is fifty-eight years since I learned French—am I speaking to a—a—cook?

Rissolle. Oui, Monsieur, I believe I have de first reputation in de profession; I live four years wiz de marquee de Chester, and Je me flatte dat if I had not turn him off last months, I should have supervise his cuisine at dis moment.

Col. Oh, you have discharged the marquis, sir?

Ris. Oui, mon col-o-nel, I discharge him, because he cast affront upon me, insupportable to an artist of sentiment.

Col. Artist!

Ris. Mon col-o-nel, de marquee had de mauvais gout, one day, when he have large partie to dine, to put salt into de soup, before all de compagnie.

Col. Indeed! and may I ask is that considered a crime, sir, in your code?

Ris. I don't know cod; you mean morue? dat is salt enough widout.

Col. I don't mean that, sir. I ask, is it a crime for a gentleman to put more salt into his soup?

Ris. Not a crime, mon col-o-nel, mais it would be de ruin of me, as cook, should it be known to de world. So I told his lordship I must leave him, for de butler had said, dat he saw his lordship put de salt into de soup, which was proclamation to de univairse, dat I did not know de proper quantite of salt for season my soup.

Col. And you left his lordship for that?

Ris. Oui, sare, his lordship gave me excellent charactair I go afterwards to live wiz my lor Trefoil, very respectable man, my lor, of good family, and very honest man, I believe—but de king, one day, made him his governor in Ireland, and I found I could not live in dat deveel Dublin.

Col. No?

Ris. No, mon col-o-nel, it is a fine city, good place—but no opera.

Col. How shocking! and you left his excellency on that account?

Ris. Oui, mon col-o-nel.

Col. Why, his excellency managed to live there without an opera.

Ris. Yes, mon col-o-nel, c'est vrai, but I tink he did not know dare was none when he took de place. I have de charactair from my lord to state why I leave him.

Col. And, pray sir, what wages do you expect?

Ris. Wages! Je n'entend pas, mon col-o-nel; do you mean de stipend—de salaire?

Col. As you please.

Ris. My lord Trefoil give to me seven hundred pounds a year, my wine, and horse and tilbury, wid small tigre for him.

Col. Small what! sir?

Ris. Tigre—little man-boy to hold de horse.

Col. Ah! seven hundred pounds a year and a tiger!

Ris. Exclusive of de pastry, mon col-o-nel, I never touch dat department, but I have de honor to recommend Jenkin, my sister's husband, for de pastry, at five hundred pounds and his wine. Oh, Jenkin is dog a sheap at dat, mon col-o-nel.

Col. Oh, exclusive of pastry!

Ris. Oui, mon col-o-nel.

Col. Which is to be obtained for five hundred pounds a year additional. Why, sir, the rector of my parish, a clergyman and a gentleman, with an amiable wife and seven children, has but half that sum to live upon.

Ris. Poor clergie! mon col-o-nel. (*Shrugging his shoulders.*) I pity your clergie! But den you don't considare de science and experience dat it require to make de soup, de omelette—

Col. The mischief take your omelette, sir. Do you mean seriously and gravely to ask me seven hundred pounds a year for your services.

Ris. Oui, vraiment, mon col-o-nel. (*Taking a pinch of snuff from a gold snuff-box.*)

Col. Why then, sir, I can't stand this any longer. Seven hundred pounds! Double it, sir, and I'll be your cook for the rest of my life. Good morning, sir. (*In an angry manner, advancing towards Rissolle, who retreats out of the door.*) Seven hundred pounds! Seven hundred—mon col-o-nel—rascal.—

SELECTION IX.

CAPTAIN HARDY—NATHAN.—*Anonymous.*

Nathan. Good morning, captain. How do you stand this hot weather?

Captain. Lord bless you, boy, it's a cold bath to what we had at Monmouth. Did I ever tell you about that-are battle?

N. I have always understood that it was dreadful hot that day!

Cap. Lord bless you, boy, it makes my crutch sweat to think on't—and if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about that-are battle, sich as you wouldn't believe, you rogue, if I didn't tell you. It beats all natur how hot it was.

N. I wonder you did not all die of heat and fatigue.

Cap. Why, so we should, if the reg'lars had only died first; but, you see, they never liked the Jarseys, and wouldn't lay their bones there. Now if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you all about that-are business, for you see they don't do things so now-a-days.

N. How so?—Do not people die as they used to?

Cap. Lord bless you, no. It beat all natur to see how long the reg'lars would kick after we killed them.

N. What! kick after they were killed! That does beat all natur, as you say.

Cap. Come, boy, no splitting hairs with an old continental, for you see, if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about this-ere battle, that you'd never believe. Why, Lord bless you, when gineral Washington telled us we might give it to 'em, we gin it to 'em, I tell you.

N. You gave what to them?

Cap. Cold lead, you rogue. Why, bless you, we fired twice to their once, you see; and if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how we did it. You must know, the reg'lars wore their close-bodied red coats, because they thought we were afeard on 'em, but we did not wear any coats, you see, because we hadn't any.

N. How happened you to be without coats?

Cap. Why, Lord bless you, they would wear out, and the States couldn't buy us any more, you see, and so we marched the lighter, and worked the freer for it. Now if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you what the gineral said to me next day, when I had a touch of the rheumatiz from lying on the field without a blanket all night. You must know, it was raining

hard just then, and we were pushing on like all natur arter the reg'lars.

N. What did the gineral say to you?

Cap. Not a syllable, says he, but off comes his coat, and he throws it over my shoulders, "there, captain," says he, "wear that, for we can't spare you yet." Now don't that beat all natur, hey?

N. So you wore the general's coat, did you?

Cap. Lord bless your simple heart, no. I didn't feel sick arter that, I tell you. No, gineral, says I, they can spare me better than they can you, just now, and so I'll take the will for the deed, says I.

N. You will never forget this kindness, captain.

Cap. Not I, boy! I never feel a twinge of the rheumatiz, but what I say, God bless the gineral. Now you see, I hate long stories, or I'd tell you how I gin it to a reg'lar that tried to shoot the gineral at Monmouth. You know we were at close quarters, and the gineral was right between the too fires.

N. I wonder he was not shot.

Cap. Lord bless your ignorant soul, nobody could kill the gineral; but you see, a sneaking reg'lar didn't know this, and so he leveled his musket at him, and you see, I seed what he was arter, and I gin the gineral's horse a slap on the haunches, and it beats all natur how he sprung, and the gineral all the while as straight as a gun-barrel.

N. And you saved the gineral's life.

Cap. Didn't I tell you nobody could kill the gineral; but, you see, his horse was in the rake of my gun, and I wanted to get the start of that cowardly reg'lar.

N. Did you hit him?

Cap. Lord bless your simple soul, does the thunder hit where it strikes! though the fellow made me blink a little, for he carried away part of this ear.—See there? (*Showing his ear.*) Now don't that beat all natur?

N. I think it does. But tell me how is it, that you took all these things so calmly. What made you so contented under your privations and hardships?

Cap. Oh, bless your young soul, we got used to it. Besides, you see, the gineral never flinched nor grumbled.

N. Yes, but you served without being paid.

Cap. So did the gineral, and the States, you know, were poor as all natur.

N. But you had families to support.

Cap. Ay, ay, but the gineral always told us that God and our country would take care of them, you see. Now it

didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how it turned out just as he said, for he beat all natur for guessing right.

N. Then you feel happy, and satisfied with what you have done for your country, and what she has done for you?

Cap. Why, Lord bless you, if I hadn't left one of my legs at Yorktown, I would'nt have touched a stiver of the States' money, and as it is, I am so old, that I shall not need it long. You must know, I long to see the gineral again, for if he don't hate long stories as bad as I do, I shall tell him all about America, you see, for it beats all natur how things have changed since he left us.

SELECTION X.

SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD—MANLY.—*Cibber.*

Manly. Sir Francis, your servant.

Sir Francis. Cousin Manly.

Man. I am come to see how the family goes on here.

Sir F. Troth! all as busy as bees; I have been on the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

Man. By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

Sir F. Why, faith! you have hit it, sir. I was advised to lose no time; so I e'en went straight forward to one great man I had never seen in all my life before.

Man. Right! that was doing business; but who had you got to introduce you?

Sir F. Why, nobody; I remember I had heard a wise man say,—My son, be bold—so troth! I introduced myself.

Man. As how, pray?

Sir F. Why, thus, look ye,—Please your lordship, says I, I am Sir Francis Wronghead, of Bumper Hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown. Sir, your humble servant, says my lord; thof I have not the honor to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so, says he, Sir Francis, have you any service to command me? Naw, cousin, these last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement. And thof I know, sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet I believe you won't say that I missed it naw!

Man. Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

Sir F. So, when I found him so courteous—My lord, says I, I did not think to ha' troubled your lordship with business upon my first visit; but, since your lordship is pleased not to stand upon ceremony, why truly, says I, I think naw is as good as another time.

Man. Right! there you pushed him home.

Sir F. Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouthed ones.

Man. Very good.

Sir F. So, in short, my lord, says I, I have a good estate—but—a—it's a little awt at elbows; and, as I desire to serve my king as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept a place at court.

Man. So this was making short work on't.

Sir F. Ay, ay! I shot him flying, cousin: some of your hawf-witted ones, naw, would ha' hummed and hawed, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths about a place, and, mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither.

Man. Oh, I'm glad your so sure on't.

Sir F. You shall hear, cousin. Sir Francis, says my lord, pray what sort of a place may you ha' turned your thoughts upon? My lord, says I, beggars must not be choosers; but ony place, says I, about a thousand a year, will be well enough to be doing with, till something better falls in,—for I thowght it would not look well to stond haggling with him at first.

Man. No, no, your business was to get footing any way.

Sir F. Right! ay, there's it! ay, cousin, I see you know the world.

Man. Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day.—Well, but what said my lord to all this?

Sir F. Sir Francis, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power; so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble—I'll do your business; with that he turned himself abawt to somebody with a colored ribbon across here, that looked, in my thowghts, as if he came for a place too.

Man. Ha! so, upon these hopes you are to make your fortune!

Sir F. Why, do you think there is any doubt of it, sir?

Man. Oh, no, I have not the least doubt about it; for just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

Sir F. Why, I never knew you had a place, cousin.

Man. Nor I neither, upon my faith, cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune; for I suppose my lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day. You have been since down at the house, I presume.

Sir F. Oh, yes! I would not neglect the house for ever so much.

Man. Well, and pray what have they done there?

Sir F. Why, troth! I can't well tell you what they have done; but I can tell you what I did, and I think pretty well in the main, only I happened to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

Man. How was that?

Sir F. Why, they were all got there into a sort of puzzling debate about the good of the nation—and I were always for that, you know—but, in short, the arguments were so long-winded on both sides, that waunds! I did not well understand um: howsomever I was convinced, and so resolved to vote right, according to my conscience; so, when they came to put the question, as they call it—I don't know how 'twas—but I doubt I cried ay! when I should ha' cried no!

Man. How came that about?

Sir F. Why, by a mistake, as I tell you; for there was a good-humored sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Totherside, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cried ay! gives me a hearty shake by the hand. Sir, says he, you are a man of honor, and a true Englishman; and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you—and so, with that he takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd into the lobby—so I knew nowght—but odds-flesh! I was got on the wrong side the pos —for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

Man. And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clinched it now! Ah, thou head of the Wrong-heads! (*Aside.*)

Sir F. Odso! here's my lady come home at last. I hope, cousin, you will be so kind as to take a family supper with us?

Man. Another time, Sir Francis; but to-night I am engaged.

SELECTION XI.

KING—MILLER—COURTIER.—*Anonymous.*

King. (*Enters alone wrapped in a cloak.*) No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain. I have lost my way undoubtedly. Of what advantage is it now to be a king. Night shows me no respect; I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. When a king is lost in a wood, what is he more than other men. His wisdom knows not which is north and

which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at, and the beggar himself would not bow to his greatness. And yet how often are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch I have found the man. But hark! somebody sure is near. What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it. (*Enter the miller.*)

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not I, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King. (*Aside.*) Lie, lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style. (*Aloud.*) Upon my word I don't, sir.

Miller. Come, come, sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, hav'nt you?

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, to be sure, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I am not bound to believe this, friend. Pray who are you? What's your name?

King. Name!

Miller. Name! ay, name. You have a name, hav'nt you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer; so if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With you! what authority have you to——

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account. Sir, I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in the forest of Sherwood, and I will let no suspicious fellow pass this way unless he can give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. Very well, sir, I am very glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favor to hear it.

Miller. You don't deserve it, I believe; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

King. I have the honor to belong to the king as well as you, and perhaps should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and

the chase leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this now.

King. I am not used to lie, honest man.

Miller. What, do you live at court, and not lie? that's a likely story, indeed!

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, or give me a night's lodging in your house, here is something to pay you for your trouble, (*Offering money*) and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again, John Cockle is no courtier. He can do what he ought without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

Miller. Prithee, don't thee and thou me at this rate. I suppose I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend; only I don't love to be too familiar with you until I am satisfied as to your honesty.

King. You are right. But what am I to do?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood; but if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road and direct you the best I can, or if you will except of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And cannot you go with me to-night?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night if you were the king himself.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

(*Enter a courtier in haste.*)

Courtier. Ah! is your majesty safe? We have hunted the forest over to find you.

Miller. How! are you the king! (*Kneels.*) Your majesty will pardon the ill-usage you have received. (*The King draws his sword.*) His majesty surely will not kill a servant for doing his duty too faithfully.

King. No, my good fellow. So far from having any thing to pardon, I am much your debtor. I cannot think but so good and honest a man, will make a worthy and honorable knight. Rise, Sir John Cockle, and receive this sword as a badge of knighthood, and a pledge of my protection; and to support your nobility, and in some measure requite you for the pleasure you have done us, a thousand crowns a year shall be your revenue.

SELECTION XII.

OLLAPOD—SIR CHARLES CROPLAND.—*Colman.*

Ollapod. Sir Charles, I have the honor to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—Sore throats were plenty: so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple, one morning in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles. Hope you come to sojourn. Should'nt be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. Do you take, good sir, do you take?

Sir Charles. Oh, yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles, I have now the honor to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop on a sudden; like the going-off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir C. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. —You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door. —new-gilt him last week, by the by—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir C. Well, no more on that head now—proceed.

Olla. On that head! That's very well, very well indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork, at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when, who should strut into the shop, but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardor.

Sir C. Inoculated! I hope your ardor was of a very favorable sort.

Olla. Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, indeed!—Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. We first talked of

shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had killed six brace of birds—I thumped on at the mortar—We then talked of physic—I told him, the day before, I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients—I thumped on at the mortar—eyeing him all the while; for he looked mighty flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical, and military, both deal in death, you know—so 'twas natural. Do you take, good sir—do you take?

Sir C. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

Sir C. Well, you jumped at the offer!

Olla. Jumped! I jumped over the counter—kicked down churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of lieutenant Grain's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-colored lapel; embraced him and his offer, and I am now cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the association corps of cavalry, at your service.

Sir C. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distill water for the shop, from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—Oh! laurel-water. Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir,—I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made, has ceased to operate.

Sir C. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field day, clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet drink into one of my holsters; intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalaped—galloped, I mean—wheeled and flourished with great eclat; but when the word 'fire' was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a horrible hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the villanous diet drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir C. But in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies? Any new faces since I left the country?

Olla. Nothing worth an item—Nothing new arrived in our town. In the village, to be sure, hard by, Miss Emily Worthington, a most brilliant beauty, has lately given lustre to the estate of Farmer Harrowby.

Sir C. My dear doctor, the lady of all others I wish most to know. Introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come! mount your horse—I'll explain more as you go to the stable:—but I am in a flame, in a fever, till I see you off.

Olla. In a fever! I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage wagon.

Sir C. (*Aside.*) So! a long bill as the price of his politeness!

Olla. You need not bleed; but you must have medicine.

Sir C. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

Olla. Come, that's very well! very well indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of coloquintida, senna, scammony, and gamboge;—

Sir C. Oh, confound scammony and gamboge!

Olla. At night a narcotic; next day, saline draughts, camphorated jalap, and—

Sir C. Zounds! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop.

Olla. Galen forbid! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish!—Then we'll throw in the bark—by the by, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer—

Sir C. Well, well, she is yours.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles! such sport next shooting season! If I had but a double-barreled gun—

Sir C. Take mine that hangs in the hall.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles!—Here's morning's work; senna and coloquintida—(*Aside.*)

Sir C. Well, begone, then. (*Pushing him.*)

Olla. I'm off—Scammony and gamboge.

Sir C. Nay, fly, man!

Olla. I do, Sir Charles—A double-barreled gun—I fly—the bark—I'm going—Juno—a narcotic—

Sir C. Off with you!

SELECTION XIII.

OLD FICKLE—TRISTRAM FICKLE.—*Allingham.*

Old Fickle. What reputation, what honor, what profit can accrue to you, from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tristram. I am clear out of the

Old F. Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and for the noise of drums, trumpets, and hautboys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the Tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle, down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper, the other day, for barreling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

Tri. You should not have paid him any thing, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, sir; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to any thing but extravagance.

Tri. Yes, sir, one thing more

Old F. What is that, sir?

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy, well said! You make me happy indeed. (*Patting him on the shoulder.*) Now then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law—

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better; I am overjoyed. Why, 'tis the very thing I wished. Now I am happy. (*Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.*) See how his mind is engaged!

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury.—

Old F. Why Tristram—

Tri. This is a cause—

Old F. Oh, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks I see something about you now that I can depend on. (*Tristram continues making gestures.*)

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause—

Old F. Bravo! bravo! excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

Tri. 'Tis done, sir.

Old F. What, already?

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books, when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning!—Well—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber—

Old F. A barber!—What! is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one half of my head, sir.

Old F. You will excuse me, if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, sir, the Athenian orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up, after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice—he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force—the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks—he denounces, and indignation fills the bosom of his hearers—he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin—he threatens the tyrant, they grasp their swords—he calls for vengeance, their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of the orator.

Old F. Oh! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench! —But, come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happily this determination of yours will further it.—You have (*Tristram makes extravagant gestures, as if speaking.*) often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister—

Tri. Who is against me in this cause—

Old F. He is a most learned lawyer—

Tri. But as I have justice on my side—

Old F. Zounds! he doesn't hear a word I say!—Why, Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

Old F. Now attend—

Tri. As my learned friend observes,—go on, sir, I am all attention.

Old F. Well—my friend, the counselor—

Tri. Say learned friend, if you please sir. We gentlemen of the law always—

Old F. Well, well, my learned friend—

Tri. A black patch!

Old F. Will you listen and be silent?

Tri. I am as mute as a judge.

Old F. My friend, I say, has a ward, who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

Tri. This is an action—

Old F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity—

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

Old F. But now you are grown serious and steady, and have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together: you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows of course.

Tri. A verdict in my favor.

Old F. You marry and sit down happy for life.

Tri. In the King's Bench.

Old F. Bravo! ha, ha, ha! But now run to your study—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call upon the counselor.

Tri. I remove by *habeas corpus*.

Old F. Pray have the goodness to make haste then.

(*Hurrying him off.*)

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury, this is a cause—(*Exit.*)

Old F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father living. What genius he has! He'll be lord chancellor one day or other, I dare be sworn—I am sure he has talents! Oh, how I long to see him at the bar.

SELECTION XIV.

DOCTOR WISEPATE—THADY O'KEEN—ROBERT.—*Oulton.*

(*Doctor Wisepate, in a morning gown and velvet nightcap, discovered at a table at breakfast. A wig-box near him lying open.*)

Doctor Wisepate. Plague on her ladyship's ugly cur!—it has broke three bottles of bark that I had prepared myself for

Dr. W. Eh! what the deuce does he mean? (*Aside.*)

(*Enter Robert, who stares at them both.*)

Rob. Eh!—Did—did you call, sir? (*To Dr. Wisepate.*)

T. O'K. Yes, sirrah. Take that poor fellow down to the kitchen; he's come upon a foolish errand this cold wet day—so, do you see, give him something to eat and drink—as much as he likes—and bid my steward give him a guinea for his trouble.

Rob. Eh!

T. O'K. Tunder and ouns, fellow! must I put my words into my mouth, and take them out again, for you? Thady, (*To the Doctor.*) my jewel, just give that blockhead of mine a rap on his sconce with your little bit of a switch, and I'll do as much for you another time.

Dr. W. So, instead of my instructing the fellow he has absolutely instructed me. (*Aside.*) Well, sir, you have convinced me what Dr. Wisepate should be, and now suppose we are ourselves again.

T. O'K. (*Rises.*) With all my heart, sir. Here's your honor's wig and spectacles, and now give me my comfortable hat and switch.

Dr. W. And, Robert, obey the orders that my representative gave you.

Rob. What! carry him down to the kitchen!

T. O'K. No, young man, I shan't trouble you to carry me down—I'll carry myself down, and you shall see what a beautiful hand master O'Keen is at a knife and fork. (*Exit with Robert.*)

Dr. W. (*Solus.*) Well, this fellow has some humor; indeed he has fairly turned the tables upon me. I wish I could get him to give a dose of my prescribing to her ladyship's cats and dogs, for the foolish woman has absolutely bequeathed in her will an annual sum for the care of each, after her death. Oh, dear! dear! how much more to her credit it would be to consider the present exigencies of her country, and add to the number of voluntary contributions!

SELECTION XV.

PRINCE HENRY—FALSTAFF.—*Shakspeare.*

P. Henry. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—(*To an attendant.*) Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nethercocks,

and I'll be Thady O'Keen, just to show you how you should enter a room and deliver a letter.

T. O'K. Eh! what? make a swap of ourselves!—With all my heart. Here's my wet hat for you.

Dr. W. There, sit down in my chair. (*Going.*)

T. O'K. Stop, stop, honey—by my shoul you can never be Thady O'Keen without you have this little shillelagh in your fist.—There.

Dr. W. Very well. Sit you down. (*Takes Thady's hat, &c. and goes out.*)

T. O'K. (*Solus.*) Let me see—I can never be a doctor either, without some sort of a wig. Oh, here is one—and here's my spectacles, faith. On my conscience, I'm the thing! (*Puts on the wig awkwardly, and the spectacles; then sits in the doctor's chair. Dr. Wisepate knocks.*) Walk in, honey. (*Helps himself to chocolate and bread and butter.*)

(*Re-enter Dr. Wisepate, bowing.*)

Dr. W. Please your honor—(*Aside.*)—What assurance the fellow has!

T. O'K. Speak out, young man, and don't be bashful. (*Eating, &c.*)

Dr. W. Please your honor, my lady sends her respectful compliments—hopes your honor is well.

T. O'K. Pretty well, pretty well, I thank you.

Dr. W. And has desired me to deliver your honor this letter.

T. O'K. That letter, well, why don't you bring it to me? Pray, am I to rise from the table?

Dr. W. So, he's acting my character with a vengeance.—But I'll humor him. (*Aside.*) There your honor. (*Gives the letter bowing.*)

T. O'K. (*Opens the letter and reads.*)

"Sir,—Since my dear Flora has given you so much uneasiness—Och! by my shoul, that's no lie—I beg leave to inform you that a gentleman shall call either to-day or to-morrow for her. If it should rain, I request the poor thing may have a—what's this?—C o a—coat!—coat, no—coach. Yours."—Hem! well—no answer's required, young man.

Dr. W. His impudence has struck me almost dumb. (*Aside.*) No answer, your honor?

T. O'K. No, my good fellow—but come here—let me look at you. Oh, you seem very wet. Why it's you I understand, who brought this troublesome cur a few days ago: you have been often backwards and forwards, but I could never see you till now. Hollo, Robert! where's my lazy good-for-nothing servant? Robert! (Rings a bell.)

Dr. W. Eh! what the deuce does he mean? (*Aside.*)

(*Enter Robert, who stares at them both.*)

Rob. Eh!—Did—did you call, sir? (*To Dr. Wisepate.*)

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Falstaff. A plague on all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—(*To an attendant.*) Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nethersocks,

and mend them, and foot them too. A plague on all cowards: —Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant! (*Drains the cup.*) You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man! Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grown old,—a bad world, I say! A plague on all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You—Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me that.

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, *I'll stab* thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back. Call you that, backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Henry. Oh villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drankst last.

Fal. All's one for that. (*He drinks.*) A plague on all cowards, still say I!

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? here be four of us have taken a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have escaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet: four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a handsaw, ecce signum. (*Shows his sword.*) I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague on all cowards!—

P. Henry. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all; but, if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Henry. Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have peppered two of them: two I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal; if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward. (*Taking a position for fighting.*)—Here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal! I told thee four.—These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven! why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

P. Henry. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth listening to.—These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,—began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand, and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. Oh monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as ill-luck would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou knotty-pated fool; thou greasy tallow-tub.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this? Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion?—No. Were I at the strappa.[3]o, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason upon compulsion! If reasons

were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin. This sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal. Away, you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish! Oh for breath to utter what is like thee! you taylor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck,—

P. Henry. Well, breathe awhile and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.—Poins and I saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it, yea can show it you here in the house. And Falstaff, you carried your paunch away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Fal. Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know you, Hal? Why, hear ye, my master, was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules. But beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter. I was a coward on instinct, I grant you; and I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content!—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me.

SELECTION XVI.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD—ASHFIELD.—*Morton.*

Sir Philip. Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine.

Ashfield. Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir P. I hope a profitable one.

Ash. Zometimes it be, zur. But thic year it be all t'other way, as 'twur; but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish

big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind-hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir P. It is but reasonable. I conclude, then, you are in my debt.

Ash. Ees, zur, I be; at your zarvice.

Sir P. How much?

Ash. I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds; at your zarvice.

Sir P. Which you can't pay.

Ash. Not a varthing, zur, at your zarvice.

Sir P. Well, I am willing to allow you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honor's health any harm; I don't indeed, zur. I had a thought of speaking to your worship aboat it; but then, thinks I, the gentleman mayhap be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it: zo, zur, if you had not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should; should not, indeed, zur.

Sir. P. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ash. Ees, zur.

Sir. P. On condition, I say, that you instantly turn out that boy; that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry! Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

Sir P. I am not apt to trifle; send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I should'nt know how to set about it; I should not, indeed, zur.

Sir P. You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow. I'll leave you to reflect on it. (*Exit.*)

Ash. Well, zur, I'll argify the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. (*Makes the motion of turning out.*) I should be deadly awkard at it, vor zartain. However, I'll put the case. Well! I goes whiztling whoam; noa, drabbit it! I shouldn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goes whoam, and I zees Henry sitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics. Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire-side, and zays—"Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! (*Becomes affected.*) Then I zays, "Henry, you be poor and friendless, so you must turn out of my house directly." Very well! then my wife stares at I; reaches her hand towards the vire-place,

and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart; then holding up his head like a king, zays, "Varmer, I have too long been a burden to you. Heaven protect you, as you have me. Farewell! I go." Then I zays, "If thee doez I'll be smashed." (*With great energy.*) Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.

(*Enter Sir Philip Blandford.*)

Zur, I have argified the topic, and it wouldn't be pretty; zo I can't.

Sir P. Can't!

Ash. Well, zur, there is but another word: I won't.

Sir P. Indeed.

Ash. No, zur, I won't. I'd see myself hanged first, and you too, zur! I would indeed. (*Bowing.*)

Sir. P. You refuse then to obey?

Ash. I do zur; at your zarvice. (*Bowing.*)

Sir P. Then the law must take its course.

Ash. I be zorry for that too. I be, indeed, zur; but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it; it wer'n't poisoned by the hand that zowed it. Thic hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own. Good morning to you. I do hope I have made myself agreeable; and zo I'll go whoam. (*Exeunt.*)

SELECTION XVII.

INDIGESTION. DR. GREGORY—PATIENT.—*Anonymous.*

SCENE.—*Dr. Gregory's study. Enter a plump Glasgow merchant.*

Patient. Good morning, Dr. Gregory; I'm just come into Edinburgh about some law business, and I thought when I was here, at any rate, I might just as weel take your advice, sir, about my trouble.

Doctor. Pray sir, sit down. And now, my good sir, what may your trouble be?

Pa. Indeed doctor, I'm not very sure; but I'm thinking t's a kind of weakness that makes me dizzy at times, and a kind of pinkling about my stomach—I'm just na right.

Dr. You are from the west country, I should suppose, sir?

Pa. Yes, sir, from Glasgow.

Dr. Ay; pray, sir, are you a glutton?

Pa. God forbid, sir, I'm one of the plainest men living in all the west country.

Dr. Then perhaps you are a drunkard?

Pa. No, Dr. Gregory; thank God, no one can accuse me

of that; I'm of the dissenting persuasion, doctor, and an elder, so ye may suppose I'm na drunkard.

Dr. I'll suppose no such thing till you tell me your mode of life.—I'm so much puzzled with your symptoms, sir, that I should wish to hear in detail what you *do* eat and drink. When do you breakfast, and what do you take at it?

Pa. I breakfast at nine o'clock, tak a cup of coffee, and one or two cups of tea, a couple of eggs, and a bit of ham or kippered salmon, or, may be, both, if they're good, and two or three rolls and butter.

Dr. Do you eat no honey, or jelly, or jam, at breakfast?

Pa. Oh yes, sir; but I don't count that as any thing.

Dr Come, this is a very moderate breakfast. What kind of a dinner do you make?

Pa. Oh, sir, I eat a very plain dinner indeed. Some soup, and some fish, and a little plain roast or boiled; for I dinna care for made dishes; I think, some way, they never satisfy the appetite.

Dr. You take a little pudding then, and afterwards some cheese?

Pa. Oh yes! though I don't care much about them.

Dr. You take a glass of ale or porter with your cheese?

Pa. Yes, one or the other; but seldom both.

Dr. You west-country people generally take a glass of Highland whiskey after dinner.

Pa. Yes, we do; it's good for digestion.

Dr. Do you take any wine during dinner?

Pa. Yes, a glass or two of sherry, but I'm indifferent as to wine during dinner. I drink a good deal of beer.

Dr. What quantity of port do you drink?

Pa. Oh, very little; not above half a dozen glasses, or so.

Dr. In the west country, it is impossible, I hear, to dine without punch?

Pa. Yes, sir; indeed 'tis punch we drink chiefly; but for myself, unless I happen to have a friend with me, I never take more than a couple of tumblers, or so, and that's moderate.

Dr. Oh, exceedingly moderate indeed! You then, after this slight repast, take some tea and bread and butter?

Pa. Yes, before I go to the counting-house to read the evening letters.

Dr. And on your return you take supper, I suppose?

Pa. No, sir, I canna be said to tak supper; just something before going to bed; a rizzered haddock, or a bit of toasted cheese, or a half hundred of oysters or the like o' that, and may be, two thirds of a bottle of ale; but I tak no *regular* supper.

Dr. But you take a little more punch after that?

Pa. No, sir, punch does not agree with me at bedtime I tak a tumbler of warm whiskey-toddy at night; it is lighter to sleep on.

Dr. So it must be, no doubt. This, you say, is your every-day life; but upon great occasions, you perhaps exceed a little?

Pa. No, sir, except when a friend or two dine with me, or I dine out, which as I am a sober family man, does not often happen.

Dr. Not above twice a week?

Pa. No; not oftener.

Dr. Of course you sleep well and have a good appetite?

Pa. Yes, sir, thank God, I have; indeed, any ill health that I have is about meal time.

Dr. (*Assuming a severe look, knitting his brow, and lowering his eyebrows.*) Now, sir, you are a very pretty fellow indeed; you come here and tell me you are a moderate man; but upon examination, I find by your own showing, that you are a most voracious glutton. You said you were a sober man, yet by your own showing you are a beer-swiller, a dram-drinker, a wine-bibber, and a guzzler of punch. You tell me you eat indigestible suppers, and swill toddy to force sleep.—I see that you chew tobacco.—Now, sir, what human stomach can stand this? Go home, sir, and leave your present course of riotous living, and there are hopes that your stomach may recover its tone, and you be in good health, like your neighbors.

Pa. I'm sure, doctor, I'm very much obliged to you—(*taking out a bundle of bank notes.*)—I shall endeavor to—

Dr. Sir, you are not obliged to me—put up your money, sir. Do you think I'll take a fee for telling you what you know as well as myself? Though you're no physician, sir, you are not altogether a fool. Go home, sir, and reform, or take my word for it, your life is not worth half a year's purchase.

SELECTION XVIII.

CAPTAIN TACKLE—JACK BOWLIN.—*Anonymous*

Bowlin. Good day to your honor.

Captain. Good day, honest Jack.

Bowl. To-day is my captain's birth-day.

Capt. I know it.

Bowl. I am heartily glad on the occasion.

Capt. I know that too.

Bowl. Yesterday your honor broke your sea-foam pipe.

Capt. Well, sir booby, and why must I be put in mind of it? it was stupid enough, to be sure, but hark ye, Jack, all men at times do stupid actions, but I never met with one who liked to be reminded of them.

Bowl. I meant no harm, your honor. It was only a kind of introduction to what I was going to say. I have been buying this pipe-head and ebony tube, and if the thing is not too bad, and my captain will take such a present on his birth-day for the sake of poor old Jack——

Capt. Is that what you would be at—come, let's see.

Bowl. To be sure it is not sea-foam; but my captain must think when he looks at it, that the love of old Jack was not mere foam neither.

Capt. Give it here, my honest fellow.

Bowl. You will take it?

Capt. To be sure I will.

Bowl. And will smoke it?

Capt. That I will. (*Feeling in his pocket.*)

Bowl. And will not think of giving me any thing in return?

Capt. (*Withdrawing his hand from his pocket.*) No, no.—You are right.

Bowl. Huzza! now let mother Grimkin bake her almond cakes out of her daily pilferings and be hanged.

Capt. Fie, Jack! what's that you say?

Bowl. The truth. I have just come from the kitchen, where she is making a great palaver about "her cake," and "her cake," and yet this morning she must be put in mind that it was her master's birth-day. Hang me, I have thought of nothing else this month.

Capt. And because you have a better memory, you must blame the poor old woman. Shame on you, Jack.

Bowl. Please your honor, she is an old——

Capt. Avast!

Bowl. Yesterday she made your wine cordial of sour beer, so to-day she makes you an almond cake of——

Capt. Hold your tongue, sir. Hold your tongue.

Bowl. A'nt you obliged to beg the necessaries of life as if she were a pope or an admiral? And last year when you was bled, though she had laid up chest upon chest full of linen, and all yours, if the truth was known, yet no bandage was found till I tore the spare canvas from my Sunday shirt to rig your honor's arm.

Capt. You are a scandalous fellow. (*Throws the pipe back to him.*) Away with you and the pipe to the dogs.

Bowl. (*Looking attentively at his master and the pipe.*) I am a scandalous fellow?

Capt. Yes!

Bowl. Your honor will not have the pipe?

Capt. No; I will take nothing from him who would raise his own character at the expense of another old servant. (*Jack takes up the pipe and throws it out of the window.*) What are you doing?

Bowl. Throwing the pipe out of the window.

Capt. Are you mad?

Bowl. Why, what should I do with it? You will not have it, and it is impossible for me to use it, for as often as I should puff away the smoke, I should think, "old Jack Bowlin, what a pitiful scamp you must be, a man whom you have served honestly and truly these thirty years, and who must know you from stem to stern, says you are a scandalous fellow," and the thought would make me weep like a child. But when the pipe is gone, I shall try to forget the whole business, and say to myself, "my poor old captain is sick, and does not mean what he said."

Capt. Jack, come here. (*Takes his hand.*) I did not mean what I said.

Bowl. (*Shakes his hand heartily.*) I knew it, I knew it. I have you and your honor at heart, and when I see such an old hypocritical bell-wether cheating you out of your hard-earned wages, it makes my blood boil—

Capt. Are you at it again? Shame on you. You have opened your heart to-day, and given me a peep into its lowest hold.

Bowl. So much the better! for you will then see that my ballast is love and truth to my master. But hark ye, master, it is certainly worth your while to inquire into the business.

Capt. And hark ye, fellow, if I find you have told me a lie, I'll have no mercy on you. I'll turn you out of doors to starve in the street.

Bowl. No, captain, you won't do that.

Capt. But I tell you I will, though. I will do it. And if you say another word, I'll do it now.

Bowl. Well, then away goes old Jack to the hospital.

Capt. What's that you say? hospital? hospital, you rascal? what will you do there?

Bowl. Die.

Capt. And so you will go and die in a hospital, will you? Why—why—you lubber, do you think I can't take care of you after I have turned you out of doors, hey?

Bowl. Yes, I dare say you would be willing to pay my board, and take care that I did not want in my old days; but I had rather beg than pick up money so thrown at me.

Capt. Rather beg! there's a proud rascal!

Bowl. He that don't love me must not give me money

Capt. Do you hear that? Is not this enough to give a sound man the gout? You sulky fellow, do you recollect twenty years ago, when we fell into the clutches of the Algerines? The pirates stripped me of my last jacket, but you lubber, who was it hid two pieces of gold in his hair, and who was it that half a year afterwards, when we were ransomed and turned naked on the world, shared his money and clothes with me? Hey, fellow, and now you would die in a hospital.

Bowl. Nay, but captain—

Capt. And when my ship's crew mutinied, at the risk of his life he disclosed the plot. Have you forgotten it, you lubber?

Bowl. Well, and didn't you build my old mother a house for it?

Capt. And when we had boarded the French privateer, and the captain's hanger hung over my head, didn't you strike off the arm that was going to split my skull! Have you forgot that too? Have I built you a house for that? Will you die in a hospital now—you ungrateful dog! hey?

Bowl. My good old master!

Capt. Would you have it set on my tombstone, "here lies an unthankful hound who let his preserver and messmate die in a hospital," would you? Tell me this minute, you will live and die by me, you lubber! Come here and give me your hand.

Bowl. (*Going towards him.*) My noble, noble master.

Capt. Avast. Stand off, take care of my lame leg; yet I had rather you should hurt that than my heart, my old boy. (*Shakes his hand heartily.*) Now go and bring me the pipe. Stop, let me lean on you, and I will go down and get it myself and use it on my birth-day. You would die in a hospital, would you, you unfeeling lubber?

SELECTION XIX.

ROBIN ROUGHHEAD—SNACKS—VILLAGERS.—*Allingham.*

(*Robin Roughhead discovered raking hay.*)

Rob. Ah! work, work, work, all day long, and no such thing as stopping a moment to rest! for there's old Snacks, the steward, always upon the look-out; and if he sees one, slap he has it down in his book, and then there's sixpence gone plump

(*Comes forward.*) I do hate that old chap, and that's the truth on't. Now, if I was lord of this place, I'd make one rule—there should be no such thing as work; it should be one long holiday all the year round. Your great folks have strange whims in their heads, that's for sartin. I don't know what to make of 'um, not I. Now there's all yon great park there, kept for his lordship to look at, and his lordship has not seen it these twelve years. Ah! if it was mine, I'd let all the villagers turn their cows in there, and it should not cost 'em a farthing; then, as the parson said last Sunday, I should be as rich as any in the land, for I should have the blessings of the poor. Dang it! here comes Snacks. Now I shall get a fine jobation, I suppose. (*Enter Snacks, bowing very obsequiously; Robin takes his hat off, and stands staring at him.*)

Rob. I be main tired, Master Snacks; so I stopt to rest myself a little. I hope you'll excuse it. I wonder what the dickens he's grinning at. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Excuse it? I hope your lordship's infinite goodness and condescension will excuse your lordship's most obsequious, devoted, and very humble servant, Timothy Snacks, who has come into the presence of your lordship, for the purpose of informing your lordship—

Rob. Lordship! he, he, he! Well! I never knew I had a hump before. Why, Master Snacks, you grow funny in your old age.

Snacks. No, my lord, I know my duty better; I should never think of being funny with a lord.

Rob. What lord? Oh you mean the lord Harry, I suppose. No, no, must not be too funny with him, or he'll be after playing the very deuce with you.

Snacks. I say I should never think of jesting with a person of your lordship's dignified character.

Rob. Dig—dig—what! Why, now I look at you, I see how it is; you are mad. I wonder what quarter the moon's in. Dickens! how your eyes do roll! I never saw you so before. How came they to let you out alone?

Snacks. Your lordship is most graciously pleased to be facetious.

Rob. Why, what gammon are you at? Don't come near me, for you have been bit by a mad dog; I'm sure you have.

Snacks. If your lordship will be so kind as to read this letter, it would convince your lordship. Will your lordship condescend?

Rob. Why, I would condescend, but for a few reasons, and one of 'em is, that I can't read.

Snacks. I think your lordship is perfectly right; for these pursuits are too low for one of your lordship's nobility.

Rob. Lordship, and lordship again! I'll tell you what, Master Snacks—let's have no more of your fun, for I won't stand it any longer, for all you be steward here: my name's Robin Roughhead, and if you don't choose to call me by that name, I shan't answer you, that's flat.—I don't like him well enough to stand his jokes. (*Aside.*)

Snacks. Why then, Master Robin, be so kind as to attend whilst I read this letter. (*Reads.*)

"Sir,—This is to inform you, that my lord Lackwit died this morning, after a very short illness; during which he declared that he had been married, and had an heir to his estate: the woman he married was commonly called, or known, by the name of Roughhead: she was poor and illiterate, and through motives of false shame, his lordship never acknowledged her as his wife: she has been dead sometime since, and left behind her a son called Robin Roughhead: now this said Robin is the legal heir to the estate. I have therefore sent you the necessary writings to put him into immediate possession, according to his lordship's last will and testament. Yours to command, KIT CODICIL, Attorney at Law."

Rob. What!—What all mine? the houses, the trees, the fields, the hedges, the ditches, the gates, the horses, the dogs, the cats, the cocks, and the hens, and the cows, and the bulls, and the pigs, and the—What! are they all mine? and I, Robin Roughhead, am the rightful lord of all this estate? Don't keep me a minute now, but tell me—is it so? make haste, tell me—quick, quick!

Snacks. I repeat it, the whole estate is yours.

Rob. Huzza! Huzza! (*Catches off Snacks hat and wig.*) Set the bells a ringing; set the ale a running; set—Go get my hat full of guineas to make a scramble with; call all the tenants together. I'll lower their rents—I'll—

Snacks. I hope your lordship will do me the favor to—

Rob. Why, that may be as it happens; I can't tell. (*Carelessly.*)

Snacks. Will your lordship dine at the castle to-day?

Rob. Yes.

Snacks. What would your lordship choose for dinner?

Rob. Beef-steaks and onions, and plenty of 'em.

Snacks. Beef-steaks and onions! What a dish for a lord!—He'll be a savory bit for my daughter, though. (*Aside.*)

Rob. What are you at there, Snacks? Go, get me the guineas—make haste; I'll have the scramble, and then I'll go to Dolly, and tell her the news.

Snacks. Dolly! Pray, my lord, who's Dolly?

Rob. Why, Dolly is to be my lady, and your mistress, if I find you honest enough to keep you in my employ.

Snacks. He rather smokes me. (*Aside.*) I have a beauteous daughter, who is allowed to be the very pink of perfection.

Rob. Hang your daughter! I have got something else to think of; don't talk to me of your daughter; stir your stumps, and get the money.

Snacks. I am your lordship's most obsequious—Zounds! what a peer of the realm. (*Aside and exit.*)

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! What work I will make in the village! —Work! no, there shall be no such thing as work: it shall be all play.—Where shall I go? I'll go to—No, I won't go there; I'll go to Farmer Hedgestakes, and tell him—No, I'll not go there; I'll go—I'll go no where; yes, I will; I'll go every where; I'll be neither here nor there, nor any where else. How pleased Dolly will be when she hears—

(*Enter villagers, shouting.*)

Dick, Tom, Jack, how are you, my lads?—Here's news for you! Come, stand round, make a ring, and I'll make a bit of a speech to you. (*They all get round him.*) First of all, I suppose Snacks has told you that I am your landlord?

Vil. We are all glad of it.

Rob. So am I; and I'll make you all happy; I'll lower all your rents.

All. Huzza! long live lord Robin!

Rob. You shan't pay no rent at all.

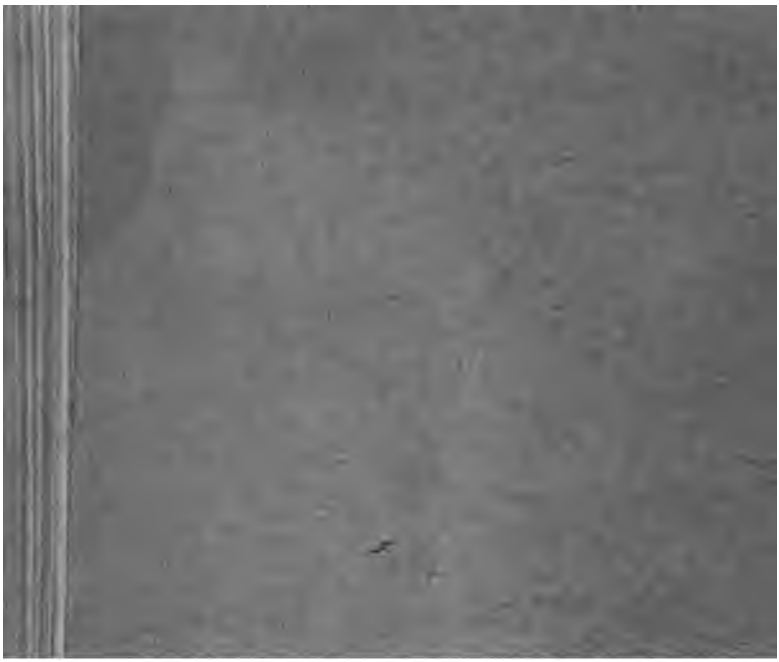
All. Huzza! huzza! long live lord Robin!

Rob. I'll have no poor people in the parish, for I'll make 'em all rich; I'll have no widows, for I'll marry 'em all. (*Villagers shout.*) I'll have no orphan children, for I'll father 'em all myself; and if that's not doing as a lord should do, then I say I know nothing about the matter—that's all.

All. Huzza! huzza!

(*Enter Snacks.*)

Snacks. I have brought your lordship the money.—He means to make 'em fly, so I have taken care the guineas shall be all light. (*Aside.*)

Rob. Now, then, young and old, great and small, little and tall, merry men all, here's among you—(*Throws the money; they scramble.*) Now you've got your pockets filled, come to the castle, and I'll fill all your mouths for you. (*Villagers carry him off shouting. Snacks follows.*)

THE END.